

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

JULY, 1917

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF FRANCE

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TO-DAY the noble-hearted American nation is asking on its own account the question which, for nearly three years now, the French nation has been asking itself: 'What will be the outcome of this war, which is modifying our national soul? What manner of men will come back to us from the trenches when victory has been won?'

For two years and a half, our young soldiers have been learning the lessons of war; shoulder to shoulder they have been winning their manhood, their *croix de guerre*, their promotions. They are being formed on the same model; they are being initiated into the rules of discipline and system; they are amassing a treasure of sober thoughts, and friendships which will suffice for the whole duration of their lives. By virtue of their profound impressions, their first tremendous experiences, every man of them belongs now and for all time to the world of the trenches. Such an education means a France unified and purified. In these young men is taking place a resurrection of our most glorious days. Some great thing is about to come into being.

I should like to show you the eyes of these radiant boys, turned toward the future, full of life, full of love of nature, of their parents, of their country, and

consenting so readily to die; but how can I make you see the unforgettable purity of their gaze as they scan the horizon, seeking, not their own destiny, but the destiny of their country? Better far to call some of them in person from the ranks — youths chosen at random from the length and breadth of France; they shall speak to us themselves, and let us see, with no barrier between us, the boundless goodwill shining from their faces. Let us listen to these soldier-boys, beloved of their comrades, unknown to their commanders, lost in the rank and file, as they open their hearts to their families.

We shall see that the task they have set themselves is the glorification of their country at the cost of their blood. It is their will that from this slaughter France, and, through her, all mankind, shall flower anew.

Young Alfred Eugène Cazalis, a pastor's son — student at the Theological Seminary of Montauban, and a private in the 11th Regiment of Infantry, who died for France at nineteen, writes to his parents, —

'More and more, in the face of all those who have struggled and fallen, in the presence of the mighty effort which has been made, my thoughts turn to the

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France of to-morrow — to the divine France which is *bound* to be. I could not fight on, if I did not hope for the birth of that France, so richly deserving that men should kill one another and die for her sake.'

Jean Rival, a Grenoble boy, son of a college professor, who died for France in his twentieth year, writes to his younger brother, —

'My greatest comfort in the difficult moments which I must endure here is to think that you, my little brothers and sisters, are all doing your duty as I am. My task is to fight like a brave soldier; yours, to work just as courageously. Small and unimportant as you may seem to be in this great France of ours, you owe it to yourself to do your utmost to make yourself bigger, richer, nobler. After the war France will sorely need intelligent minds and strong arms; and you, the boys of to-day, will be the young manhood of to-morrow. You will be called on then to take the place of a soldier who has died for our country.'

Léo Latil, the son of a doctor of Aix-en-Provence, sergeant in the 67th Infantry, died for France at twenty-four. He writes to his family, —

'Our sacrifices will be sweet if we win a great and glorious victory, — if there shall be more light for the souls of men; if truth shall come forth more radiant, better beloved. We must not forget for a moment that we are fighting for great things — for the very greatest things. In every sense, this victory of ours will be a victory of the forces of idealism.'

Young Antoine Boisson, born of a family of soldiers, at Lure, in one of those little towns of Eastern France so rich in the military virtues, left his *lycée* to enlist, at the outbreak of war.

While an *aspirant* in the 47th Regiment of Artillery, he died for France at eighteen. In his diary — the date is January 1, 1916 — he writes, —

'To-day begins the new year. It will be the year of victory. What will it mean for me? The greatest year of my life, surely, if God grants that I survive. I am going to fight; I am going to take part in war — in real war, in a holy war which, for seventeen months, has numbered so many victims — friends, comrades, fellow countrymen. Whatever destiny may be awaiting me, I shall waste no time thinking about the future. I confess I said to myself this morning, "What will be left of me when still another year has taken the place of this one?" But my conscience quickly replied, "Do your duty, your whole duty. That is the only thought worthy of a volunteer soldier like yourself." Let soul and heart obliterate the animal instincts and the revolt of one's baser nature. A man must hold up to himself some great dream to follow, some goal to reach. And what is this war for, if not to train character? It has developed within me feelings I am proud of, though I am at a loss to say why.

'I am proud of being a soldier, of being young, of knowing that I am brave and high-spirited; I am proud of serving France, the land of my birth. Loyalty to the flag, love of country, respect for the given word, the sense of honor — these, for me, are no hollow, meaningless phrases; they ring like a bugle-call in my young heart, and for them, when the moment comes, I shall be able to make the supreme sacrifice.'

Ten thousand voices, all in harmony, rise from the young men of the classes of 1914, 1915, 1916, and 1917, in response to their country's call. A junior officer, detailed in November, 1914, to instruct some Norman and Breton re-

cruits — boys called to the colors before their time — at the barracks of Saint-Lô, set his pupils their daily exercise in writing. Here, taken at random, is what one of them wrote: —

'Tremble, Germans! France hastens to invoke her greatest hope, the class of 1914. They are twenty years old. Mere boys, you say: what chance have they against the "kolossal" German army? What can they do, these young men whose strong hands, already trained, are lovingly fondling the stocks of their rifles? They will do as did their forefathers — the men of Valmy, of Austerlitz, of Rivoli, and of Solferino! They will conquer!'

Sublime though they all are, these voices differ. Every one of these pages, taken from the field-diaries of our young soldiers, is a variant of the same high theme: there are no two identical leaves in the whole vast forest, but each one, in these days of storm, yearns to come fluttering down to earth, that earth may be the richer for their fall. These boys consecrate themselves to the most glorious destiny. And so, while they are making the France of to-morrow, France herself is being made in them. Already this miracle is manifest on the surface of their lives, in their words, in their acts. O blessed augury!

I have no wish to make the mistake of classifying their aspirations, their flights of soul, and of crystallizing too hastily this free and flexible spirit. Let us watch the young sensibilities of these soldiers as they live and breathe and take color; and from day to day, as we read their letters and follow the emotions they share with their families, we shall see that their instincts are beginning to work with the harmony and coördination of some great mechanism. Beneath the surface of the ocean, all torn by terrible whirlpools, thousands

of tiny coral islands are drawing together, fusing themselves into one. A new world is coming into being.

Léo Latil left his home at Aix-en-Provence, where, near his family, he was studying for his degree of doctor of philosophy under the guidance of Maurice Blondel, the far-famed author of *L'Action*.

'What charming hillsides, what noble rivers!' writes this young Provençal, as he goes farther north; 'truly, this country of France is worth fighting for!'

He comes to the forests of the Meuse, close by the low hills, the springs, and groves that Jeanne d'Arc knew.

'A wooded slope, terraced with three lines of trenches. Opposite, across the valley, *they* are in possession. What a glorious countryside! in all France, none lovelier! If you only knew what good friends to soldiers the woods are! Under their protection one may venture forth from dug-outs and bomb-proofs; one may bathe in living springs, and the *Taubes* see nothing. One drawback only: those ugly brutes across the valley climb stealthily up the trees and snipe at us.'

I know of no pastoral poetry more limpid, more crystal-clear than these letters, in which one seems to catch a fleeting glimpse of Cowper's hare, and the partridges of Francis Jammes. Our young warrior watches them flash past with his good-humored smile:

'The one thought that helps me through all trials is that we are spending every moment close to Nature, and growing to know her as no mere civilian could ever hope to do. One evening, when the little schoolmaster and I had come back late, and every scrap of room in the bunk-house was taken, we flung ourselves down side by side at the foot of a big beech. Scarcely a moment before the rain began to murmur

beneath the leaves. The great tree had not been able to protect us. But then I thought, "What harm can come to me from this Nature, which has been so friendly?" Another evening, in a lonely dell, I heard a nightingale sing so wondrously that its voice held us silent for a long, long time. Nature consoles me; she is my friend; I am in her confidence. I have learned the secrets of every hour of day and night. In these Meuse woods, which I call my woods, I have seen every little leaf born, every copse turn green anew. They shelter me and protect me when the ordeal is at hand.'

This fellowship with Nature — frequent enough among our young soldiers — is touching indeed. In her they find a mother whom boys of their age, in a happier life, are slow to recognize. As I listen to Léo Latil, I seem to see an exile, some young descendant of Theocritus and Virgil, a Sicilian shepherd, in our forests of Lorraine; and as I am about to speak my thought, he takes the words from my mouth: —

'The moonlight is magnificent. I have slept like a shepherd on a couch of dead leaves, in spite of the fearful noise of the 75's, which are clattering away behind us.'

Others have loved Nature as dearly as this boy loved her, and Maurice de Guérin, coming from his fair Southland, felt the influence of the Northern sky as quickly as the young Provençal. But what is the end of their sylvan intoxication? Léo Latil turns it to good account: 'I am determined to set free those hillsides, those tree-tops waving rhythmically behind the enemy's trenches.'

He repeats the thought later. This fusion of calm, peaceful impressions of the Meuse woodlands with the burning spirit of sacrifice stirs one almost to the point of anguish. For this young

soldier there exists no imaginary conflict between the cult of Nature and heroic Christianity. Self-immolation, the spirit of sacrifice, have seemed to us irreconcilable with this enchantress. How easily he subordinates great Pan to the Son of God crucified! The beauty of the skies, the forests, the rivers of France furnishes him with just so many more incentives to the fulfillment of his duty.

Moreover, the memories of home life, the daily letters breathing forth the fragrance of happiness and affection so pervasive in happy households, far from sapping the purpose of this young heart, make it all the firmer.

A child is born into the family circle. To the young mother Léo Latil writes:

'All my best wishes to you! After all, the *poilu* is not indestructible, and care must be taken to replace him. Then, too, it is good to think we are fighting for all those little children, who shall have free and peaceful lives.'

Though his thoughts wander back to the home in Aix-la-Provence, or give themselves over to Nature, he remains faithful to the realities of his soldier's life.

'I wish you could have seen the procession of *poilus* coming back from the trenches to the rear. Heavily bearded they are, and long-haired; caked with mud, plodding along on their sticks, and carrying on their backs a large and strange collection of bedding, tools, and camp-dishes. One might think that all the beggars and the luckless from all the highways of the world were filing past; but their spirit is so splendid that we always feel like cheering them. . . .

'I am now serving my apprenticeship as sergeant.' Nothing difficult about it, but one must keep one's mind on a hundred little things, and with it all never forget to be just. One must know how to demand a great deal, to

have authority, and to acquire still more, without losing the human touch. One must be able to hearten one's men and console them. All this can be acquired, and is well worth trying for.'

This lofty idea of the dignity of command, this fine anxiety to make the most of one of the humblest ranks of the system, show us that beneath all this fragrant poetry, joyous and perfect in taste as the deathless songs of Mistral, there breathes a stout soul.

'Do not pray,' he writes to his family, 'that I may be spared suffering. Pray rather that I may be able to bear it, and that the courage I long for may be given me.'

In such souls there are no dark corners. They are penetrated by the full light of day, even to the innermost arcana. His family, his beloved land of France, his brothers-in-arms, his religion — these are the voices which call this lovable boy to his duty. He is ready now for whatever may come; he is about to leave the country of Jeanne d'Arc — in September, when autumn in Lorraine is most poignantly lovely. And in this same month the young hero is to fulfill his destiny.

'If you could only have seen our leave-taking! Evening; the kitchen of a country inn — a great Lorraine kitchen, clean as could be, with a roaring blaze in the huge fireplace. Already day was drawing her veil about her, and the night-mists were rising from the marsh-lands. The table was loaded with bottles of wine which the proprietor had brought up. We stood around, leaning on our rifles; the two little girls, over in the corner, were sobbing as if their hearts would break. Even the old man himself was upset. As for us, we were cracking jokes; I swaggered about, with my American pipe between my teeth. Once more, for the last time, we drank each other's healths and kissed cheeks wet with

tears; then we filed out into the darkness, dragging our gun-stocks over the floor. It was all like some quaint old picture — one of those moments of poetry or legend which you might think could exist only in books.'

Before he says farewell to this Lorraine of which he wrote, 'We shall come back as pilgrims, after the war, to this green Lorraine with its rolling hills, its meadows, and its woods,' — before he dies, let us enjoy one more of this young Provençal's pictures of the Bar-le-Duc countryside: —

'We were in an orchard, lying at ease, awaiting orders. I had forbidden my men to pick any of the plums; they could only gather up the wind-falls lying in the grass. The little boys of the village, however, who were always trailing along behind us, swarmed up the trees and shook them. What a downpour of plums — and how good they were!'

O Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in comparison with this, your cherry tree at Annécý and your two charming girls count for little indeed! Here, young warriors of France are resting in the grass, and the village urchins of Lorraine are shaking the plum trees!

One moment more: we can never have too many of these sketches by young hands now dead. From this one eight lines stand out — eight swiftly drawn lines, a moral portrait, as it were, which I would gladly have a foreigner carry away with him as the likeness of the typical young Frenchman. Those who can measure its restraint, its depth, may know that they are capable of appreciating the best that our race has to offer.

'Sometimes,' writes Léo Latil, 'I find myself pursuing a dream; but for the most part I am one with my men, living their life with my whole heart. They are such splendid fellows, so many of them! And besides, I love this

solitude with its tang of bitterness, these ceaseless mortifications of the flesh, these moods of the purified soul, ever ready for prayer.'

Thus, in the land of Saint Louis, of Jeanne d'Arc and Pascal, speaks a young soldier gently born, who combines, after the high French manner, the three gifts of dreaming, of generosity, and of a soaring spirit. A perfect young man!

On the evening of September 27, 1915, Léo Latil fell at the edge of a German trench, west of the farm of Navarin, in Champagne, as he was leading the bayonet-charge of a section of the 67th Regiment, whose lieutenant had just been killed.

And now let us see and hear Alfred Cazalis, the son and grandson of missionary clergymen. Alfred Cazalis is the very spirit of tender, stirring orthodoxy, of dogma translated into charity and sympathy — a fine, lovable boy who says to God, 'To Thee I belong, and to all my brothers.' Eighteen years old, and bred in a very fervor of religion, he brings all his heart's devotion to his war-life, so pitifully short. To this noble young Calvinist, the vision comes in a remarkable form; but burning within is the longing, shared alike by all these soldier-boys, to create a more transcendently lovely France.

'First and foremost,' he says, 'my preoccupation has been with the righteousness of this war. I know that our cause is just and good, and that the right is on our side. But this war must not be sterile; from all these deaths there must burst forth new life for mankind.'

'I think ceaselessly of the France of to-morrow, of that young France whose hour is at hand. A consecrated France it must be, in which there will be no purpose in life save Duty. Men will live only in so far as they realize their

duty and strive to fulfill it. And it is for us Protestants — or rather, for us believers — to reveal this new life to the world.

'Our duty, then, is to go forth as apostles. Our duty is plain; Jesus has defined it: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect." Perfect *through ourselves* — that is, developing our personalities to their utmost limit, making them yield the last least thing of which they are capable, and bringing them up to the ideal stature of Christ. Then, too, perfect *through others* (for surely we believe in the communion of saints!), which means praying for them, that they may learn to bend conscience and will before the kingly will of God.'

These are his first thoughts; this is the abiding faith of this boy, steeped as he is in the religious spirit of his home. Day by day, during his short apprenticeship to life, he devotes himself passionately to learning the lesson of facts.

While in barracks, he writes, —

'I am trying to profit by these days of rest to prepare myself still more fully. I have time to read and meditate. Each morning, I try to get away to the hillsides to pray, and as evening comes on, I go to the church for a moment to collect my thoughts.'

Above all, however, he tries to know what *action* means. 'I have often dreamed,' he writes, 'of that hour when I shall enter into reality.' One day, in the trenches, his thoughts turned to death, and he sought a remedy for it.

'I find it infinitely sweet, in moments like this, to feel that there are others close by us, who, if we should fall by the way, will snatch up and hold high the blazing torch which we have been carrying forward.'

Suddenly he breaks off, and the sinister birds take flight.

'Others!' he says. 'Have I not too much faith in life and its preciousness

to be content with that hypothesis? It is not for death that I would prepare myself, but for life. For life eternal, no doubt, but for the more immediate matter of earthly life as well. When war is over and I go home, I must be a changed being. I shall have no right to be as I formerly was — or the lesson will all have been in vain. Through the war mankind must be reborn, and is it not our duty to be reborn first of all?’

Thus he reconciles tragic eventualities with his young love of life; thus he decides that he will conquer, and that even beyond the grave he will toil on and pursue into eternity itself his spiritual task.

A grave moment is at hand. There is to be a bayonet charge. If I do not come back, one thing only I ask: may the tiny flame of consecrated forces which was in me descend upon those whom I loved and who loved me — upon all my comrades in faith and in toil.’

Then follows another utterance, equally sybilline: —

‘Already I feel a change coming over me. The abstract being which was in me is falling asunder, and numberless realities of the spiritual order which were once mere phantoms are becoming flesh and blood to me through an experience which is renewed every instant. I am learning to live.’

What does this mean? What is this life whose meaning this boy is learning at the same time that he learns to die? That is the great secret. But I seem to listen in amazement to fresh accents from the shadowy young lips. Existence, he tells us, may be a ceaseless elimination, a progression, a development which commences here below and continues when the spirit, taking flight into the heavens, fully unfolds that which was its essential inner nature. Eternal life (if I understand this mysterious young Levite aright) is not rest, but a prolongation of the noble task be-

gun on earth. Earthly life is a rough sketch, so to speak, of the deathless existence, and suffers no change of quality beyond the grave. After dissolution, men will continue to act. The young soldiers who have fallen for France will take up again the sacred work of their country.

Beneath these charmingly inadequate words (one might fancy them a stumbling translation of the ‘Cantique des Anges’) I see with admiration how complete has been the victory, in these young hearts, of war-time discipline over the seething anarchy in which we found so much beauty only yesterday. What a wild yearning toward group-life! How urgent a need to form, across time and space, an indissoluble union with souls capable of creation! What a splendid determination to make one’s self eternally at one with the best! Four days before his death this spiritual boy, stirred by some presentiment, set about coming to conclusions with his soul and recapitulating his deepest experiences: —

‘First of all, my experience of men. In these hours when, every instant, one’s life is in peril, they show themselves in their true colors, with no false semblance either of evil or of good. Everything within them that is mere factitious acquisition or pretense is sloughed off; and so one gets to know men’s souls under conditions that doubtless will never recur again.

‘Then, my experience of the communion of saints. Never a moment when I did not feel close to my people, to all those that I love; never should I have believed that, in spite of great distances, they could seem as near as the men who are fighting at my side.

‘Thus it was that I reached the greatest of the three experiences — a realization of the marvelous and incomparable worth of prayer.’

Four days later, on May 9, 1915, at

Roclincourt in Artois, Alfred Cazalis died by the side of his lieutenant, in a bayonet-charge. His major, who was himself to fall three days later, wrote at the time to Pastor Cazalis, 'I mourn all my beloved young soldiers, but above all your son, who prayed with me the evening before battle.'

I rejoice in copying such pages as these; I linger fondly over the yearning of these heroic young spirits; their thoughts follow no order save the ascending course of my admiration.

Jean Rival, at nineteen years of age, was an *aspirant* in the 14th Battalion of Chasseurs. Like Boisson, Cazalis, Latil, and all his other young brothers-in-arms, he was in love with life. In the midst of danger these young souls declare their love for light and space and movement and hope; but they put France first, and Jean Rival writes to a young kinswoman a letter in which the song of leave-taking, the eternal song of the twentieth year, is blended with and made secondary to the hymn of sacrifice accepted.

'I feel within me such an intensity of life, such a need of loving and of being loved, of unfolding, of admiring, of drawing great joyous breaths, that I cannot believe that death will lay hands on me. And yet I know well that commanding a section is deadly perilous. To lead soldiers to battle is to make one's self a target. Many have fallen; many more will yet fall. I have just learned of the death of several comrades who came to the front only a short while ago as *aspirants*. If this should be my lot, I count on you, dear J——, to console my parents. You must tell them that I died facing the enemy, protecting France with my body, and that they did not bring their son to his twentieth year in vain, since they have given our country one more defender.

Tell them that my blood has not flowed for nothing, and that the countless tragic sacrifices of individual lives will save the life of France.'

These boys wish no pity for their hard life; they do not ask to be spared or admired.

'I learned to my amazement,' he writes to his parents, 'that M—— went to see Captain V—— and Major de R—— about me. That is too bad. Let M—— go about her own business and keep calm. And why do you always call me "poor" Jean? We have no liking to be pitied that way! Say "my dear Jean," or "good old Jean," or "little Jean"; but why "poor"? Is it because I am doing my duty like all my comrades?'

And what is his duty? What sort of life is he leading in the terrible sector of the *Tête de Faux*?

'We are within thirty or forty metres of the Boches. One can only move about in deep, narrow trenches, filled with mud and puddles of water separated by big stones, which give way under one's feet. A single shot may presage an attack. All night long I go the rounds, and when day comes, I must oversee the trench-works, so that I have not a moment to myself. I can hardly snatch a bit of sleep on damp straw, in a dug-out which I must enter on all fours. Nevertheless, our spirits are of the best.

'I am in command of a platoon — that is, two sections — my own and that of the adjutant, who has a shell-wound. The responsibility is considerable, but little by little one gets used to it. Only the reliefs are troublesome. You start off about midnight, follow through the black shadows of the pines a path filled with stones and slippery with sleet; keep dead silence; fall down; get up again; lose your way; find it once more; and, having ultimately arrived at your destination, station the sen-

tries, send the men to bed, spot the trenches where the fighting is going on, in case of an attack; then finally fling yourself down on the straw, revolver close at hand — that is what a relief is!

And yet listen to the joyous greeting which the young soldier sends forth from this abode of anguish and death. It is Easter Sunday, 1915.

'Happy Easter, Happy Easter! You must excuse this poor little letter; I am no longer in the rest-camp, but in the first-line trench, in a gloomy dug-out where the rain beats in, and I can't stand up straight. I have the command of two sections now, so there is plenty to do. Still, I have time to tell you that all goes well, that I love you, and that I am happy with my lot. Happy Easter!'

What an intensity of inner life is revealed by such a letter — still more by this exclamation which I take from another missive: 'Land of Alsace, which I love as dearly as my own Dauphiné!'

Is it not admirable, the spirituality of this outcry from a boy of twenty years who, at his humble post, suffers night and day in the mire? Whence comes this sublimation of great-heartedness?

Listen to this utterance of a young French knight-errant, pure of heart: —

'Dear J——, how can I thank you for all the good you do me with those letters of yours, so full of warm, cheering words, sweet as those of the elder sister I always longed for, and whom I find in you! What am I to do to prove myself grateful? Fight bravely, to defend you, to defend along with you all the maidens of France who to-day consecrate themselves to their brothers at the front! Fight bravely, to spare you the loathsome touch of these barbarians, whom we have been holding back here, one battalion against two, for a month and a half!

'On the day of the attack, dear J——, at the supreme moment when, at the signal of my captain, I shall go up and over the ramparts with my men, shouting, "*En avant, à la baïonnette!*" — at that superbly tragic moment when one stakes one's life, I shall think of you, rest assured of it. "Forward, boys, forward! At them, with the bayonet, for our sisters, the women of France!"'

This boy stands on the threshold of all the paradises he has not yet known, and seeks to defend them, without one single thought of self. How faint grows the blazing song of the young Sophocles at Salamis beside this flame, which no base fuel nourishes! And all are alike! To the cry of Jean Rival, 'At them, with the bayonet, for our sisters, the women of France!' there comes the answering cry of young Bernard-Claudius Lavergne. On the 23d of May, 1915, in Artois, he shouts, 'The moment has come. Forward, with the bayonet, for France and our mothers!'

And this tender exaltation is joined to the soundest reason. These boys, whom a superficial passer-by might see wrapped in a roseate mist of enthusiasm, possess true wisdom, won not from theories, but from their own experience. Jean Rival realizes that he is an officer whose duty it is to forge the weapon of victory by fanning in his men the fire of cheerfulness. This boy of nineteen writes, in the course of a familiar letter, a page of which historians of the war will do well to take note.

'If, taking it by and large, one may find (here at the front) a sane and noble spirit, it is utterly different from that which exists in the barracks and behind the lines. A spirit of unconsciousness and fatalism in some, of sober courage in others, and of cold resignation in others still. . . . For my part, I have

always believed in the necessity of the "chosen few," but of a chosen few truly worthy of the name, pervaded by a sense of duty, influencing and educating the masses. The chosen few, at this present moment, are brave and firm of purpose; they are the leaders in the war, and it is they who will bring it triumphantly to an end, for the masses are, in general, long-suffering, enduring, and easily stirred to glorious strife. The officer holds in his hand a mighty implement. If only he is a good workman, — that is, if he passionately loves his profession and his country, — be sure that he will turn out a work of art.'

The wonder is that this young warrior, who knows how to avoid cheap sentimentality and false demagogic claptrap, preserves the noble humanity of his soul. Herein lies the miracle of French reason, the divine pliancy of our race, when we are at our highest pitch of perfection.

'The mad pranks of our chasseurs at Grenoble? Yes, I know, but they are good fellows, nevertheless. If they know how to fight, they also know how to have their fun, and, upon my soul, who can reproach them for that? Here, too, when our men come into Plain-fang after months in the trenches, they act like sailors returning from a long voyage. They kick over the traces: wine, cigars, merry songs — it's all part of the game. The officers can't get angry; in fact, they have no right to. What does it all matter if, after these few irregularities, the rascals throw themselves heart and soul into the charge? Needless to tell you that the irregularities of your nephew are on a small scale. A glass or two of old wine, a few cigarettes, and also — to be frank with you — a few smiles at the Alsatian girls: that's all. Have no fear for the damnation of my soul.'

What say you to this? Was not old Nestor, so revered by those garrulous

Greeks, a mere schoolboy by the side of this young non-commissioned officer of nineteen years? Blood-splattered experience joined to stainless purity of heart: was ever the like of this in the world before? One's admiration is blended with sorrow in reading a letter in which the boy tells how deeply stirred he has been by the sight of a village first-communion; then, abruptly changing the subject, he enjoins calmness and energy upon his family. Or still another letter, with its burden of charming gratitude, in which this young soldier, who is giving his very life, grows solicitous lest the tiny sums sent him by his relatives can ill be spared from the modest home. Then, finally, there is that letter written on his father's birthday, in which he says, all forgetful of his own sacrifice, 'You may be sure that I understand the feelings of a father who sees his son of twenty years, whom he has reared at the cost of so much toil and care and thrift, setting out for the great Unknown of war.'

So it goes. Is it not splendid — this strong will dominating a tender, joyous heart?

And now, having taken stock of his ability, his courage, and the devotion of his men, he says, 'All is ready.' Here is his last letter to his young confidant: —

'Dear J —, to-morrow at dawn, to the strains of *Sidi Brahim* and the *Marseillaise*, we shall charge the German lines. The attack will probably finish me. On the evening before this great day, which may be my last, I remind you of your promise. Keep up my mother's courage; for a week or more she will receive no news. Tell her that when an advance is at hand no soldier can write to his loved ones; he must content himself with thinking about them. And if the time goes by and she hears nothing of me, let her

live in hope; keep up her courage. Then, if you learn at last that I have fallen on the field of honor, let your heart speak those words that will bring her solace.

'This morning I attended mass and took communion some few metres back of the trenches. If I die, I shall die as a Christian and a Frenchman.

'I believe in God, in France, in Victory. I believe in beauty, youth, and life.

'God guard me to the very end. But if my blood is needed for our triumph — Thy will be done, O Lord!'

If my only object were to make known and beloved this young nature, at once so tender and so strong, I might feel that with these *ultima verba* my task was done; I might even have closed with the young soldier's acclamation of 'beauty, youth, and life.' I feel it a sort of holy duty, however, to transcribe every one of these words which do such high honor to our race. In Jean Rival and all his brothers-in-arms there is not the least preoccupation with glory; no wish save to do that which is right. They pour forth the fragrance of their souls with no thought of producing an effect — but they are the diadem of France; they must be seen by the whole world, not as a reward to them, who are beyond all recompense, but for the glory of our country.

The attack of Le Lingé began on July 20, 1915, about eleven o'clock. At one o'clock, Jean Rival, leading his section, fell dead with a bullet in his forehead. He lies at rest in the sacred soil of Alsace.

I must stop. And how unwillingly I do so! There is a multitude of young soldiers, all the peers of those whom I have described. Every one of them should be heard.

Joseph Cloupeau, who died on the field of honor at nineteen, said, 'How

good it is to be of some use, even if one must pay for it with one's life!' And, revealing in that dawn the beauty of a harmonious life, he was able to declare, 'I am not a Christian and a soldier; I am a Christian soldier.'

Young Alfred Aeschiman, who died for France just before leaving the military *dépôt* of Aubagne, was walking one Sunday in February, 1915, through pine woods and sun-soaked groves of olives. 'How hard it is to accept death when one is twenty years old!' he murmured. 'I must never cease to keep before me the great ideals for which I am going to fight; and compare the worth of a mean, impure personality with that of the moral principles which are the glory of the human race.'

The young volunteer Paul Guieysse (he has since fallen on the battlefield) confides to the friend who accompanies him to the recruiting-station, 'I love life so dearly that if I did not have unswerving faith in the immortality of the soul, perhaps I might hesitate to enlist.'

Michel Penet, a boy of nineteen, in the 8th Regiment of *Chasseurs à pied*, writes: 'If only you could have been with me when the volunteers were called for! The lieutenant was there, with a copy of the ministerial decree in his hand. "Who wishes to join the army of invasion?" In a moment every arm was raised; there was but a single cry, "I do! I do!" It was more than mere patriotism that set all those caps waving in the air; it was more than mere hatred for the German nation; it was *vengeance*. I have seen soldiers argue with their officers because they would not let them go; I have seen some of them weeping with rage. Every one of us has his quota of deaths to avenge.'

This 8th regiment had already been sent forward under fire eight times. Their lieutenant said to his men, 'You

know, all of you, that the chasseurs are not made to live.' Joyously the young soldier goes out to meet his destiny. 'I am going forward with full confidence in the divine mercy,' he says. 'Of course it is hard to make such a sacrifice when one is not yet twenty. That is the age when life is good to live. Tomorrow we shall be in the Argonne; it will be a struggle to the finish. I shall fight for France, offering my heart to God; and when evening comes and the battle is over, I shall be resting for a few moments, and my thoughts will go out to you, who love me so much, and whom I love still more dearly. When night comes, our hearts will be united.' Of his march to the firing-lines, he says, 'The thing that impressed me most deeply was the old women. How many of them I saw wiping their eyes as they watched our splendid battalion swing by!' By the 20th of April, 1915, he had reached the trenches, and on May 29 he met a hero's end.

Only the dead have spoken to us here. This is seemly; we need put no curb on our praise. The living, however, are in every way their peers. Though they have not received the supreme consecration, theirs is the compensating glory of continuous service. All these splendid boys, scarcely emerged from childhood, are part and parcel of their generation; in them its beauty comes to full flower; they pour forth its fragrance before the action of time hardens them into individuals. Lithe bodies, sensitive and gentle souls, in whom strength has awakened before its season, truth-loving and modest unto humility, knowing well their honor and their duty, these soldiers of seventeen, eighteen, twenty years are truly 'sons of France,' as an admiring world calls them. 'Weariness?' they say in unison. 'It is a matter of energy, of moral resistance, rather than physical

strength.' Every one of their biographies would tell of the deepening of the soul; and in the inner sanctuary of all these different souls there burns the same fire.

Have you noticed that they speak constantly of God — that they pray?

Captain André Cornet-Anquier, a Protestant soldier who died for France, tells us: 'A Catholic captain said the other day that he prayed before every engagement. The major observed that it was no time for such things, and that he would do better to attend to his orders. 'Major,' replied the other man, 'it does n't prevent me from taking my orders and fighting, and I feel the stronger for it.' Then I broke in: 'Captain, I do as you do, and I also am strengthened.'

'Those happen to be two believers,' you will say. 'There are always some of *them* to be found.' Yes, but they are men of different religions, and they agree. About what? *A fact.* What does prayer mean to these soldiers? They tell us that it is something which makes them stronger; that they draw virtue from it. We have all read about such things, but these two men speak from their own experience.

Fifteen years ago, in a conversation which I shall never forget, the great explorer Stanley told me, to my amazement, that in Africa, whenever he was perplexed, in torment, or in peril, he opened his Bible and found guidance there. 'Oh, yes,' I said to myself at the time, 'he is an Anglo-Saxon.' Nevertheless, the difference in nationality does not explain everything. To-day we see our fellow countrymen, our neighbors, the children of our flesh, placed in circumstances that stir the depths of their being, feeling, and reasoning as they stirred that Englishman. My friend Captain Hassler, older than any of these boys and a stranger to their faith, looked about him and wrote,

'One cannot close one's eyes to the fact that many men are sustained by the idea of a superior being to whose care they entrust themselves.'

Noble is this *jungamus dextras* of these loyal soldiers; and beneficent this serene submission of believer and unbeliever alike to the great Fact; but my wonder goes far beyond this. The spirit of religion pervades this whole younger generation. They are not all equally sustained by it; certainly they are not all of the same creed, but history, in speaking of them, will use the words of Léo Latil: 'In this war the spiritual element dominates all.'

Whence do they come, these soldier-boys *sans peur et sans reproche*? The Judge's daughter in Scripture said, 'We ask of you a brief respite to bewail our youth.' *They* crave not a single tear. What luminous presence, what eyes full of calm, what sublime thoughts, rising without turmoil to the surface of their beings! Are these really our young brothers? Twice have they been born: first out of the soil of France, from an old race whose sons are noble, one and all; and again out of the nation's peril. A French mother (and French mothers are the tenderest, the most timid in the world) said to her son, 'I should urge you on with my own voice, if I could see you rushing to meet the enemy.' These boys are heirs to the ancient treasure: countless virtues slumbered within them, and to-day they are all awake.

As we watch them act and think, we are present at the resurrection of these forces that were slumbering. Tracts of the French soul which had long lain fallow in us are beginning to be fruitful once again; and these young men have won inner riches which we, their elders, had lost. Foregoing nothing of that which was *our* treasure (for their positive aptitudes, their sense of surface realities, are at least as great as ours), they leave no darkness in the more mysterious parts of their beings; they have rediscovered the secret of the Ages of Enthusiasm. By this token they are more complete natures than we, and come nearer to fulfilling the type of man made perfect.

Acceptance of sacrifice, the consciousness of a great Presence at one's side — we come across these again and again. If we need a picture to symbolize them, none more true to life can be found than that evoked by a sentence which Bernard-Claudius Lavergne, the thirteenth child of the glazier Claudius Lavergne, wrote home to his family: 'To-night we leave for the trenches. To-night I shall be watching over you, rifle in hand. You know who is watching over me.'

What an epitome! What a thought beyond price! O young men of France, worthier far than we!

They shall live on; but even were they dead, our country shall be built anew with their souls, as with living stones.

BRITISH EXPERIENCE FOR AMERICANS

BY SIDNEY WEBB

It was Bismarck who once declared, when some one apologized for a mistake by saying that one must learn from experience, that he preferred to learn from other people's experience. The United Kingdom is now completing its third year of quite unprecedented warfare, and it has had to learn a great deal from its own mistakes. The United States has even less experience of modern warfare than the United Kingdom had in August, 1914. It may save much by taking the fullest advantage of the British experience. The following suggestions have reference, not to military or naval operations, on which the public is necessarily imperfectly informed, but exclusively to the civil administration of a nation in war-time.

The Need for Personal Economy

Modern warfare proves to be quite extraordinarily expensive—not only much more costly than any previous warfare, but more so even than any one in Europe, statesman or economist, ever imagined. The great magnitude of modern armies and navies, the costliness of their pay and equipment, the unprecedented expenditure of munitions, the destructiveness of the guns and explosives employed, the extraordinary diversity and extent of the auxiliary services required—all this means a prodigious outlay by every belligerent government. Each month of the present war costs the governments concerned as much as the whole course of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–71.

In the first twenty weeks of the current year, the British government has paid out as much as the entire cost of its twenty years' warfare against Napoleon a century ago. There is no help for it. The United States will presently find itself let in for an expenditure which would construct a new Panama Canal every six weeks. It will not have been at war many months before it will have spent as much as the whole cost of the Civil War of 1861–65. Hence the first, and in the long run the most important, question for the administrator is how, if the war lasts more than a few months, this colossal expense can possibly be borne.

Warfare has to be conducted strictly on a cash basis. This was the first lesson that the United Kingdom—which thought itself in 1914 unrivaled in financial strength, accumulated capital, and borrowing credit—had to learn. The power of governments to borrow does not solve the problem. War cannot be carried on by merely mortgaging the future, not because of any failure of credit in the ordinary sense, but because post-dated checks are neither food nor missiles. Even the wealthiest nation cannot feed the soldiers out of future harvests, clothe them in next year's wool, or supply them with ammunition to be produced by a subsequent generation. What the armies and navies use and consume are the commodities which we have already in our possession, or which we are contemporaneously producing.

War involves, therefore, a diversion

of consumption. What the soldiers and sailors eat and destroy is so much abstracted from the civilian population. This is the root of all war finance; and the nation which does not learn it is pulled up sharply, long before the government becomes unable to borrow, either by famine at home or by shortage of shells at the front. Germany, which found itself blockaded, has long since put its entire population on strictly limited rations, and has taken every scrap of rubber, oil, copper, and hundreds of other things required in war for the service of the army. It was a long while before the people of Great Britain, where such governmental restrictions would be much resented, could be made to understand that the only way in which the soldiers at the front could be kept supplied with food and munitions was by the civilian population at home voluntarily abstaining from spending its wages or profits, and thereby abstaining from consuming either the commodities needed by the troops, or the labor-force that might otherwise produce such commodities. It took a tremendous campaign of exhortation and instruction, carried on, not merely in the newspapers and by speeches, but also by house-to-house visitation of the people, rich and poor, before the British people could be convinced of the simple economic truth that every pound's worth of food or clothes or petrol or service that was used by the civilian population, even if they 'could afford it,' was just so much abstracted from the supplies that were imperatively required at the front. Some people in all social grades still remain ignorant, and consequently unashamed of their spending. But taking the nation as a whole, it seems probable that the aggregate amount of its voluntary savings out of income is now three times as great as before the war. Whereas the nation then consumed, day by day,

in mere living, four-fifths of what it produced, — the balance representing new investments of capital, — it is probably now consuming in civilian living not more than half of what it is producing — the balance going to the government, either in taxes or loans, to feed, clothe, and equip the army and navy, and provide the shells.

This is how it is that the unprecedented expense can go on. The question for America is, how soon will its hundred millions of people understand that they, too, will have to 'do their bit' by voluntarily restricting their customary personal expenditure on food, clothes, service, fuel, holidays, and so forth, however easily they can afford the expenditure. Only in this way, coupled with incessant production, can even the wealthiest nation maintain a great war.

Taxes or Loans?

To the government war means, not economy at all, but an endless and apparently limitless demand for money, to pay, not only the troops but also the ever-growing horde of contractors of all sorts, from whom it has to purchase the innumerable supplies that modern warfare requires. The government can get this money only by taxes or loans, and it always uses both resources. But it makes a most momentous difference to the future well-being of the nation to what extent war is paid for out of taxes or out of loans. Germany is paying for the war almost entirely out of loans, without increasing its taxation, except tardily and to a small extent. Russia, which began by very bravely sacrificing four hundred million dollars a year of spirit revenues, has been able only to put on new taxes to replace that income; and thus has had to rely on borrowed money for its fighting. France and Italy have striven valiantly to in-

crease taxation, but have not been in a position to get much help from this source.

The United Kingdom alone among the belligerent nations has enormously increased its taxation from nearly all its sources of revenue, so that the government receipts for the ensuing year will be nearly three times those for the year before the war. To give only one example, a man with profits or dividends yielding him £3000 (\$15,000) a year pays (a) an income tax (quite strictly enforced) of five shillings in the pound, or 25 per cent; (b) a supertax of about 5 per cent more; (c) death-duties on the capital value passing at death, averaging about 10 per cent, which is equivalent roughly to a 5 or 10 per cent additional income tax; and (d), if his income is derived from business, either an excess-profits tax amounting to 60 per cent of all the profit made over and above that of pre-war times, or, in the case of an establishment making ships, guns, or munitions for the government, the whole of the profit in excess of 20 per cent above pre-war conditions. The income tax is now payable by persons getting as little as £130 (\$650) a year. And the taxes on tea, coffee, cocoa, alcoholic drinks, mineral waters, sugar, petrol, and what not, are equally heavy.

Nevertheless, it is the very decided opinion of economists and financiers of all shades of political opinion, that the British government has made the mistake of not sufficiently increasing the tax-revenue, and of relying too largely upon loans. This mistake, it is very commonly held, will make the financial burden far more onerous, and far more crushing upon the country's industry, than it need have been. It has also been unfair. 'In my opinion,' writes Professor Pigou, who succeeded Dr. Alfred Marshall in the Chair of Political Economy at Cambridge Univer-

sity, 'the government has committed a very serious mistake in taxing so little and borrowing so much. When young men are compelled to give their lives, I see no reason why old men should not be compelled to give — and not merely asked to lend — their money; and I do not believe that, had the government dared to make that claim, it would have been widely resented or opposed.'

Indeed, the press has repeatedly made a similar demand. We have had the unprecedented spectacle, with the tax-revenue trebled, of newspapers reproaching the government for not taking more — not merely that organ of enlightened Collectivism, the *New Statesman*, but also the bankers' own journal, the *Economist*, and the *Times* itself.

What every government needs to do in war-time is to pare down personal expenditure to the barest minimum that each social class can be induced to endure; and then to gather in, for the maintenance of the war, the whole of everybody's surplus above that barest minimum. Theoretically, taxation should be so adjusted as to take from everybody all this surplus and no more. Practically, no system of taxation can be contrived to shave so accurately; and, accordingly, in order to avoid intolerable personal hardship, the taxes must fall well within this limit. But the nation at war is imperatively called upon, by all considerations of economy as well as equity, to put on a steeply graduated series of taxes, so devised and adjusted as to avoid trenching on the standard of life of the mass of the people while penalizing their luxuries; and, from the rest of the nation, to shave off, class by class, as much of the expenditure above bare subsistence at the class-level as can be secured without undue evasion or hardship — this taxation rising to 80 or 90 per cent of the income of the millionaires.

Even the most drastic tax-system will leave many individual pockets of surpluses untouched, and it is these alone that the government ought to attract by offering favorable terms for loans. To borrow at high interest what could and should have been secured by an equitably graduated system of taxation is to rob the mass of the people for the benefit of the wealthy; and to put a double charge on the next generation in order to allow the rich men of the present to utilize the war to increase their possessions. This is the great economic mistake that all the European belligerents have made in their several degrees — most of them because their peoples would not or could not stand increased taxation; but the United Kingdom, in a lesser degree (though more inexcusably), because the Cabinet Ministers have been too closely in alliance with the wealthy classes to be willing to decide (or even to be able to understand the need) for the more onerous taxation that would have been alike equitable and economically profitable to the nation as a whole.

It is now for America to profit by the European experience. It will not be enough to double, or even to treble the Federal revenues from taxation. If America is wise, it will insist on the whole daily cost of the war being as quickly as possible levied as current taxation, — at least up to the amount that would be yielded by the heaviest possible taxation of luxuries, and a scientifically graduated income tax rising to 90 per cent of the largest incomes, — and thus pay for the war once only, and not also a second and even a third time in interest.

War Profits

Governments in war-time are the prey of every person who can become a contractor. They want, in a hurry, un-

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precedented quantities of every kind of commodities; they never know how to buy economically, and they have no time to think; and they are always made to pay through the nose. 'No price is too high,' said Mr. Asquith, 'when honor is at stake'; and this was instantly made the motto of the contractors in a sense other than had been intended.

To check this extortion the British War Office has found itself compelled calmly to assume possession of all the wool, leather, and other materials that exist within the land; to supply these raw materials to manufacturers to be made up on a strictly defined scale of prices; and to control the entire output of the factories. A separate Ministry of Munitions has put up a hundred huge national factories, run by the government itself, for the production of every kind of munitions; and has made nearly five thousand of the most important shipyards and factories into 'controlled establishments,' working under strictly limited profits according to government directions.

All these protective devices will have to be resorted to by the American government in one or other form, whatever the Constitution may prescribe. But drastic as they are, they have not prevented the most extraordinary profits being made out of the government's necessity. The American government has made itself acquainted with all the experience of the British government, and knows the need of saving itself from the most unscrupulous 'profiteering.' The American government knows, also, at what points these expedients have fallen short of success; and what the British government believes would stop the leaks. The nation ought to support the President in the most drastic action in the way of summarily assuming possession of all the materials, products, mines, factories, ships, rail-

ways, shipyards, and machinery of all the kinds needed for supplying the government; leaving to be subsequently assessed and paid such equitable compensation (recouping only actual out-of-pocket loss, and never paying for any foregone opportunity of making profit) as may be conceded.

But, after taking every known precaution, the American government will, nevertheless, find an enormous number of people making enlarged profits, as a result of the industrial and financial dislocations caused by the war. The British government — herein followed by the French, Italian and German governments — has accordingly imposed an excess-profits tax. Every person or corporation domiciled in the United Kingdom, making in any year profits more than £200 in excess of the pre-war average, is required to yield to the Exchequer 60 per cent of the excess, besides paying income tax and supertax on all that is left to him or to the stockholders. As an alternative, the shipyards and munition-making firms, nearly 5000 in number, are compelled to pay over to the Exchequer — as ‘controlled establishments’ — the whole of their profits in excess of the pre-war average increased by one fifth.

These taxes have been very successful, but their administration demands the highest official qualities, in scrutinizing accounts, in preventing hiding of profits in depreciation, new equipment, and reserves, and in determining the allowances to be made in respect of increased capital and the like. And, do what we may, we cannot prevent a large number of people from making fortunes out of the nation in its hour of need. Such conduct is now stigmatized in the United Kingdom as disgraceful; but it is nevertheless done by ‘business men’ whom we have hitherto thought of honorable standing.

Soaring Prices

What makes war financially so calamitous to the wage-earners — who constitute everywhere from two thirds to four fifths of the whole community — is not so much the taxation as the way in which it enhances prices. In the United Kingdom food-stuffs are now, on an average, just twice as dear as in July, 1914, while bread has more than doubled. Rents of working-class dwellings were starting to rise in the same way, but — a useful hint to Congress — Parliament stopped this by making it a penal offense for any person to ask or attempt to enforce any higher rent for a dwelling under a specified annual value than had been charged for the dwelling before the war. Altogether, the cost of living for British wage-earners is officially computed to be from 60 to 70 per cent higher than in July, 1914. A dollar in Great Britain goes only as far as 60 cents did three years ago.

The trouble is that wages never rise either so promptly or so much as prices, so that the wage-earners always suffer in war the pecuniary loss of a larger percentage of their incomes than even the most heavily taxed capitalists. This means, to many millions of them in America as in Europe, a very serious encroachment on the actual necessities of life. There is no economic calamity that a nation can suffer which is so disastrous to the community as a whole, so far-reaching and so lasting in its ruinous results, as a lowering of the standard of life of its wage-earners. Yet this is the national calamity which, in war-time, is perpetrated daily, as a matter of course, by the whole business world. It becomes therefore an imperative duty of the government to see to it that this dire peril into which war always brings a nation is, so far as possible, averted.

The British government has taken

action, first, by raising wages, and secondly, by seeking to arrest the rise of prices. By public exhortation and private counsel, by governmental influence and social pressure, and finally by Act of Parliament, the British government has intervened actually to compel employers in nearly all industries to concede rises of wages, war-advances and war-bonuses — to the railway workers, to the workers in shipyards and munition factories, to every person employed in the whole engineering industry, to the couple of million women employed on all kinds of war-stores, to the million coal-miners, to all the government employees getting less than £150 (\$750), a year, to the schoolteachers, the farm-laborers, and the rest. Altogether, it is estimated that the rate of wages has been increased in Great Britain, taking the whole wage-earning class, by about 20 to 25 per cent on an average. This falls far short of the increase in the cost of living; so that the rate of wages, measured by what it would purchase, has fallen considerably, under the influence of the war.

This will undoubtedly be the experience of America also if prices continue to rise. The intervention of the government to secure an adequate increase in wages otherwise than by strikes will certainly be required. If, as Mr. Gompers and other labor leaders have patriotically agreed, there are to be no strikes, it becomes imperative that the American government should intervene, and it is important, in order to prevent both a ruinous degradation of the standard of life and the spread of dangerous labor discontents, that enlightened public opinion, far from opposing such action by the government, should call on it to intervene promptly and effectively.

There will arise, in America as in Europe, a popular outcry that the rise of prices should be prevented. The

British government has, like all other belligerent governments, actively intervened to prevent further advances by fixing maximum prices by law. It has been demonstrated, alike in Germany and in Great Britain, that this fixing of maximum prices is neither quite so futile as the economists have asserted, nor anything like so effective or advantageous as the man in the street believes. Alike in Germany and in Great Britain, it has been proved by repeated trial that any attempt to fix by law or by police action any maximum price short of what may be called the normal market value under the actual conditions of cost of production or supply and demand, is promptly nullified by a withdrawal of supplies from market, and by secret sales to those customers who are able and willing to pay more than the legal maximum. The shortage, so far as the mass of the people is concerned, is thus merely aggravated.

On the other hand, it has been equally proved that we cannot assume that commercial competition, if let alone, will insure that the rise in price shall nowhere be in excess of what is indispensable. The experience of the whole world has shown the advantage of a legally prescribed tariff for the fares charged by hackney carriages, in order to protect the customer, who happens to be imperatively in need of conveyance, from being mercilessly exploited. The same is true of food-stuffs in a time of scarcity. Thus, wherever the government controls the production or stocks, or can otherwise insure continuity of supply, there is a distinct advantage in fixing a maximum price, so as to prevent either the wholesale dealer or the retail distributor from adding more to the cost than the actual expenses of distribution. The British government has accordingly successfully assumed the control of the rail-

ways and mines, of all the flour-mills, of all the merchant shipping, and of all the munition factories; it has made itself the sole importer of sugar and wheat, and has become an importer on a huge scale of meat, rice, and many other things; it has taken over all the wool, leather, copper, and other raw materials; its Ministry of Munitions is now three times as great in its turnover as the largest single industrial enterprise in the world, not excluding the most extensive American trust. And wherever the government controls the supply, it fixes in one way or another both the wholesale and the retail price of the commodity, so as to limit the advantage that any dealer can take of the urgent needs of the consumer. No one doubts that this policy has been extremely successful in preventing prices, at particular times and in particular places, from soaring sky-high; nor does any instructed person imagine that a 'law of maximum,' without control of supply, would be otherwise than ruinous to the poorer consumers.

We cannot learn that the systems of compulsory rationing which have been drastically imposed in Germany — the sugar-card, and the bread-ticket, the clothes-ticket, the boot-ticket, and all the other attempts to prevent persons with money from getting more than an equal share of scarce commodities — have had any success in preventing intolerable hardship among the poor, or in seriously interfering with the power of the rich to get whatever they choose to pay for. Experience does not warrant either Great Britain or America in resorting to this expedient, without government control of the supply. What has been successful in Great Britain in economizing supplies has been a widespread appeal to the whole nation to limit its consumption of wheaten bread (4 pounds per week), meat ($2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds per week), and sugar ($\frac{3}{4}$ of a pound per

week) to a prescribed maximum per person in the household; and to make up the necessary subsistence by the use of substitutes, such as fish, other cereals than wheat, and other vegetables than potatoes, of which the crop throughout all Europe has largely failed. More efficacious still has been the absolute government monopoly of sugar, secured at the very beginning of the war, and the drastic restriction of the total quantity allowed to be issued from store, the aggregate reduction being thus infallibly secured, and the retailers being left to share what sugar they obtained among their customers. It has been found useful, too, to make the wheaten flour go further by compelling all the millers to include both an increased proportion of bran and a certain proportion of other cereals. More drastic measures are near at hand.

In the main, however, the government has been unable to prevent a staggering rise in prices of food-stuffs, which now reaches close upon 100 per cent all round; and consequently its obligation to secure an adequate increase of wages has been recognized. The average increase of 20 to 25 per cent, to which the employers have been compelled, has been eked out by (a) the liberal scale of separation allowances paid to the dependents of all men called to the colors, and of pensions given to the discharged men, these two items now amounting to five hundred million dollars a year of direct government subvention; (b) the absorption into wage-earning industry, not only of all the unemployed men, but also of a large number of youths of either sex from 12 or 13 upwards, of women married and unmarried, and even of old men who had been superannuated — thus greatly increasing the number of separate wage-earners in the average household; and (c) the rapid spread of piece-work in place of time-work, and

a general increase in the hours of labor, resulting, at the cost of greatly increased effort and strain, in a considerable increase in total earnings apart from any change in the wage-rate.

The outcome seems to be that, in contrast with all previous wars, and with all other governments, the British government has this time been, up to the

present, fairly successful in staving off any general fall in the standard of life of its people — a notable result of the advance in the United Kingdom of economic knowledge and of democratic influence. It will be interesting to see with what success America tackles the very similar economic problem with which it is now confronted.

(To be concluded)

THE RUSSIAN IDES OF MARCH

BY PAUL WHARTON

PETROGRAD, *March 17, 1917.*

To have supposed a short week ago that the colossal Russian bureaucratic machine, which for three hundred years has withstood assaults from within and without, would to-day be scrapped beside the highway of nations would have been sheer madness. Speculation and dark prophecies foretelling the imminence of a revolution in Russia have been rife since the beginning of the war, but in no circles, high or low, has any one had the temerity to think, even in his most exalted moments, that the spirit of the Russian people could initiate a great revolt against the government, and carry it through to victory with little bloodshed, with a superb display of nobility, and with a breadth of view disconcerting even to an American. During these days of street battles and all-night sittings of the Duma, when the atmosphere was hectic and an onlooker thought he saw chaos, a common voice has spoken, virile with youth, modulated with age,

vibrating with righteous indignation and aspiration, a subtle composite of the voices of its children and seers from Pushkin to Tolstoy.

To appreciate the march of present events it is necessary to give a cursory description of the *status quo ante*. Dissatisfaction with the government was almost universal, ranging from disappointment with the conduct of the war to disgust at the criminal bungling of the food and transport problems.

Although the insufficiency of railways and equipment, and the enormous drafts made by war requirements upon ocean tonnage soon caused prices of food staples to soar in the industrial centres, wages advanced sufficiently in most cases to meet the new conditions. The urban populations did not really begin to feel the pinch of war until the autumn of 1916. Then, owing to the inability of the working classes to procure ample food, sporadic strikes occurred in various government munition factories and arsenals in Moscow

and Petrograd. The demands of the workers were not for more money, but for food — in most cases only for more bread. In exceptional cases the government made a half-hearted attempt to cope with the situation and measures were taken to put more food within reach of the operatives; but more frequently the strikers' petitions were unsympathetically received and the workmen were peremptorily ordered by the military to return to work.

From the autumn on, many ominous signs were apparent. Inflammatory speeches and articles were continually being suppressed, and a marked restlessness in the Duma indicated that a great people was becoming wearied of the maladministration of its affairs by the nonentities who held ministerial portfolios.

The situation went from bad to worse. During an exceptionally severe winter all the working and middle-class population had to stand in line anywhere from five to eighteen hours, to receive the commonest necessities of life. These numb shivering lines knew all about the millions of pounds of cheap Siberian beef which were overtaken by spring before being released for consumption, and rotted as a consequence. Few of the munition-workers, whose wives or children spent more than half their time in the queue before a bread-shop, had not heard of the 'fish graveyards' of Astrakhan, where thousands of tons of the spoiled harvest of the Caspian were buried; and all classes had heard of the 'saccharine rivers' which travelers had seen flowing from leaky sugar warehouses in the great beet-growing districts of South Russia and Podolia; while we put jam in our tea and work-people drank it unsweetened. Every one knew that the country was full of grain, and that the provincial towns were full of flour.

Finally, food-riots began, and some

bakeries and meat-shops were broken into and ransacked. Small patrols of Cossacks appeared in the restless districts, and the air became charged with a certain tenseness which would subside for a few days, only to reappear with more persistence.

Affairs were in this state on Friday, March 9, when the increasing turbulence of the people brought out great numbers of Cossacks. The following day, March 10, I went to the principal shopping district in and around Nevski Prospect, where I had many errands to do in preparation for my departure on Monday the 12th for the Ural Mountains. Notwithstanding my preparation for coming events, I was shocked when I turned from the Katherine Canal into the Nevski, and beheld it filled with long columns of Cossacks, knout in hand — a forest of lances.

The Nevski is a street apart, with an atmosphere of its own: a thoroughfare for a great human current which undulates over its little bridges, eddies about its tawdry shops, or flows smoothly past the Dowager's red palace, while the gardens in front of Kazan Cathedral form a haven of refuge for those fatigued with midstream. A place of color and life and freedom of movement, it suddenly looked still and bleak. The wide expanse of well-packed snow had never seemed static before; it had been part and parcel of the moving picture, cut in swirls by skidding sleighs or whipped up by motor-wheels; constantly traversed by living things. Now it looked whiter and wider; it glistened, and I thought of the snow on the plains.

The cessation of usual life in the street, the disappearance of the cheery, overcrowded red trams and the subtlety of the snow, all heightened the psychologic effect of impending change, as the blank white curtain at a movie drama stands for both the suspense in

emotions and the rapid transition of events from the black misery and injustice of the first reel to the red revolt and bright heroics of the second. That Saturday afternoon on the Nevski was the blank between the reels.

After watching it all quietly from afar, I came down into the picture and mingled with the crowds. At the curb, where the people pressed by the solid phalanxes of mounted Cossacks, there was much badinage. The omnipresent woman of the working class, with shawl-covered head and eyes alert, was the voice of all the timid or self-conscious onlookers. She walked right up to these men of her kind and called out, 'You would n't really kill us, would you? You know all we want is food. Will you obey those who starve us?'

I watched the faces of the Cossacks intently. Most of them were young men, some of them adolescent; there were a few of the ruffian type, but most of the faces were good, while some were gentle and sweet. I know these men hated their jobs. Where three or four of them, separated from their companions, were stationed at corners to deflect the current of pedestrians down side streets, their manner was apologetic, and they prefaced their orders with '*Pajallst*,' which is the colloquial for 'If you please.' Many persons argued with them and continued along the Nevski.

Plainly the Cossacks were feeling the situation, as was evidenced by their vacillation from a military point of view. I hold no brief for them. I simply feel that they are about as good and about as bad as you or I. You see, only last December I made a journey of several hundred versts by *troika* through the country of the Ural Cossacks; I've broken bread with the old mothers and fathers of these fellows, trotted their little brothers and sisters on my knee. I've lived in their homes,

and I cannot forget that the most important place in each home is that ornate corner which shelters the sacred *ikons*.

Although the revolution may be said to have started on Saturday, March 10, real concerted clashes between the troops and the people did not occur until Sunday, the 11th. I had an engagement for the early afternoon at a friend's across the river. Leaving the house where Mary and I have lived since autumn, I found no sleighs in circulation. All trams had disappeared. The crowds were immense, representing all classes, and a black stream, like an army of ants, poured over the Liteiny Bridge, from the Viborg manufacturing district beyond. The people were expectant and good-natured — out to see something, like a crowd waiting for a balloon ascension, the hour of which is uncertain. Large bodies of Cossacks were out, either standing at rest or exercising at a walk.

When I had nearly reached the Nevski, sudden commotion ahead and a general scuttling for doorways drew my attention from passers-by. The Cossacks were charging down the sidewalks on both sides of the street. Thanks to the fact that nearly all the buildings have wide entrances for vehicles, every one found refuge. The Cossacks passed with a clatter; they made no attempt to touch any one and for the most part kept their faces averted. After this there was more excitement, but, in my crowd at least, no show of anger, just as if an irresponsible runaway horse had bolted through a densely thronged street.

I soon turned into Nevski Prospect, still rather hoping to find a sleigh and keep my engagement. At that point there were no Cossacks and the situation seemed almost normal except for that evanescent tenseness in the air.

As I approached the big crosstown street, Sadovaya, I heard a fusillade of rifle-shots not far off. The pedestrians thinned out miraculously, and what I saw about seventy feet ahead of me riveted my attention. Lying on their backs, with blood running from their mouths, were two young workmen in high boots and black reefers. As I stood over them and looked into their unseeing eyes, a woman stooped, peered into their faces, shuddered and said, 'What a shame! boys, only boys!'

As I left them, I saw the cordon of soldiers which had fired the volley stretched across the street at the corner. I now had to avoid pools of blood every three or four yards. Frantic groups in the doorways of little shops told where the wounded were. I passed six men wearing green students' caps, who were bearing over their heads in the street a corpse on a sign-board. A company of Cossacks whirled past and surrounded them, presumably to prevent a demonstration farther on. A passing limousine was waylaid by men who held the chauffeur and made two occupants get out, after which wounded civilians were put in and hurried away. I also saw this act repeated with two private sleighs.

By this time I had nearly reached the Sadovaya, and was within twenty-five yards of the infantry. A bugle was warning the Cossacks far down the Nevski. I heard a sharp command and saw the men of the cordon fling themselves forward on their stomachs. Another command rang out; the rifles came up as one, and as I turned the corner into safety, the air was rent with a fratricidal roar.

The mobs in the side streets were on the *qui vive* with excitement. One began to hear the word 'revolution,' and the people who were being killed were called revolutionists. During the first part of the day the troops were ordered

to fire upon the crowds because they would not disperse; but by three in the afternoon the people were firing on the troops — not as parts of a large organization, but as small and independent groups which seemed to spring up from nowhere. By nightfall every one realized that the strikes and food-riots had grown into a thorough-going revolution, and despite the anxiety about the effect of it on the armies at the front, nearly every one was glad.

Monday, March 12, was the crucial day of the revolution. Street-fighting assumed formidable proportions early in the morning, centring around the government arsenal on Liteiny Prospect. Soon the populace was thrilled by the news that five celebrated regiments had joined the people's cause and were actively opposing the loyal troops. Some officers were killed, others mauled, and those who would not come out in open opposition to the government hid themselves away. On Liteiny Prospect a lively engagement was fought between the soldiers, the loyalists lying on their stomachs in the snow while the revolutionists stood erect. Excited crowds in passages and doorways naturally took the side of their protagonists. Even women and children left shelter and walked out calmly under a lively fire to drag back the wounded.

In spite of earnest protests, I went out on foot to keep yesterday's tryst across the river. At the farther end of the Troitsk Bridge I encountered a huge crowd held back by police and troops: the government had decided to stop the influx of people to the centre of Petrograd. But even here privilege overruled authority, and persons arriving in motor-cars or sleighs were allowed to pass over the bridge without question from the authorities; but there was a question in the common mind, and it achieved expression a few

moments after I arrived. Bolder members of the throng scattered themselves back along the car-tracks, and as soon as a machine or sleigh slowed down on approaching the crowd, three or four men leaped aboard, rapidly ejecting driver and passengers and appropriating the conveyance to their own ends.

When returning home at dusk, I saw a scene which brought back memories of *A Tale of Two Cities*. Kamennostrovski Prospect, which is the main artery of that quarter of Petrograd beginning at the Troitsk Bridge, was literally choked with a great surging mass of revolutionists, who had tramped over here from the fighting zone, to proclaim victory and to draw all lukewarm persons to their flaming cause. It was an earnest, serious crowd, devoid of ranting or vandalism; its temper was that of Russian music — strength with pathos, optimism without joy. Gray army trucks throbbed in the midst of it, loaded with soldiers, women, and boys bearing crimson banners. Bayonets were decked with scraps of red bunting, and bonfires lit up pale faces and eager eyes. Now and again a touring car would thread its way nervously through the mob, stopping every hundred yards for a student to make a one-minute speech, or continuing to bore its way while Red Cross nurses threw out handfuls of bulletins. The Socialists got out literature so fast that it seemed as if the pent-up energy and stifled utterances of years were behind their presses; strange scraps of paper such as were never seen before in this city floated freely in the air with the headline, 'We asked for bread, you gave us lead.'

Eventually I wormed my way through the crowd, past the beautiful cathedral whose graceful domes looked down with aloof incomprehension upon the drama at their feet, until I came out at the Troitsk Bridge. I hardly

noticed that it was open to all and that the police had disappeared, because of the glory of the view that lay before me. Over my right shoulder the turrets and castellated walls of Peter and Paul, fortress and prison, threw their grim silhouette against the dying sun, a dynasty gone to rest. To the left the sky was all molten gold and forked with giant tongues of flame; the High Tribunal, Courts of Justice, and jails, instruments of injustice in the Old Order, were making room for the New.

At that moment, however, I did not know just what buildings were burning but I did know that the fire was in our neighborhood, and you can imagine the intensity of my anxiety until I got home. I found Mary full of news. Immediately after I had left in the morning, an officer was beheaded by striking workmen next door. Another officer climbed a twenty-foot wall in record time and took refuge in our yard. Meanwhile the crowd in the street was yelling, 'Where is the other pig? Find him! Kill him!' Fortunately a running fight between a rebel armored car and loyal troops drew the mob away, and our dangerous friend sought other sanctuary.

Some one had brought in a copy of the first bulletin of the Provisional Government. It started off this way, in big type: —

ISVETSIA [News] February 27 ¹

THE NEWSPAPERS DO NOT COME OUT!

EVENTS MOVE TOO FAST, AND THE PEOPLE
MUST KNOW WHAT IS GOING ON!

DISSOLUTION OF THE DUMA BY NIKOLAI II!

DECISION OF THE DUMA TO REMAIN IN SESSION!

TELEGRAM FROM RODZIANKO, HEAD OF THE
NEW GOVERNMENT, TO THE TSAR: —

'The situation is serious. The capital is

¹ March 12, New Style.

in a state of anarchy. The government is paralyzed. There is universal discontent. The streets are filled with disorderly shooting. Parts of the army are shooting on each other. [Literally: "friend on friend"]. It is necessary to find a person who has the confidence of the whole country, to establish a new government. Make haste. Procrastination means death. I pray to God that the responsibility will not fall upon the Crowned Head!

A COPY OF THIS TELEGRAM WAS SENT TO ALL COMMANDERS AT THE FRONT, ASKING THEM TO UPHOLD RODZIANKO IN HIS APPEAL TO THE TSAR.

SECOND TELEGRAM FROM RODZIANKO TO THE TSAR: —

'Affairs are worse. You must act at once. To-morrow it will be too late. This is the last hour in which to decide the fate of the country and of the dynasty.'

THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, ACCOMPANIED BY THE ARMED CITIZENS, APPEARED AT THE DUMA AT 2 P.M. THEY WERE MET BY THE DEPUTIES AND THE LATTER WERE LOUDLY CHEERED. SPEECHES.

CHIEF OF THE ARTILLERY FACTORY, GENERAL MARTUSOV, IS KILLED. THE ARSENAL IS UNDER GUARD OF THE REVOLUTIONISTS.

ARREST OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL OF THE EMPIRE, SCHERGLOVITOV, FORMER MINISTER OF JUSTICE.

DUMA COMMITTEE FORMED FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF ORDER IN PETROGRAD, FOR THE PROTECTION OF INDUSTRY AND SAFEGUARDING THE PUBLIC.

When we went to bed, the sky from our windows was still bright from the fire. Rifles snapped fitfully, and the yelling of bands of hooligans reached our ears through double panes.

Early Tuesday morning we no longer considered it safe to stay in our house, so we hastily prepared to avail ourselves of an invitation from friends on the French Quay. Mary had been home from the hospital only a week,

and was hardly able to walk, and our precious little boy was less than three weeks old. To find a conveyance was out of the question, so we started off on foot, two good friends taking Mary by the arms while I carried the baby. When we went from the house into the street and Mary saw the crowds and the barricades, and field artillery, her nerves gave way at last. Each time a shot rang out she would call ahead to me, 'Don't let them kill my baby; my baby!' while passers-by stared at her tears.

When we reached our friend's house she quickly regained self-control and soon began to watch the progress of the revolution from the front windows, which commanded the quay, a great expanse of the ice-covered Neva, and the two bridges previously mentioned. Motor-cars continually sped past, decked with red banners and bristling with rifles and bayonets. They made a very dramatic appearance, with soldiers lying forward on the mud-guards, and rifles with fixed bayonets protruding in front. Many open cars had machine-guns rakishly trained fore and aft from the tonneaus, and there was a continual procession of thundering army trucks loaded to the guards with soldiers and civilians, armed with drawn revolvers or swords taken from the police.

Later in the forenoon, the Cadets' Corps, with a band, followed by a great crowd, marched down the quay. As the band struck up the *Marseillaise*, hats came off and hundreds of people from all classes joined hands. Every one wore revolutionary colors. The color impression was that of Boylston Street after a football victory over Yale.

In the afternoon I found a crowd sacking a police station. Windows were smashed, the furnishings knocked about, and jubilant people inside were

throwing out armfuls of records and letters on the blazing bonfire by the curb. Later I saw the same thing at the station on Fontanka Canal. Every one seemed to take delight in lugging out his share of the archives. They threw them into the fire with a righteous zest. As soon as the tide of revolution turned in the people's favor, a city-wide police hunt was started. Out of twenty to thirty thousand police, not one was to be seen in the streets. During the first two days they were killed on sight by soldiers and civilians alike; but forgiveness outweighs lust for revenge in the Russian soul, and after the first flash of anger, the people took their erstwhile tormentors as prisoners. The search had many spectacular features, including battles on the housetops, where groups of police armed with machine-guns stubbornly defended their positions against revolutionists on other buildings. Many of the police, in small groups of threes and fours, fired on the people from the upper windows of tall apartment houses where they had taken refuge.

I witnessed an affair of this kind only a short distance from our house. I saw a rifle stuck out of a black window, and an instant later, as I heard the report, a piece of a sign-board splintered away over my head. A passing soldier immediately took up his position at the corner and began firing as fast as he could, while I peeked over his shoulder to observe his marksmanship. By this time, half a dozen soldiers were concentrating on the window from different vantage-points, while a crowd gathered. The police kept up their fire with spirit until an armored car came up and gave the window a hail of bullets. Then a party entered the building, and a few minutes later a soldier brushed past me exultantly exclaiming, 'Five more taken!'

At midnight, March 12, the Execu-

tive Committee of the National Duma was organized, under the leadership of Michael Rodzianko, President of the Duma. That committee, which became the executive branch of the government of all Russia for the time being, issued a bulletin Tuesday morning, outlining its policy, admonishing the population to refrain from acts of violence and vandalism and closing as follows:—

'In spite of the deep difference of political and social ideals of the members of the National Duma constituting the Temporary Committee, in the present difficult moment complete unity has been attained among them. Before all stands a task which must not be postponed — that of organizing the elemental popular movement.

'The danger of disorganization is comprehended by all.

'Citizens, organize! That is the call of the moment. In organization lie salvation and force. Hear the Temporary Committee of the National Duma.'

On Tuesday about two hundred portfolio ministers, generals, and other officials of the old régime were arrested by the revolutionists, including I. G. Sheglovitoff, one of the traitors who left the Russian armies without ammunition just before the enemy's advance in Poland, B. V. Stürmer, former President of the Council of Ministers, who intrigued for a separate peace with Germany, and Major-General Balk, Chief of Police of Petrograd.

Also on Tuesday there were great jail deliveries, all prisoners being liberated indiscriminately. Estimates of the number vary from ten to twenty thousand. All of the prisons except the historic Peter and Paul were burned by the people. A friend of mine met an old white-haired man tottering across the Troitsk Bridge asking questions of all passers-by. It seems that he had

just been freed from Peter and Paul after having sat in a dungeon below the level of the Neva for forty years, waiting to come to trial. When a young man he had been put in as a political suspect.

On Wednesday the 14th, I visited the charred and smoking shell of the Courts of Justice. The courtyard, with its trees and walks, was crowded with curious people who wandered in and out, delving for souvenirs of that which was already a thing of yesterday. The grand staircase was entirely wrecked; only the lower third of a marble empress remained on her pedestal. The blackened torso lay at my feet, the imperial head, orb, sceptre, crown, among the débris, and the archives were like the mouth of a live volcano. Going through a dark corridor, I reached an inner court next to the prison. The street entrance to the latter was closed by the soldiers, but I followed a crowd which had just forced an entrance through a high window reached from a wood-pile and the roof of a lean-to.

I shuddered when I found myself inside this great human cage where everything was steel and stone, clanked, and was cold. Think of the delirious joy that flew on wings from cell to cell as the revolutionists battered down the gates and flung wide every door! I went in scores of cells and in each saw a cube of black bread, in each case just a little bitten off; the call to freedom had come at the beginning of this simple meal, which was never to be finished. Most of the bread lay dashed upon the floor, but some prisoners, perhaps hopeless ones, thinking the first alarm too good to be true, had placed theirs on a shelf. I suppose some of us will try to put bread on a shelf when Christ is coming. Those have seen so many overloaded shelves that they have grown skeptical about good tidings.

Eventually I reached the commandant's office, which was gutted and wrecked. Since there were not many bidders for it, I walked off with an oil portrait of the Emperor under my arm. The work-rooms were depressing. It hurt to look at the well-worn tools. I hurried on to the chapel, with its shattered door and its Byzantine fittings in wildest disarray. Books, vestments, and robes were strewn about the floor. The marble altar was damaged and the crowd was curiously handling the ceremonial vessels. Presently a young soldier snatched up a richly embroidered robe and flung it over his shoulders; next, he put on a long embellished collar; and last of all, he jammed a battered mitre on the side of his head. Then he opened the Testament and began to intone in a comic bass voice, while the bystanders laughed and some chuckled. There was nothing vindictive in the young soldier's manner. He was perfectly sober, but having a great lark. A short week ago it would have been indiscreet even to conjure up in one's mind such a picture as that chapel presented. The priesthood, for the most part minions of the government, are conspicuous by their absence during these stirring days.

It seems here as if the whole world must be topsy-turvy. The incredible is becoming a common sight, the commonplace has quite disappeared. For instance, I passed a jolly group of soldiers who were eating and chaffing around a great bonfire on the snow, made of piles of gilded imperial eagles and crests of royalty which they had stripped from government buildings and shops which purveyed to the aristocracy.

In the night of March 13, the Imperial Council sent the Tsar a telegram as follows: —

Your Imperial Highness, we, the undersigned, members of the Imperial Council by

election, in recognition of the threatening danger approaching the country, appeal to you, in order to fulfill the duty of our conscience toward you and toward Russia.

In consequence of the complete disorganization of transportation and absence of necessary materials, the factories and mills have stopped. The enforced idleness and the extreme acuteness of the provision crisis . . . have brought the popular masses to the limits of desperation. This feeling has been made still worse by the hatred of the Government and the deep suspicions of the authorities, which feelings have taken such deep root in the soul of the people.

All this has taken the form of popular disorders of great strength and the troops are now beginning to join this movement. The Government, which has never enjoyed the confidence of Russia, has been definitively discredited and is completely helpless to cope with the threatening situation.

Sire, the continuance of the present Government in power will mean complete wreck of the legitimate order and lead to inevitable defeat in the war, the fall of the dynasty, and great misfortunes for Russia.

We consider the last and only means to be the decisive change by Your Imperial Highness of the course of the internal policy, in accordance with the frequently expressed wishes of the representatives of the people, the classes, and public organizations: that is, the immediate convocation of the legislative bodies, the retirement of the present staff of the Council of Ministers, and the entrusting to a person deserving of the national confidence, to present to you, Sire, for confirmation, the list of a new cabinet capable of managing the country in complete accord with the representatives of the people. Every hour is precious. Further delay and hesitation threaten incalculable misfortunes.

Your Imperial Majesty's faithful subjects, members of the Imperial Council.

[There are 21 signatures including Count Tolstoy, Prince Troubetskoy, Guchkoff, Prince Oldenburg, etc.]

The Council of Workmen's Delegates issued a proclamation on the following day, the 14th, in which it said:

'All together, with united forces, we shall fight for full removal of the old government and the convocation of a Constituent Assembly, chosen on the basis of universal, equal, direct, and secret suffrage.'

While order was gradually being restored in some quarters by the hastily organized City Militia, composed mainly of student volunteers, other districts were still being hotly contested. Wednesday afternoon I walked to the Nikolai Station; great crowds surged back and forth in the wide square, like the ground swell of the sea, against the massive base of the equestrian statue of that arch-reactionary, Alexander III. The lower end of the Nevski was in a riotous state. Sniping from windows was still going on, and the police station near by was in flames. I witnessed the exit into the street from the station of some Siberian troops, who immediately went over to the revolutionists amid wild demonstrations of the people. Earlier in the week the Emperor's regiment and the Cossacks who were sent in from Tsarskoe-Selo to quell the rebellion went over to the people without firing a shot; all of which proves how universal was the spirit of discontent, and how deep the longing for a democratic government. Even now, huge crowds are parading the streets, singing and bearing aloft enormous red banners with the legend, 'Great Russia must be a Democratic Republic.'

On Thursday the 15th, the Temporary Government published a proclamation which is so epochal in character and refreshing in spirit that I copy it below:—

CITIZENS!

The Temporary Committee of Members of the National Duma, with the coöperation of the troops and the population, has now attained such a degree of success over the dark forces of the old régime as permits it to

proceed to a more solid structure of the executive authority.

For this purpose the Temporary Committee of the National Duma appoints as Ministers of the first public cabinet the following persons, in whom the confidence of the country is assured by their past public and political activity.'

[The list follows, with Prince G. E. Lvoff as President of the Council of Ministers and Minister of the Interior, former member of the First Duma and President of the Chief Committee of the All-Russian Zemski Union, and with P. N. Milyukoff as Minister of Foreign Affairs.]

In its present activity the Cabinet will be guided by the following principles: —

I. Full and immediate amnesty in all political and religious affairs, including those convicted of terroristic attempts, military insurrection, and agrarian crimes.

II. Liberty of word, press, assembly, unions and strikes, with extension of political liberty to those in military service within the confines permissible by military-technical conditions.

III. Abolition of all class, religious and national limitations.

IV. Immediate preparation to convoke, on the principles of universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage, a Constituent Assembly, which will establish the form of administration and constitution.

V. Substitution of national militia in place of the police, with elected leaders and subject to the local administrations.

VI. Elections to local administration on the basis of universal suffrage.

VII. The troops taking part in the revolutionary movement are not to be disarmed or taken away from Petrograd.

VIII. While maintaining strict military

discipline in the ranks and in military service, all limitations upon soldiers in the enjoyment of public rights as enjoyed by all other citizens are to be abolished. The Temporary Government considers it its duty to add that it in no way intends to take advantage of the circumstances of war to cause any delay in carrying out the above reforms and measures.

[Signed by President of the Duma, Prime Minister and Ministers.]

History is in flux. The Slav, so long democratic in spirit, has at last thrown off the rotten shackles which have traduced his interests and thwarted the realization of his ideals. He has come through the fire without anger, and with little bloodshed. The difficult path into the future is obscure and beset with dangers, but this future will be met with high courage and it will be a courage beautiful to behold, for it will have behind it the rich Byzantine tradition, which will reveal to the world, more and more, that Christ who is preëminently the symbol and essence of love—love in action, contagious, omnipresent.

I am happy, very happy, for I believe that one of the great spiritual victories of mankind has been won during this bewildering week. I send you greetings from that old Russia, which gripped my soul and carried me away to her bosom when the first spark of social conscience came into being and struggled toward light; I send you greetings from New Russia, the centre of the culture of the future.

THE CLEARING AIM OF THE WAR

BY L. P. JACKS

THERE is a certain sense in which we have all known quite clearly, since the war began, what we were fighting for. There is another sense in which none of us has known. That we were fighting for liberty, justice, the sacredness of treaties and law, and for 'humanity' in its deepest sense — about this there never has been a scintilla of doubt in the general mind of the Allied nations. In that sense we have known what we are fighting for; and to have known so much has been our strength and inspiration and so will remain to the end. But at that point our vision has been arrested. Assuming that victory for the right will assuredly be won, and taking our stand on that assumption, we found ourselves gazing forward into a dark hinterland of unsolved problems. How is victory to be applied? In what way, in what form, are its fruits to be used? What precisely is to be done, what specific arrangements are to be made, in order that the justice and liberty for which we have shed our blood and spent our treasure may become effective in the life of nations, and not merely sacred names which have been vindicated indeed, but which cannot be applied? It is this concrete question which baffled us, and in the diversity, I had almost said the chaos, of answers given to it, we have the grounds for asserting a sense in which we have *not* known what we were fighting for. The cause for which we are fighting has been clear. How to make the cause effective, when triumphant, has been obscure.

Quite recently — I am writing on March 23 — the dark hinterland before which we stood perplexed has been illuminated as by a great searchlight, and we have seen afar off the towers and battlements of our goal. Two great events have happened — the revolution in Russia and the advance of the United States to the brink of war. Events are always our greatest teachers, and these two have thrown more light on the meaning of the war, and given us more help in the interpretation of its immediate objective, than all the books, pamphlets, articles, lectures, and speeches which have been written or spoken since the outbreak of hostilities. They have made all things new, not by diverting our aims, but by clearing them. Nothing that has been previously said about justice, liberty, humanity, needs to be withdrawn; but these terms which, like the ocean, sometimes confuse us by the vastness and depth of their meaning, suddenly concentrate their light on a single point and reveal the *deed* that must be done. It is not merely that they render our victory doubly secure, as indeed they do. Their value at the moment is that they show us the first and immediate application to which victory must be put. In their light we see the next step after victory, and it can be said no longer that through ignorance of that step we know not what we are fighting for.

Will the reader bear with me if for the moment I hold my meaning in reserve? It is through no respect for the

arts of rhetoric, or other dodges for exciting interest, that I crave this indulgence. I wish the reader to learn my meaning gradually, as I learned it myself and as thousands besides myself are learning it. With that purpose I invite him to follow the process of thought which led me to that point of bewilderment at which, by the favor of heaven, the two events of which I have spoken threw their searchlight on the scene.

I

The chief phrases in which we have hitherto defined our aim in the war were supplied to us by Mr. Asquith. Quite early in the struggle he declared that we were fighting for the cause of Public Right. Later on, when we had begun to ask how public right was to be enforced in the event of our victory, he answered by three words, 'reparation, restitution, and guaranties.' These are precious words and they have served a great purpose. They are landmarks in the history of the war. But, like all words which announce ethical principles, they leave us without a clue to their application. *What* precisely is the 'public right' in question? *What* reparation would atone for the shameful injuries? *What* restitution would make good the immeasurable loss for which the wrongdoer is responsible? And *what* guaranties would be effectual with a nation which, as the inception and conduct of the war too plainly prove, has no respect for its plighted word?

First then as to 'public right.' The term has been frequently expounded, and no doubt need exist as to the general scope of its significance. It is the principle of non-interference, of live and let live—in a word, of *laissez-faire*, applied to international relations, with especial reference, it may be, to the smaller peoples.

States or communities are to be left

free to enjoy and develop their own life, their own civilization, their own culture, in their own way, and secured in the right so to do. No nation, however powerful, however firmly convinced of its own mental or moral superiority, may impose its culture or its civilization on the rest. Any such attempt is a violation of public right. Each community is the best judge of what is good for itself, and is not to be interfered with by other nations which think they know better. There is to be no tampering with the individuality of a people by self-constituted superiors—as happens for example when Germany seizes Belgium by the scruff of the neck and proceeds to teach her what's what. Belgium is to work out her own salvation and not to have it worked out for her by Germany, no matter whether Germany is or is not what she claims to be—the moral and intellectual superior of Belgium. And so with all the rest, great and small. Reduced to plain language 'public right,' as a rule of international polity, is the rule that each nation, big or little, is to mind its own business and leave other nations, big and little, to mind theirs.

It is immediately apparent that this principle, adopted as a rule of international law without further qualifications, would run clean counter to the prevailing practice and tendencies of modern states, whether autocratic or democratic, in their domestic organization. Here the principle of non-interference has been long discredited and, in large measure, replaced by its contrary. Any one in these days who, when domestic affairs are in question, should proclaim the right of every individual to live his own life in his own way, deny the right of government to interfere with his liberty to do as he pleases, and say that every man, no matter how ignorant, weak, backward, or vicious, is the best judge of what is

good for himself — any such pleader would at once be treated as a crank or an obscurantist.

Yet, in spite of the utter discredit into which this principle has fallen as a rule of domestic politics, it nevertheless appears to be identical with what most persons have in mind when, surveying the states of the world in their various grades of civilization and culture, they proclaim the right of each state to live its own life, without interference by the rest. For example, when Germany, believing herself to be the most enlightened nation, claims the right to impose her culture on nations less enlightened than herself, how, after all, does her conduct differ in principle from that which we all acclaim in domestic government when we say that the ignorant must submit to the control of the wise, that virtue has the right to stamp out vice, and the expert to rule the incompetent? Germany is merely applying on the international scale a rule which each nation adopts within its own borders, and adopts, moreover, on the ground that only thus can true liberty be secured. And yet it is as a violator of the liberty of nations that Germany has sinned. It is evident we have here to do with two conceptions of liberty, one for domestic, the other for international use. And the two, so far, are flat contradictions.

It is not surprising, therefore, that statesmen and political authors who defend the doctrine of public right, as a rule of international law, are seldom entirely consistent. Mr. Balfour, for example, in his famous letter, after squarely accepting the general principle of public right, does not hesitate to make a sharp exception against the Turks. He is by no means disposed to allow them to enjoy their own civilization in their own way. On the contrary, he proposes their expulsion

from Europe — a most desirable object for everybody *except the Turks*. Mr. George Armstrong again, who is a stalwart defender of the rights of small nationalities, and whose book, *Our Aim in the War*, has been widely read in this country, proposes an equally prompt extinguisher for the Turks. Is this consistent?

A federation of all nations for the purpose of defending their mutual rights is no doubt a magnificent conception; but a clique of nations, however respectable they may be in their own eyes, who agree to defend all rights except those of the nations who, like the Turks, happen to be objectionable to themselves, is another proposition altogether. It might be followed in practice by a league of the objectionable nations against whom exception had been made, and most serious trouble would be likely to break out between the two groups. When proposals of this kind are under discussion, it is well not to forget the existence of a continent called Asia, containing vast and highly intelligent populations, whose ways are not our ways, and whose notions of what is good for themselves — and for us — are by no means in accord with our own.

But it must be conceded at once that those who define our aim in the war as the maintenance of public right are not in general to be charged with these major inconsistencies. They back the plea for public right with another proposal. They would apply to interstate relations that very principle of government control which has been almost universally adopted in domestic legislation, thereby bringing the two things into line. A Federation of Peoples, a League of Peace, a Council of Nations, an International Police is to be set up, and by this means the policy of individual states is to be checked and controlled in the common interest of

all nations, in exactly the same way in which the action of individual men and women is checked and controlled by the law of the land. The community of states, in short, is to be democratized, organized, and governed by an authority of its own creating. The rank individualism of mere non-interference is thus avoided.

This proposal is neither more nor less than a new scheme of world-dominion; and though it comes oddly enough from those who are resisting the attempt of Germany to win the dominion of the world, it is not on that account to be judged unsound. For there is this great difference, that, whereas Germany would organize the world herself, probably on an autocratic basis, *this* government would be based on the consent and concert of all concerned — would be in fact a world-democracy.

II

We now reach that fuller statement of our aim in the war as it was in the minds and on the lips of so many of us before the revolution in Russia, and before the course of events had brought the United States to her present position. It was the establishment of public right, to be *enforced* by a league of nations. In order to secure the liberty which comes from ordered government each nation must surrender, like the individual citizen, some portion of its unchartered freedom to a higher authority.

In the bare statement of this idea there is nothing inconceivable, and there is much to attract and inspire. But one condition is essential to its realization. *It is that all the nations which are parties to the scheme should be free nations.* Of this until quite recently there seemed to be no prospect.

The will of the peoples is everywhere for order and peace, and wher-

ever this will moves freely, order and peace arise almost automatically. But this can come about only when *every one* of the participant nations is truly democratic. It is not enough that some should be free, or even that most should be free, in order that a free federation may stand firmly on its feet. They must *all* possess freedom in the same general form and understand it in the same terms. The presence of one powerful member in a group of nations, whose action was subject to the will of a despot, or to that of the criminal *entourage* which despots never fail to gather round themselves, would, inevitably, wreck the working of any scheme which had the world's peace or the world's order for its ultimate object.

For this reason there has been, up till now, a weakness in our case whenever we affirmed, as we so often did, that our aim in the war was the establishment and enforcement of public right — a weakness which you in America have been quick to note. One of the principal members of the Grand Alliance was, in appearance at least, the worst military despotism the world has ever seen. How, with such a coadjutor as the Russian government had for ages shown itself to be, was it possible for us to cherish the hope that victory would leave us in a position to vindicate the liberties of the nations? How was it possible for us to claim for our hopes the sympathy of the United States?

A league of nations to enforce peace, in which some, and those in certain senses the most powerful, of the participant members, would be nations governed by despotism such as existed before the war, and still exists in one or two remaining instances, is clearly an impossible dream. Agreeing perhaps in the abstract principles for which the league was founded, these despotic powers would be able to divide it

against itself over every concrete application of the principles that might come up for judgment. And this, unless their past record belies them, they would assuredly do. It is idle to talk of an international police which would restrain them. They themselves would be the chief members of the police, and as members of it they would seek to control it; they would pursue their ancient quest for power, employing for that end all the arts of intrigue by which tyranny has ever maintained itself in being.

It is not true that tyrants become innocuous when seated at a round table with the representatives of free nations. Truer were it to say that they are never more noxious than then. *Divide et impera* remains their rule. The power and influence of the tyrant are not sterilized by the fact that his fellows at the council board are the representatives of free nations. On the contrary, his art consists in taking advantage of this very fact to persuade some of them that they are free *to side with him*.

Thanks to the certain use of these arts the presence of a single tyrant in the councils of the league would inevitably ruin its efficacy either for order or for peace. He may talk of Liberty as William II so frequently does. He may even be sincere. But he does not mean by liberty what America means, what Great Britain means! He means the opposite, and works, by means of which he possesses the secret, to opposite ends.

How intolerable such an element would be in any league of free nations becomes plainer as we scrutinize more closely the face of the facts.

The advocates of the league of peace have shown a dangerous tendency to look upon the races and nations as so many static units whose boundaries might be easily defined and stereo-

typed, and in this respect they may justly be accused of much blindness. For example, they have discussed the position of the small nations on the assumption that all the small nations were content to remain small for ever and ever. They have announced their intention to protect the rights of small nations, but they have forgotten that the chief right of a small nation is the right to grow into a big one, and to occupy so much place in the sun as its growing vigor, intelligence, population, and efficiency entitle it to occupy. Worst of all, the big nations, who talk so benevolently of protecting the little ones, seem to have forgotten that they were once little themselves. Had the present Great Powers of the world been subject in their infancy to the authority of a league of nations, which decreed their boundaries and forbade their expansion at the cost of their neighbors, is it not obvious that not one of them would ever have become a great power? Has the course of history, then, which made them what they are, come to a stop? Is the process of their own aggrandizement to be closed against others who might imitate their example? Are small states to be forbidden to grow up? Are great states to be guaranteed forever in their present possessions, however unworthy they may become to hold them, however degenerate, however inferior to their neighbors in virility, in population, in intelligence?

What should we say if a group of successful men of business — of industrial 'great powers, so to speak' — were to form themselves into a league and lay down the rule that other men should be forbidden to seek success by the means themselves had employed? What should we say if these millionaires, having grown rich in the arts of industrial warfare, were to be suddenly converted to industrial peace, and to

set up a great organization to maintain it, on the principle that they themselves were to retain their fortunes while everybody else was to be content with his present possessions, even though they amounted to no more than five dollars a week? Needless to say, the proposal would be laughed out of court. Yet what else does the proposal amount to when a number of great states unite for the purpose, among others, of setting bounds to the ambitions of their younger and less powerful neighbors?

The truth is that, far from being static units, the races of mankind were never in such a state of rapid flux and change as they are at the present moment; and never has it been so manifestly impossible to stereotype their relative importance, proportions, and boundaries. In some quarters there is rapid decay; in others rapid growth. Side by side with the decay of the Turks there is the renaissance of the Arabs. The Slav races of Southern Europe are full of promise. Asia is moving — 'waking from the sleep of ages!' America is working out the greatest racial problem in the history of the world. New racial births are impending, and the wisest prophet would be utterly unable to predict what race or people fifty years hence will have shown itself best entitled to a place in the sun.

Such are the shifting problems with which a league of nations would have to deal. The hands of the international police will be pretty full! Is it not obvious that a shifting scene of this nature, in which new ambitions are ever springing into being, provides despotism with the very opportunity it needs for the practice of its characteristic arts. To make himself the champion of rising hopes and then befool the people who have trusted him — such has been the history of every tyrant

from the earliest to the latest specimen. Never were opportunities for such adventures greater than they will be in the years that are to come. Unless the world is to be given over to the intrigues of these men, unless it is to remain at their mercy, as it has been for ages, it is essential that the last of them shall be forthwith removed from the earth. No league of peace can protect us against them. On the contrary, there are abundant reasons for fearing that such a league, if formed, would simply become another instrument in their hands for the infliction of woe on the human race.

III

Such is the clearing of our aim which has come to many of us as a sequel to the Russian revolution, and collaterally from the approach of the United States to the brink of war. In all that has been said hitherto about the enforcement of public right by a league of the nations we have been looking too far ahead. The federation of the nations may come, will come when the time is ripe. But the time is not ripe so long as one despotic tyranny remains in power on the earth. Now that the Russian despotism has gone, only two remain — only two that count. They too must go, *and their departure now becomes our aim in the war.* The greater aim is not abolished — it remains in the background; but something more comprehensible, more easily defined, more immediately practicable, steps to the front. And this clearing of our aim solves the darkest and most perplexing problem which the war has raised — for the victory which it reveals is a victory in which friends and foes, and indeed the whole world, will share. It is the true substitute for 'peace without victory.'

The meaning of the present war will not be clear until it is seen that we are

fighting over again the battle of the French Revolution — fighting it, not on the scale of one nation or of several nations, but on the scale of all nations. It is the greatest struggle that mankind has ever undertaken, and I believe the final struggle, to rid the world from the curse which has blighted it for ages, the curse of despotism. The war was made by despots, and by the war despotism is to be finally undone. It is vain to trace its origin to 'ideas,' 'tendencies,' and other such philosophical abstractions. It sprang from a malignant and perfectly concrete institution, which has been the source of all the great wars and the great crimes of history, and which is now represented by the persons of a diminishing group of most unfortunate men, and by their criminal *entourage*. Russia has shown us the way. She has brought us nearer to our true aim than we should have been brought by a dozen victories in the field. One step more, and the goal is won. When that step is taken, the rest follows. The league to enforce peace will not be needed. For peace lives in the hearts of the peoples and, when the peoples rule, will require no man to enforce it.

There is here no question of vengeance as that term is commonly understood. For my own part, I am indeed convinced that vengeance is whetting her sword over Germany, and that so far as the German people are a party to the crimes of their rulers, crimes without example in history, they are doomed to endure punishment such as never yet has fallen to the lot of any people. Their punishment is so certain that there is no need to make it any part of our aim in the war. It will be brought about, inevitably, by greater powers than any which are lodged in the hands of men, and it needs but little effort of the imagination to forecast some of the forms it will take. The

question of the fate of despotism is quite distinct from that of the punishment of the peoples who have lent themselves to the criminal enterprise of the despots. The existence of these is an anachronism in the modern world, and if suffered to continue will be an enormous crime for which all civilized nations will be jointly responsible.

Now more than ever the despot is the enemy of mankind. Even if it be true that he can no longer torture his own subjects as Nero did, or play the game of a Caligula, — and the history of the Russian despotism renders even that doubtful, — he has power to torture the subjects of other states to a degree which puts the crimes of Nero in the shade and might almost be said, by comparison, to whitewash the memory of Caligula. He has the power, and he has shown the will to use it. I care not whether attention be focused on the despot, or the despotism. The *thing* must go, and the manner of its going must plainly indicate the determination of mankind that it shall never return. So long as it stands nothing can be done. No peace worth having can be made.

A few months ago the language of President Wilson seemed to indicate his belief that peace could have been made there and then. Perhaps it could. Perhaps it could be made even now. But neither then, nor now, nor at a future time, could any peace be made *to which despots were a party* without a total surrender of the cause of liberty. Such a surrender can be forced upon us only by the miscarriage of the event of the war — which God forbid! Voluntarily entered into by the free nations on one side and despots on the other, it would amount to the betrayal of mankind.

At the present moment the press, the pulpit, the platform, are teeming with proposals for reconstructing society

after the war. I am the editor of a quarterly magazine, and every week programmes of reconstruction pour in upon me in shoals. In their totality they amaze and bewilder me. They certainly reveal, and one rejoices to see it, that in every direction men are resolved to make a new start after the war. But *can* they make it? They cannot, if we assume that the despots will be left in their places to direct the policy and to sway the destiny of mankind. With that evil unremoved these dreams are impracticable, whether we take them one by one, or whether we take them in the mass.

Moreover there is a real danger — it will have to be guarded against under any circumstances — that the very multitude and variety of these proposals will interfere with the process of carrying any of them into effect. They will jostle, and perhaps cancel, one another, as good schemes so often do when a multitude of counselors is at work. For the moment I think we should lay them all aside, not because they are worthless, but because they are, one and all, contingent upon something else. Let us concentrate on the one moral deed which is necessary, not only to clear the ground for the rest, but to assure civilization that it has the power to vindicate the distinction

between right and wrong, by removing once and forever an institution whose work through the ages has been to flout that distinction and trample it under foot. This will put us in heart for the immense tasks of reconstruction that lie beyond. On the other hand, our failure at this end will discourage us from the outset and the new start will be made under auspices of the very worst.

There remains only the possibility that the event of the war may miscarry — a possibility which we in England never contemplate except for the purpose of enforcing our resolve and doubling our efforts to prevent the miscarriage. If that happens, we are undone. Good-bye then to all our dreams of a reconstructed world! It is not merely that the victors would make short work of our 'programmes' — though most assuredly they would. It is not merely that we should lack the material resources to carry them out — though that is serious enough. *We should have neither the hope, the confidence, the faith, nor the energy to enter upon any such enterprises.* All the free nations of the earth would be broken-hearted. By the waters of Babylon they would sit down and weep. Who then would sing them one of the songs of Zion?

PEACE AND SETTLEMENT

BY SIDNEY LOW

I

WHEN men and nations begin to quarrel, they usually do so with limited and clearly seen aims. As the quarrel goes on, these aims expand, and each side demands larger results as the fruits of the victory it expects to obtain. This is the case in the present war, particularly with the Entente Allies, who, in spite of many disappointments and reverses, have never for a moment abandoned the belief (converted to certainty by the action of the United States) in their ultimate triumph. While their statesmen have always kept before them the primary objects for which they entered the conflict, their views have widened as time has gone on. The moral, as well as the strategical, field of operations has been extended, as they hold, and as they are justified in holding, much more by the proceedings of the enemy than by their own.

It was the prevailing opinion in England at the outset that the serious fighting would almost be confined to the eastern frontier of France, the western frontier of Russia, and the coastal waters of Germany and Great Britain. In the autumn of 1914 we should have laughed at those who predicted that by the spring of 1917 hostilities would be waged over all the seas of the world, and that the troops of the rival alliances would be engaged in battle in Lithuania and Macedonia, on the Tigris and on the road to Jerusalem, as well as in Flanders and Galicia. The political extension has been as great as the geo-

graphical. Who, in London or Paris, would have anticipated that American liners would put out from New York, armed fore and aft, to resist the armed vessels of one of the European belligerents, or that China would take even a passive part in the struggle? As well expect intervention from the planet Mars! And again, how many of us could have supposed that the discussion of peace terms would involve the rights and aspirations of Czechoslovaks, Ruthenians, and Jugo-Slavs — peoples whose very names were unknown to the majority of persons in Western Europe?

So, however, it is. The war has raised problems much larger, and much more intricate, than the difficult, but relatively simple, factors from which it originated. It is no rhetorical flourish to say that the whole future, not only of Europe, but of civilized and uncivilized humanity, is involved; and that the readjustment of international values is no less essential to the continued progress and well-being of the world than the termination of the present agony of slaughter and tribulation. The Allies contend that they are fighting, not merely for the military, but for the moral and political, success which would be the only adequate compensation to their peoples for the sacrifices and sufferings of the past three years, and the best means of securing them and all nations against a recurrence of the calamity.

We must recognize that the war, in the stage it has reached, is being waged

for two classes of objects — one class directly connected with its origin, the other more remote and less easy to define with precision, though not on that account less important. These primary and secondary objects are intermingled in the various official documents and statements which have been issued with reference to the tentative proposals for peace negotiations, such as the Allied Reply to the German Note of December 12, 1916, the Reply to President Wilson (January 10, 1917), and the British Foreign Secretary's Dispatch of January 17. It is necessary to distinguish them. President Wilson, in his Note of December 18, 1916, in his Address to the Senate on January 22, and in other documents and statements, has shown that he keeps them logically apart in his own mind. I am not sure that he has always been quite successful in the expression of his thoughts, owing to his preference for abstract and generalized terms; and it was perhaps for this reason that some of his earlier phrases, such as 'peace without victory,' were misunderstood, and in some degree resented, not only in the Entente countries, but also, so far as I can judge, in his own, till he dissipated all doubts and uncertainties by the magnificent directness and fervent lucidity of the memorable Address to Congress on the second day of April.

But the distinction on which Mr. Wilson dwelt in his December Note is fundamental and must be clearly apprehended. It is that between these primary and secondary issues of the war, or, as one may call them, the practical and moral problems which await solution in and after the settlement. And I think it may be taken for granted that the distinction is not ignored by the statesmen of the Allied governments, though it may not have suited them to emphasize the point in the controversial diplomacy which is really

part of the ammunition of the campaign. The intelligent and disinterested onlooker may argue with more precision and more regard for general principles than is tactically wise for combatants whose energies are absorbed in the task of overcoming a still undefeated adversary.

II

The primary purposes for which the leading members of the Entente group engaged, or became engaged, in war can be briefly stated. France fought in sheer self-preservation, for she had no positive ground for quarrel with Germany, and only the flimsiest pretence was alleged by her assailant. Russia took up arms in the attempt to protect Serbia from forcible absorption by Austria; Great Britain went to war to secure the liberation of Belgium, and to assist France in repelling an entirely unprovoked attack upon her territory. The Italian case is more complicated; but whatever the underlying sentimental motives for her action in the spring of 1915, her astute Foreign Minister, Baron Sonnino, was careful in his correspondence with Vienna (see the Italian Green Book, *passim*) to base it exclusively on the violation of the Triple Alliance treaties by the Austrian aggression in the Balkans. The cession of the Trentino was demanded, not because that district is part of *Italia Irredenta*, but as 'compensation' which Italy had a right to claim for the breach of international conventions. Belgium and Serbia, of course, did not go to war and did not want war, and only struggled ineffectually to resist the armed violence of the invaders.

The righting of these wrongs is, and always has been, the 'irreducible minimum' on which the Allies must insist to the utmost limit of their strength. England must eat her boot-soles rather

than consent to make peace till Belgium is liberated; France must bleed white till the last German helmet is driven from her frontier; Russia will be disgraced and dishonored if she lays down her arms till every Austrian soldier has left Serbian as well as Russian soil; Italy will suffer intolerable humiliation if the 'unredeemed' territory does not pass into her hands. If the Allies do not exact these terms, it will be only because they cannot. Unless their power is completely broken, by sea and land, they will not even consider a peace which is not based upon these conditions as the *sine qua non*. This is accepted as outside discussion in the Entente countries. It is also, I presume, understood in Germany and Austria. The rulers of those empires must be aware that they cannot have peace without the withdrawal of their armies and officials from the occupied and invaded territories. They know this must be done, and it will be done. The open question is whether they will be forced to drop their booty through exhaustion and defeat, or whether their armies and U-boats may not still compel their enemies to bargain for the withdrawal.

Such, then, were the objects which the Allied states had before them at the outbreak of the war, and if hostilities had terminated in their favor within the first six months, it is conceivable that they might have been content with them. But as the war went on, the programme lengthened out, and the Allied claims have expanded. France wants the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, a share of the captured German colonies, and a Syrian protectorate; Great Britain, besides the German colonies she has occupied, will keep hold in some form of Mesopotamia and the Sinai peninsula; Russia has ear-marked Constantinople and the Straits, and will not let go of Armenia; Italy claims Trieste,

Istria, the Dalmatian Islands and the eastern coast of the Adriatic, with some foothold in Asia Minor as well; Serbia expects to consolidate under one government all the ten or twelve millions of Jugo-Slavs; Roumania would like to take over the Wallachs and Roumans of Transylvania and Hungary.

There are other and bolder, or at least more novel projects, such as the reintegration of an autonomous Poland, the creation of a Czecho-Slovak state in Bohemia and Moravia, and the release of all the Arab people from Ottoman rule. Beyond and above all, the European Allies require, as America does, some guaranty for the peace and safety of nations, and security for 'the rights of mankind' against the excesses of militarism and autocracy. It is no longer a case of obtaining redress for specific wrongs. The Allies are out now for the reform of international relations and for the territorial reconstructions and redistributions which they regard as essential if this result is to be achieved.

The Central governments and their champions declare that in resisting the consummation of these plans they are fighting in self-defense, for they urge that the Allied scheme menaces their existence. But the Allies have no wish to imperil the existence, or to lessen the prosperity or the political and personal security of any individual German, Turk, Austrian, or Bulgar. They recognize — indeed they insist — that a people is entitled to work out its own destiny and mould its own constitution; but it must not do so at the expense of any other peoples, whether within its borders or without. But if by 'existence' the Central Powers understand the unaltered maintenance of the present administrative and territorial system of Europe, then they are warranted in asserting that this would be endangered by the victory of their

opponents; for here the Allies do certainly hope, and undoubtedly intend, if they can, to bring about extensive and deep-reaching changes.

III

That conviction was of slow growth in Britain. It was forced home by the events of the war, and by a closer study of its origin and causes. As the conflict developed, Englishmen began to discern more clearly its moral and political implications. We went into the fight cheerfully, confidently, only half awake to its meaning; and many weary and disheartening months elapsed before we grasped the full magnitude of our task and the fuller significance of what lay beyond it.

It was the extension of the military operations to the East, which touched the political instinct of Britain. When first Turkey, and then Bulgaria, joined the Central Powers, when one great stretch of eastern or southeastern territory fell under Teutonic occupation or control, when Germany was flaunting her possession of the Berlin-Bagdad route, Englishmen became conscious of the true nature and formidable possibilities of the Teutonic *Drang nach Osten* — the drive toward Asia and Africa. Their sentiment of Empire was roused: and they saw then that, not their oversea dominion alone, but their maritime and economic interests, and their insular security, were directly menaced by the German aims.

Those aims had been hinted at clearly enough by the Prussian publicists and political professors before the war; they have been avowed with unflinching candor since the autumn of 1914 by some of the most influential of them. The vague generalizations of such writers as Bernhardi, and the vaporing chauvinism of Reventlow, are supplemented by the considered statements

of economists and statisticians like Rohrbach, Delbrück, Naumann, and List, who work out with logical precision the theory and practical results of the new Germanic imperialism.

If we are to believe them, Germany plunged into war, and impelled Austria to precipitate the conflict, primarily with an eye to the East. They tell us that the fixed goal of her policy, clearly perceived by her soldiers and diplomats since the fall of Bismarck, and seen in glaring relief by the Kaiser from the outset of his reign, has been to find 'breathing-room,' and scope for politico-economic exploitation, by making herself the mistress of a great empire or confederacy lying across Central Europe, the Balkan region, and Asia Minor, and stretching from the shores of the North Sea to the Persian Gulf. Her secondary object is no doubt still larger, for it includes the idea of a more extensive Oriental dominion, with vast subject territories in Africa, the overthrow of the British power on sea and land, and the political hegemony of the Old, and perhaps also the New World.

But this further design was only indirectly involved in the present war, in which it was not expected that Great Britain would participate. The calculation was that rapid and crushing victories over France and Russia would weaken those powers so gravely that they would oppose no further obstacle to the Germanic projects; that Germany would then, with Austrian assistance, obtain the desired mastery in the Balkans and Western Asia; and the great united Central Empire, striding across two continents, with its strategic and political strongholds, at Berlin, Vienna, Belgrade, Constantinople, Damascus, Bagdad, and Ispahan, would become an accomplished fact. Rotterdam, Antwerp, Cairo, and Tangier, and perhaps Shanghai, Delhi, and Bombay, could wait. The 'settlement' with

Britain, peaceful or not, would come later, after the military and economic resources of the new confederacy had been developed. It was, then, a war, not so much for territory, as for routes of communication and spheres of influence. To open and hold the Berlin-Bagdad line was the main purpose; the push to Calais, Paris, and Petrograd, the submarine campaign, and the seizure of Belgium, were subsidiary to this enterprise.

If the peace leaves her in a position to carry the Eastern scheme through, Germany, according to this school of thinkers, will be satisfied. She will have won the war: at least, the substantial fruits of success will remain with her; even though she may be driven by negotiation, or by the armies of General Pétain and Sir Douglas Haig, to relinquish all she has grasped at in the Western area. The strategists of Berlin and Potsdam are told that they may be well content if they are left with the opportunity to work out the plan of 'Middle Europe' and its implications, and thereby to prepare for that 'Second Punic War' which will crush the modern Carthage and rivet upon the world the *imperium* of the New Rome.

This thesis is maintained without disguise by the authors to whom I have referred. Paul Rohrbach, the clearest expositor of the 'Eastern' policy, who believes that 'Germany, Austria-Hungary and Turkey are by nature and by historical development the triple alliance of the Twentieth Century,' wrote in his *Deutsche Politik* last November to show that the English must be very foolish if they supposed they could rest content with a 'drawn war.' This, he said, from the English point of view, is 'a piece of lazy and confused thinking'; for 'if the Central Powers, with Bulgaria and the Turkish East, form a solid political block across the Balkans, then it is no longer possible for Eng-

land in the future to conduct her world-policy on its traditional lines.' If, he adds, the English wish Egypt and India to remain unassailable they must 'defeat us to such an extent as to sever our connection with the East.' If England fails to do this, 'she will have lost the war.'

Rohrbach's co-editor, Ernest Jäckh, puts the case even more plainly: —

The war comes from the East; the war is waged for the East . . . the road is clear — but not for Russia to Constantinople, nor for England and France to Sofia, but for the foundation and strengthening of *Mittel-europa*. Until now we were connected by a single slender thread — the Hungaro-Serbo-Bulgarian railway line; from now on we have a wide network of communications to secure our connection. Besides Belgrade-Sofia there is Kronstadt-Bucharest, and between these parallel lines the whole breadth of Serbia and Roumania. Formerly Constantinople-Bagdad and Constantinople-Suez depended on the same slender thread; now a whole network of railways secures these further extensions also, alike in their economic, political, and military aspects. . . . This is already a war-gain, as also is the securing of the Danube route, which latter must remain a peace-gain whatever may be the eventual fate of Roumania. The Danube has become 'Central-European'; it belongs to the Quadruple Alliance of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, who together have fought for it and won it.

Another of Rohrbach's disciples, Max Seber, stretches the boundaries of 'Middle Europe' a little wider, and takes it to the Red Sea and Northern Africa: —

Only her Turkish possession [*ihr türkischer Besitz*] secures to Germany the freedom of movement which she needs in order to become a World-State. . . . If Germany wishes a colonial empire, with land connections, with *Mitteuropa* and the Turkish federation, if she wishes a real guaranty for the freedom of the seas, *she must not leave Egypt or the Suez Canal in English hands.*

IV

Englishmen do not need to be told that the realization of this plan is inconsistent with their most vital interests. But critics in other countries may be less affected by this consideration, and may be inclined to judge the *Mittleuropa* scheme on its merits. Why, they may be disposed to ask, should not the great industrial state of the European Continent give the benefit of its own superior organizing efficiency to the less advanced, but potentially rich, countries of the South and East? Why, without repressing their national life and local freedom, should it not enable them to develop their enormous latent resources and bring them into line with modern progress? Why should Asiatic Turkey stagnate in semi-barbarism, and the Balkan regions languish, when there are German engineers and capitalists ready to equip them with railways, roads, canals, river-steamboats, factories, and mining-plants, under the direction of German commissioners, and under the ægis of a German central government? Why should not the world be enriched by the creation of another great federation or confederacy of states that would cover some of the most famous and fertile regions of the earth, and redeem large populations from poverty and decay?

The answer is that a *Mittleuropa* organized and controlled by the Prussian ruling group would be a grave danger, not merely to Britain but to the world. The German 'colonization' of Turkey was not seriously resented, so long as it could be supposed that 'pacific penetration' was the main object. This was the attitude even of English statesmen; and notwithstanding their nervousness about the Persian Gulf, they were willing to accept, and in the end even to facilitate, German action in Anatolia and Mesopotamia. In the

summer of 1914, only a few weeks before the outbreak of the European war, a treaty between Great Britain and Germany was signed, with reference to the Asiatic enterprises of the latter power.

The text of this instrument has not been published; but its general purport has been made known by Rohrbach, who describes it as extremely indulgent to the pretensions of his country. 'We were,' he says, 'frankly astonished by the concessions made to us; especially,' he adds, 'in regard to the Bagdad Railway, Mesopotamia, and the navigation of the Tigris, which exceeded all expectations.' He infers that England was genuinely anxious to remain at peace with Germany, and was inclined to regard her as a friendly coadjutor in the development of Nearer Asia rather than as a jealous rival. The British Foreign Office had apparently convinced itself that Germany's aims in this quarter of the world were purely economic; it does not seem to have taken List and the other German imperialist writers (if it were acquainted with them — which is doubtful) at all seriously, and was blind to the vast political ambitions which lay behind the transportation and financial projects.

But the war has opened men's eyes. We know now that *Mittleuropa*, with its southeastern adjuncts and dependencies, would not be a peace-power but a war-power, the greatest war-power of all. Germany with her 70,000,000 of inhabitants, Austria with nearly 52,000,000, Turkey with 21,000,000, Bulgaria with 5,000,000, would be inside the ring-fence, and Roumania, Greece, Serbia, and perhaps Poland, though temporarily excluded, would be eventually forced in by irresistible economic and political pressure.

The new confederacy would start with an area of over a million square

miles, and a population of nearly 140 millions which might soon approach the two-hundred-million limit. Its military strength would be unrivaled. Modern warfare on the largest scale demands, as we have now learned, not only immense numbers of men trained and equipped as soldiers, but also a gigantic and varied industry mobilized to supply war-material in prodigious quantities; financial resources and credit assessed in billions of dollars, and capable of prompt realization; facilities of the best kind for the rapid movement of huge masses of men and stores; the means of provisioning, not the fighting forces only, but the civil population, with food, clothing, and raw materials; and, finally, a supreme executive authority to concentrate the energy of the entire organism, and direct it swiftly upon the point where its impact can be most effective.

No state, or combination of states, could come so near to fulfilling these conditions as Middle Europe with the mastery of the Nearer East. With its reservoir of Germans, Austrians, Magyars, Turks, Bulgars, Southern Slavs, Arabs, Kurds, and Syrians, the Potsdam General Staff could in a few years have an immense multitude of soldiers drilled, trained, and equipped to one model. At the outbreak of hostilities it could spring at the throat of its adversaries with seven or eight millions of mobilized troops and a dozen additional millions in reserve; all able to be turned east, west, or south at the will of a single High Command, and poured swiftly along a magnificent network of railways radiating from one centre along the inner lines of Europe and Asia. It would be self-supporting and self-contained; and when the mines and lands of its subject territories were developed to their full capacity, it could produce enough food, iron-ore, copper, tobacco, petroleum, wool, perhaps even

cotton and rubber, to sustain its civil population, its armies, and its industries. It would be nearly independent of sea-borne supplies, and would suffer little from the most rigorous blockade. But the new power could hardly be blockaded. With its harbors and naval bases on the Baltic, the North Sea, the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Ægean, and with its gigantic metalliferous and mechanical production, it could so multiply its U-boats and extend the range of their activity that hostile navies and mercantile shipping, belligerent or neutral, would be driven from the seas. Maritime commerce would be paralyzed, while the railway-borne trade of the great continuous land area under German domination would flourish more briskly than ever.

Such a power could render all Europe subservient to its will, and would be formidable, not only to Asia and Africa, but to both the Americas as well. Only the very greatest political associations could deal with it on anything like equal terms. This, indeed, is a prospect which Naumann faces calmly. Obsessed, like many of his countrymen, by the cult of bigness, of mere material size and numbers, he holds that the day of the small nation is past. He contemplates that the destinies of the world must be at the disposition of the real 'Great Powers,' the aggregate of states and nations which are large enough and strong enough, or could be strong enough if they pleased, to wage war under the modern conditions. These are the United States, the British Empire, Russia, and Germanized 'Middle Europe.' In the fullness of time China may be added unto them, if the countrymen of Confucius should assimilate the higher civilization sufficiently to institute conscription and manufacture 15-inch guns. The minor, that is the less extensive and less populous, countries will be swept into the

orbit of these more massive systems, which will be kept in some sort of harmonious relationship by a mutual respect for one another's armaments. A world balance of power, maintained by the four or five imperialisms, will supersede the balance of Europe, which will have disappeared, since there will be no effective make-weight on that Continent to the overwhelming might of the Teutonic partnership.

There is nothing in this picture which can appeal to American or British sentiment. The people of the United States and the United Kingdom have no desire to give a wider extension to the armed diplomacy of the European balance of power, which could not avert, and helped to produce, the existing cataclysm. A world kept in precarious peace and unstable equilibrium by four or five monarchical federations or imperialist republics, drilling troops, building battleships, and piling up munition works against one another, would not approach their ideal. They want to weaken, and if possible to eliminate, the element of militarism and competitive force in international relations, instead of giving it ampler scope. A world balance of power, with the menace of war as its ultimate sanction, will do nothing to promote that 'community of power' which President Wilson seeks to establish, founded on the recognition of equal rights among nations and an international code of ethics.

V

The German *Drang nach Osten* is therefore inconsistent with the general interest, European and extra-European, and it must be the aim of the Allied governments to see that it is checked. In this war it has already achieved a temporary success. The programme sketched by the German imperialist writers has been almost fulfilled. If

peace had been made last autumn, by negotiation, on the *beati possidentes* basis, the Germanic-Turanian confederacy would have come into being. Poland, Austria, Roumania, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Turkey had been amalgamated or annexed. If she were allowed to keep her southern and eastern conquests, Germany, it was believed, would have been willing to quit Belgium and France, and surrender most of her colonies. It would have been a profitable transaction; for the reasons given above; so profitable for Germany and so disastrous to everybody else, that the Allies were bound to fight on till they could defeat it.

They have made a tangible step in this direction since the Kaiser's 'peace offer' of December 12 was rejected. The British successes in Mesopotamia have turned the *Drang nach Osten* from one of its goals. The Berlin-Bagdad line is blocked well in front of the terminus; Germany has no access now to the Euphrates estuary, and across her path will be thrown the stiff barrier of an independent Arab nation under English guardianship. On the west, a Syrian state, under Anglo-French protection, will fend off Turkey and Turkey's overlords from the Red Sea and the African isthmus; northward, an autonomous Armenia, supervised by Russia, will lie like a bastion on the road into Persia.

One large part of the Eastern scheme is nullified already; much of the remainder goes to wreck when the Allies refuse to make peace with the Central Powers unless they evacuate Serbia and Roumania. These two states lie astride the German and Austrian land-line eastward, and unless they are subjugated or annexed they can prevent it from being used as an instrument of Teutonic political and military domination.

But it is not enough to defeat the

Prussian project of Empire in its present guise; it is necessary to provide that no similar or cognate scheme shall become realizable by the exercise of force, and that the factors which have offered an opportunity for militarist activity shall be eliminated. As the Allied governments point out in their Note of December 30, there can be no stability in the European states-system until the prime causes of unrest are removed. That unrest is the inheritance of an unhappy past. All Central and Southeastern Europe has for centuries been perturbed by the fact that political and national boundaries do not coincide, so that, in a large part of this area, populations with a keen racial, religious, or linguistic self-consciousness, find themselves under alien control. Frenchmen, Danes, Poles, Ruthenians, Czechs, Slovenes, Roumanians, Serbs, Bulgarians, and Greeks, have been governed against their will by Germans, Magyars, Turks, and Russians. The *malaise* is felt most poignantly in Austria and the Balkans. It has been aggravated by the fact that an unscrupulous armed force was always lying in wait to take advantage of the confusion.

'The main condition,' says Mr. Balfour, 'which rendered possible the calamities from which the world is now suffering, was the existence of a Great Power, consumed with the lust of domination, in the midst of a community of nations ill prepared for defense, plentifully supplied, indeed, with international laws, but with no machinery for enforcing them, and weakened by the fact that neither the boundaries of the various states nor their internal constitution harmonized with the aspirations of their constituent races, or secured to them just and equal treatment.'

The Allied statesmen hold that this 'international unrest,' and the opportunities it offers for a resort to violence,

can be remedied only by the reorganization of Europe 'guaranteed by a stable régime, and based at once on respect for nationalities and on the right to full security and liberty of economic development by all peoples, great and small, together with guaranties against unjust attack.' As means to this end they specify 'the restitution of provinces formerly torn from the Allies by force or against the will of their inhabitants'; the release from alien dominion of Italians, Roumanians, Serbo-Croats, and Czecho-Slovaks; and the liberation of the subject populations of the Ottoman Empire.

These clauses imply the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and of the Trentino and Gorizia province to Italy. They also suggest a very extensive reconstruction and redistribution of the territories now under Austrian and Turkish rule. It has indeed been pretty widely assumed that nothing less is meant than a complete disruption of the one Empire and the extinction of the other. In the belligerent countries it has been freely asserted that this is the definite intention of the Entente governments, and that they do not propose to lay down their arms until these ends have been attained. In this case the war would cease only when they were in a position to drive the Turks, as rulers and officials, into Asia, to incorporate the Serbo-Croats of Austria-Hungary with the Serbian kingdom, to detach Transylvania from Hungary and hand it over to Roumania, to annex Galicia to Poland, and to establish in the heart of Europe a new independent Bohemia for the nine or ten millions of Czechs, Moravians, and Slovaks who are now subjects of the Hapsburg Empire or the Magyar monarchy. Austria by this drastic process would not cease to exist as a political entity; but it would lose nearly two thirds of its inhabitants. It would be

left with its German provinces, which would probably in that case welcome annexation with the northern Teutonic Empire, and with its Magyar partners, who might imitate their Slav neighbors in setting up as a completely separate and independent kingdom.

But are all these startling changes in the map of Europe really to be deduced from the terms of the Allied Note? It is conceivable that its authors may contemplate securing justice and liberty for their clients of the depressed nationalities by methods less revolutionary than that of strewing Central Europe with new or newly compounded kingdoms and republics. And, even if that ultimate purpose lies before their minds, it may be doubted whether they are resolved to achieve it as a condition precedent to the conclusion of the present war. Do they mean to fight on till Austria-Hungary has agreed to evisceration and Turkey to exile and imprisonment in Anatolia? If they do, then a speedy termination of the war can scarcely be expected; for however weary and dispirited the Austrian, Hungarian, and Turkish governments may be, they will naturally fight to the last gasp to avert the sentence of political execution. Germany's allies may be chafing over the misfortunes that Germany has brought upon them; but they will be reluctant to abandon her if the only prospect before them is that of still heavier humiliation and loss.

Moreover, the plan of reorganizing Europe is one that cannot conveniently be drafted amid the heat and hurry of a campaign. It involves many complex problems which need to be solved with deliberation and forethought. Such a project, for example, as that of the revival of the mediæval Kingdom of Bohemia demands close examination. The new state would not be homogeneous, for it would include some

two or three millions of Germans and Hungarians. It would be imbedded in the centre of Europe, with no natural frontier on the south and east, a busy industrial country cut off from the sea, and with no outlet except through the territories of powerful and jealous neighbors, able to stifle it by economic pressure, if not to subdue it by arms.

Again, the Greater Roumania would include a considerable Magyar and Saxon population, probably superior in wealth, energy and political capacity, to the Moldo-Wallachian majority.

Greater Serbia, too, impinging on one side on the plains of Hungary, and either cut off from the Dalmatian coast by Italy or brought down to that coast to create a new *Italia Irredenta*, would present difficulties; as would the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine: for though the Germans may be forced to yield unconditional assent to the cession of a district which includes their richest supply of iron ore, it is not quite certain that all the inhabitants of the two provinces would favor the transfer. A few years ago — the war may have produced a change — a good proportion of the Alsations would have preferred autonomy within the German Empire to incorporation with France.

Nor is the extermination of the 'bloody tyranny of the Turks' ¹ quite simple to accomplish. The Turk is a bloody tyrant when he rules subject peoples, and after the Armenian massacres there is little to be said for him. But nine millions of Turks will have to live somewhere, and it is not at first sight altogether obvious where they are to live without interfering with somebody.

¹ '*L'affranchissement des populations soumises à la sanglante tyrannie des turcs*' is the phrase in the French text of the Allied Note; which is translated in the official English version in the above elegant manner. — THE AUTHOR.

VI

These difficulties must be recognized. Problems so delicate and obscure cannot be satisfactorily solved by rough-and-ready disruptions, expulsions, and redistributions; nor does it seem probable that the Allied ministers will be anxious, without mature consideration, to destroy political aggregates which have at least cohesion and firmness of texture, in order to set afloat a group of loosely built experimental small states, swimming in the European whirlpool in dangerous proximity to the great sharp-toothed empires; at least until some effectual measures have been devised to render ravenous fangs and unruly claws incapable of mischief. Nor might they care to saddle themselves with the responsibility of prolonging hostilities until the enemy assents to conditions which nothing assuredly will extort from him but the direst extremity of failure and distress.

For these reasons one may conjecture that the Allied governments will divide their European settlement into two parts, and decline to complicate the immediate and urgent question of bringing the war to a successful close by associating it with these larger problems of reorganization. It may be that, for the former purpose, they will confine themselves to what I have called the 'irreducible minimum.' If the Central Powers sustain, and recognize that they have sustained, military defeat, the Entente may offer them peace on the basis of the 'restitutions and reparations,' which are, for the Allies, the primary objects of the war. They will insist on the evacuation of the invaded countries and provinces; on some compensation and indemnities for the injured parties; on the freedom and neutralization of the Turkish straits; on the cession of the Trentino to Italy; on the recognition of Arabian and Armen-

ian independence; and on such guaranties as it may be possible or politic to exact against a renewal of militarist aggression. But they will also demand from the vanquished empires an agreement to submit the wider questions of national rights and territorial readjustment to a post-war conference, and a pledge to abide by its decisions.

If this procedure be adopted, there would be hope of concluding the war as soon as the Central Powers can be brought to recognize that they have lost the game, and are therefore ready to make the concessions without which it is impossible for the Allies to lay down their arms. It would not be necessary to protract the struggle until Germany and her chief partner are, not merely defeated, but so utterly exhausted and crushed to the earth that they will be compelled to surrender unconditionally. And the reorganization of Europe would not have to be conducted according to a plan drawn up in haste by belligerents flushed with victory, and imposed by them upon a vanquished, but sullen and resentful foe.

In this scheme the active concurrence and participation of the United States will be essential. The Allies cannot be expected to discuss the *post-bellum* settlement with their adversaries unless they are assured that the moral, and if it be required, the physical force of the American Union will be available to support the mandate of the Conference. America is engaged, without reserves, in the war; and when the war is over, she can hardly coöperate in the ultimate settlement with limited liability. She must be a working partner, not merely a benevolent onlooker, and must be prepared to bear her full share in the responsibility for creating and upholding international arrangements that will release Europe, and, by consequence, the world, from disturbance by organized violence.

If that course is taken, the ideals to which the President has given expression in his notes and addresses may become realities. The Conference, sitting after the war has been concluded, may be able 'to accomplish the greater things which lie beyond its conclusion.' It will endeavor to settle those questions of nationality and territory which promote European unrest. It will determine the status of Constantinople and its adjacent territories and waters, and that of the Turkish population in Europe and Asia; it will ascertain the best measures to secure the safety, freedom, and social and cultural development of the small states and subject peoples of Central and Eastern Europe; it will prescribe the limits and constituents of the new Poland; it will find a *modus vivendi*, both economically and politically just, for Italians, Austrians, Magyars, Serbs, Greeks, and Albanians, on the Adriatic littoral and hinterland.

But it may do much more than this. It may hope to make 'those ultimate arrangements for the peace of the world which all desire,' to institute a machinery of consultation and legislation for the adjustment of disputes between nations, to guarantee protection to the weaker units against aggression; and it may even take the first steps toward the substitution of an international police for the forces which are at the disposal of national ambition. If it can-

not hope to extinguish war, or abolish armies and navies, it will seek means to render the future conflicts between hostile groups less perilous to the world at large, and less likely to impose their ravages and burdens upon others. It may find a fresh formula to cover the freedom of the seas, since both Britain and America have discovered that maritime warfare, waged with the new science and the new unscrupulousness, can become sheer anarchy and piracy, rendering all the waters of the globe un-navigable for neutrals and belligerents alike. It may develop the principle of the 'community of power,' and establish an International League to maintain (in the noble words of the President's historic address) 'the universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.'

These are great and splendid objects, too comprehensive to be compassed in a peace settlement concocted amid the turmoil of conflict, in an atmosphere heated by passion, animosity, the sense of triumph, the smart of defeat. But some at least may be capable of attainment in a Congress of the Nations, assembling after the glare of the strife has died out of the horizon, with the United States throwing all its strength and influence into the council-chamber, and manifesting a clear resolve to render the decisions effective.

THE PLACE OF THE SKULL¹

BY LIEUTENANT MILUTIN KRUNICH

I

DARKNESS came on rapidly. The old cemetery under the lindens was entirely dark, but around it was still twilight. In the valley the white mist was lying; from the valley rose a sullen confused noise. The boom of the artillery across the river had ceased. An icy wind began to blow. In the sky the first stars glimmered, and the moon rose beyond the hill across the river, big, murky, blood-colored.

'Cheda, take care that the soldiers are through soon, and I will go to the other trench to see how much they have done.'

When I got there the men were in the trenches. They had finished. The sergeant came to me.

'We are through, sir.'

'Deep enough? The loopholes strong enough? Very well. You will send two soldiers who will hold the connection between the trenches.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Mirko, I have nothing to say to you. You alone know what is your duty. I think we will have a terrible battle to-morrow, but you are an old soldier and you will know how to hold your men. One thing is certain: we must stay here until the last moment.'

'I know it, sir. Where should we go from here? *This* is our place — the cemetery!' said the sergeant quietly, as if he were speaking of his fields.

¹ An earlier episode of Lieutenant Krunich's narrative appeared in the June *Atlantic*, under the title, 'The Graveyard by the Morava.'

I laid my hand on his shoulder.

'I know you are a brave man. We shall trust in God!'

Slowly I returned to the other position. The soldiers were in the trenches. They were quietly talking to each other, and one could see the glimmer of cigarettes. Bayonets protruded here and there from the deep trenches and glistened in the moonlight. Cheda was sitting near, his head sunk between his shoulders, his *shikatcha* drawn over his ears.

'The machine-guns have come?' I asked him.

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you put them as I said — two at the right side of the trenches, and one at the left?'

'Yes, sir. What do you think of to-morrow?'

'If they have enough artillery, it will be bad. But if they do not, then we will kill them as the hail kills field-mice!'

'I think so too, sir.'

'Where is Bora?' I asked him after a while.

'There he is in the trench, sitting on the coffin.'

'What?'

'Sitting on the coffin, dreaming as usual. The soldier was right in saying the coffin is a real chair.'

The wind began to blow more strongly. It was very cold.

'Let's go down, Cheda; it will be warmer there. To-morrow you will be at the left wing of the trench. Bora and I will stay at the right, but to-night we can be together.'

Then we went down into the trench, into the cold, wet, nauseating graves. Some of the soldiers were sitting in the trench; others were lying on the wet ground, sleeping; others were standing with their heads leaning against the wall of the trench, their guns between their feet and held against their breasts. Standing thus, they were sleeping with open mouths. Their only rest for the whole night! How terribly pale their faces, and how ghastly in the moonlight! How like the faces of the dead!

We found Bora sitting on the coffin, but he got up when we came.

'What! are you sitting on a corpse?' said Cheda grimly.

'I tell you it does not feel, and the heart in my breast does not feel,' answered Bora very seriously.

I sat down on the coffin, trying to be calm, but I felt a cold shudder run from my feet up my back and stiffen my neck. I tried to throw off my thoughts. I tried to calm myself. But my thoughts ran on. I was never wider awake. I thought: 'I am sitting in a grave upon a corpse! I do not remember that I ever read or heard of anything like this. Can it be true? Can it be reality? Perhaps I am sick and this whole day is only the hallucination of a fever.' But a gust swept in on us from the valley the distant sound of screams of pain, cries, and curses, which told me that it was all true.

Suddenly Bora clutched my hand. I turned round to him. The moonlight shone in his face, which was pale and haggard. His lips were quivering, his hand was outstretched, pointing to something beyond the trench. I saw that he wished to tell me something, but he could not; the words stuck in his throat.

'For Heaven's sake, what is the matter with you, Bora? Why are you so frightened?'

'What ails him again?' said Cheda,

who was sitting beside me with his head between his knees.

'Do you believe in ghosts?' said Bora, whispering and shivering.

'What?'

'In ghosts, in spirits?'

'Certainly a soldier is passing through the cemetery,' said Cheda.

'No! no, I am not crazy. Please get up and look,' said Bora, pulling me to my feet.

At the same time the soldiers began to wake, to whisper, to get up. I looked out of the trench. A black shadow! It was moving round the old cemetery; from time to time it appeared in the moonlight which filtered through the lindens. It seemed to me to be very large. The soldiers became more restless.

'Be silent!' I cried to them.

Now the shadow emerged from the old cemetery. It was entirely in the moonlight. I saw it was a woman. She moved very quickly. She bent often, as though looking for something. Once in a while she would straighten herself, and we could hear her moan. As she came quite close to us we could hear her speaking to herself: 'There is the grave of Mara, — there of friend Para, — here of Caya, and here must be *his*!' All of a sudden she screamed (oh, a terrible scream!) and fell upon what was left of the new grave of the soldier.

'It is dug up, — it is broken down, destroyed!' exclaimed the poor creature, writhing with grief, stretching her arms over the mound. 'Why have you dug up his grave? He gave his young life for his country, but it is not yet enough; now he cannot have his rest. Why did you not find my heart to dig up rather than his grave? Why did you not first kill me? *Jaoj, jaoj!* All destroyed! Have you removed his coffin, have you taken him out, have you opened those terrible wounds on his dead body? Have you —?'

And not knowing what she was doing, she stumbled into the trench. We caught her and put her down near the coffin.

'Here is the coffin,' said Cheda, almost inaudibly.

She kneeled on the ground and quickly felt over the coffin with her hands, whispering many times, 'Here it is, here it is!' Then she shrieked again, fell on the coffin and began to embrace and kiss it, trembling in her whole body. Never in my life had I heard such cries. Soon they grew less and less and died away in a shuddering moan. Suddenly she weakened, her arms slipped to the ground, and she fell, her head striking on the coffin.

Bora drew in his breath with a sharp hissing sound. 'Dead!' he whispered.

Cheda ran to the woman first and raised her. Her shawl fell from her head and we could see her gray silvery hair. On her forehead was a great red bruise. Her eyes were closed.

'She breathes,' said Cheda; 'give her water.'

I took a canteen and bathed her forehead and temples.

The soldiers crowded round us. I could hear them whispering, 'That's a mother!' 'Poor woman!' 'Poor mothers — all of ours!'

Finally the woman moved, and opened her eyes. Oh, dear mother's eyes, how red and swollen they were! For a long time she looked round her; and then, as consciousness returned, she again put her arms around the coffin, placed her head upon it, and whispered in the faintest of voices, 'My son, my dear son, my tender child! Did they hurt you?'

'Is that your son?' asked Bora.

'Yes, my son, my only one. He was my hope, my happiness, my life. When I lost him I could not live myself. I did not love the sun, I had *his* eyes; I did not admire the flowers or smell

them, I had his rosy cheeks and his hair; I did not love the sky, I had his forehead; I did not love the honey or sweetness of life, I listened to his voice; I did not care for the whole world, I had his gentle hands and his heart of gold! Oh, I had him, my only one, and that is all. He was my life. I loved him so much that now I cannot love sun, flowers, sky, world, life. All these were in him. *I cannot, I cannot!*' cried the poor mother in superhuman grief; and began to weep again.

It was more than terrible! It was inconceivable! The soldiers all left their places and gathered round us, round this poor mother. Cheda rose and motioned to them to go away. They went slowly back to their places. For a time I heard them talk and whisper, but soon they grew silent; only the mother still wept. Presently she rose, took my hand, and in a frightened voice, said, —

'Will you destroy his grave entirely? Will you really take him out that the dogs may eat him? Oh, no, no! I will not permit it. *I am here. I am here to defend you, my dear little heart!*' cried the poor woman, clasping the coffin as if she wanted to take it to her breast and carry it somewhere far away.

Bora knelt beside her, lifted her, embraced her gently, and said to her tenderly, nearly in tears, —

'No! good mother, we will not take out his coffin. On the contrary, we are here to defend it. We love your son too. He was a soldier, a warrior, a defender; he was our friend.'

The mother looked at Bora a few moments, astonished, with wide-open eyes, as if she did not understand him. Then she took his head in her hands and began to kiss him passionately, — on his hair, on his forehead, his cheeks, eyes, chin, — saying, —

'Oh, I know it. Yes, you are his friend, his comrade. You are a soldier

as he was. And you too have a mother, who is now weeping as I am. You are all my children. Yes, yes, you are the same as he was, only he is dead, and you, perhaps, will be to-morrow. Oh, my poor children! Have we borne you for this? Have we suffered, we mothers, so much, to lose you when we love you the most? Do not interrupt me. I know what you want to say. "Our native country is calling. We have to defend it, and defending it, we defend you, our mothers; thus we pay our debts." Oh, I know it. I too thought it was so. The day when I parted with him, I did not weep. He said to me, "Do not weep, mother; be proud that you have a soldier son. You have kept me and cared for me more than twenty years. Now the time has come when I can defend you, and I will defend you, my good mother. Be happy!"

'And he went with a song on his lips, happy in his strength and youth. I was proud.

'Right away after, I went to a hospital. I wanted to be truly worthy of my son. I took care of the wounded and kissed them, for in caressing them I thought that I caressed *my* boy. He wrote to me often. He was happy and content. He always begged me not to worry too much, for he felt that my love defended him.

'One day — O God, God! One day, when I came to the hospital, I found another wounded soldier. His head was bandaged and he was lying perfectly still. I went closer to the bed. Suddenly I screamed and fell on the floor; I recognized my son. Oh, I cannot tell you all! His face was black, his eyes closed, and around them it was all blue and red. I kissed him, I spoke to him, I called him, I shook him. Slowly he raised his swollen eyelids, and showed his beautiful eyes from which he would never see any more, and a low painful groan came

from his lips. Oh, my poor child! He had lost his sight and speech. Oh, I cannot tell you all.

'One morning I went into the bandage-room when they dressed his wounds. He had no hair; his beautiful hair was shaved entirely off. Around his head was a wide-open gash from which the blood was running. O God, God! When the doctor pressed his head, his fingers sunk into the skin as if there was no bone beneath! *Jaoj!* He died after a few days. He was never conscious. Oh, how terrible it was! I was insane with grief. He died in my arms without knowing that these were the hands of his mother which he loved so much and kissed so often. O my children, can you not see how unhappy I am? I am not angry at my native country. I, too, love my country. But when my son has died for it, I too must die. It is not life for a mother without her children. We mothers are useless for this world without our children. Oh, if I were the only mother who is weeping now, it would be nothing; but there are a million mothers who are weeping to-day. We will flood the whole world with our tears, with our mourning garments we will darken the sun, and with our sorrows we will poison life. O God! I beg you to kill me! *I will not* live without him, without my son, my heart, my soul!

The poor woman ceased speaking, and began to weep sadly. We were silent. The hush of death fell.

II

Who can tell how long we sat there, dumb and stiff? It was terribly cold, but we did not feel it. The icy wind had blown dirt and dead leaves into our trenches, but we did not pay any attention to this; the dreadful sounds from the valley we did not hear; we were sitting in graves, but did not real-

ize it; we were so near to death, yet no one was frightened! No one wished to think of the black present, or of the appalling future. It was impossible to think, for one would become insane. Every one, perhaps for the last time, was sunk in thoughts of the past. Every one had, perhaps for the last time, drawn from his sick heart dear and tender memories. Every one remembered beautiful past days, when everybody was so happy, when the sun always shone, and the world was full of love.

Suddenly, in the distance before us, beyond the valley, a terrible light flamed out, as if the world was burning. Immediately a tremendous detonation shook the ground. This brought us back to reality. The mother, startled, asked, —

‘What’s that?’

‘Our troops have at last crossed the Morava and blown up the bridge,’ said Bora. Then he added seriously, looking at me, ‘Now, the anvil is to feel the hammer-strokes.’

The seriousness of the present moment came over me. I bent over the mother and said to her tenderly, —

‘Now, mother, you have to go.’

She looked at me a moment and then she said with a bitter smile, —

‘What! go from here? Where? For nothing on earth will I go. I cannot leave *him* alone.’

‘But, good mother, you *have* to go from here. The battle will soon be on; soon there will be death here,’ said Bora.

‘That is what I want,’ said the poor mother in a whisper.

I was frightened and anxious. ‘If she really will not go from here!’ I thought! ‘A woman in the trench! If she were to die! Oh, no, no, it is impossible, unheard-of! It cannot be.’ I took her hands and said firmly; ‘Mother, I beg you to go. Go to your home.’

‘Home? We mothers have no homes when our children are no longer there. Then, for us, a grave is our home. I am in it.’

‘I beg you, mother, my dear mother, be reasonable. It is impossible. Come now, can’t you see —’ begged poor Bora, kissing her hands.

‘How, impossible? It is very natural. I am not insane. I know very well what I am doing, and I do not ask that which is impossible. O my dear children! Can’t you see that my son is again weak, frail, feeble, and little as when he was born? Can’t you see that again he needs my help and my defense?’

‘But *we* are here to defend him!’

‘What do you know about little children? Nothing. Only a mother can help here. O my dear children, let me stay here.’

Suddenly she grasped my hands, fell on her knees and implored me, —

‘O my son, my dear son, please understand me. I am a miserable woman. I have lost my only little one, but you can bring me happiness — yes, happiness — if you will let me die beside him.’

I stood confused. For the first time in my life I felt what it means when the mind ceases to act. Truly I knew nothing of myself; I felt only that the wild, quick, emotional throbs of my heart said, ‘Let her stay, let her stay.’

Cheda, who stood waiting, now came up.

‘Mother, you *must* go from here!’

‘What? I must? I must? Never! What is the power that can send me from here? Who is the wretch who will take a mother from her only little one? Who is this cruel one? Who is this monster? We mothers are the kindest beings, but if somebody dares to hurt our little birds, then we strike, we bite, we scratch! Do you hear? We bite, we scratch!’ cried the poor mother, with

changed voice and frightened eyes, with outstretched hands, showing her nails.

Cheda lost his temper.

'The woman is crazy,' he said. 'Two soldiers here!'

'What are you doing?' I asked him.

'I will order them to take this woman away.'

'Sergeant, go to your place!' I said to him sharply.

For the first time I was Cheda's commanding officer. He looked at me, astonished, then straightened up, gave me the regular salute, and said in a firm voice, —

'I understand, sir,' and went to the left wing of the trench.

The mother remained. I never can describe her happiness. To-day, I thought, a human life is as cheap as a rusty *parica*, and the smallest pleasure is so expensive. Now an opportunity was given to me to give the greatest pleasure, and I gave it. I gave it to a Serbian mother.

III

The night dragged its endless length along. The first streaks of dawn were appearing, when suddenly, over the river, somewhere in the blue mountains, there rang out a shot, then another, a third, a fourth. Then came faint whistles, and again four shots somewhere on the right. The soldiers jumped, leaned on the wall of the trench, and grasped their guns. It was beginning.

The worst moments come at the beginning of the battle. The soldiers are like drunken men in darkness. Nothing is known, and no one will show his position first. But to-day the fighting developed very quickly. The Bulgarians, proud of their victories, wished to be 'entirely quit with their brothers' at once, and they began to shoot from

all points with their artillery, following the German tactics: 'wipe out first all before you and then march through the cleared place.'

At first I laughed at their wild shooting, for the shower of shells exploded far from us. But it grew serious. It seemed to me as if a muddy, turgid river, a raging flood, was rising up to swamp us. At first the Bulgarians had directed their fire only at the valley, wasting their ammunition. Or perhaps they wanted to clear their way through the valley by throwing aside the dead in it. Then they moved their fire to the pass, and then to the town. Nothing could be more appalling than to hear the hissing of the shells, which, as they flew through the pass like wild horses, lost their clear whistling sound, and became dull heavy thunder that shook the ground. Shortly after, behind us, over the hill back of the old cemetery, rose a thick black smoke.

'They have set the town on fire, the black devils!' said Bora.

'We are their sure victims, but the people in the town might fly, and so they want to finish them first,' I said, trembling with anger and rage.

'You see now that it is better that I remain here,' said the mother with a sad smile.

Suddenly, before we expected, they turned their fire on the hills at both sides of the pass. It seemed to me as if the mouths of many wild beasts had opened and snarled at the same time. And the sound came toward us like a shrill screech, as when the ocean wind blows through the rigging of a lonely ship. At the same moment, the shells exploded with dreadful rapidity everywhere around us. We were deafened by the detonations. Immediately after, the wind blew a thick stinging smoke into the trench, which bit our eyes and suffocated us. And from all directions fell earth and dry leaves.

At the same time a black line rose from the bed of the river. The Bulgarians had crossed the Morava. Perhaps they had crossed last night and were hidden somewhere along the shore of the river. The line seemed endless, and thin as a thread. It moved quickly through the valley. I grasped the telephone: —

‘Hello! Fourth battery!’

It seemed as if a hundred men had spoken at the same time at the telephone.

I cried as loudly as I could, —

‘Hello! Fourth battery!’

‘Here!’ answered a voice.

I continued in the same loud tone, —

‘Direction river — forty-five hundred metres. Try with two cannon with a correction of two hundred metres.’

‘Don’t worry,’ answered the same voice.

After a few moments something thundered terribly behind us and whistled over our heads — something which flew through space, rending the air. At the same time something, like a sack full of sand, struck us in our backs so powerfully that we staggered. Our artillery had begun to fire. I took my field-glasses and looked into the valley. Two little white puffs of smoke showed there — one of them just over the black line.

Again I took the telephone, —

‘Fourth!’

‘Yes.’

‘Correction excellent! Now to the right and the left from this point!’

It looked as though the gate of hell had opened wide behind us. The white smoke wreaths appeared with great rapidity over the black line. The ranks swerved, wavered, and broke into many small parts. Some of these parts were lost in the smoke; some were leveled to the ground; all the others ran forward. From the right side of the pass our artillery opened up fire, work-

ing confusion in the Bulgar ranks; but the dark line quickly came into the dead angle for our artillery.

Another line rose from the river. It appeared to me that the Bulgarians had directed all their cannon toward our Peaceful Hill, trying to find our battery. The shells struck the old cemetery, working tremendous havoc. The lindens were torn out by the roots and hurled into the air, the large stones of the monuments were cracked in pieces, and reduced to dust. The air was filled with mingled leaves and earth, and everything shook and trembled in that awful destruction.

The second wave of the Bulgar attack met the same fate as the first, but though disordered, broken, and massed in small parts, it made its way across the valley. Suddenly the men of their first line rose from among the bushes, stones, and grass at the foot of our hill. When did they creep up?

Our outposts at the bottom of the hill retreated little by little up the slope.

‘Quick firing! eight hundred metres!’ I shouted.

Bora ran along the trench crying the same. An unspeakable booming and crashing began.

Just then the third black line rose from the river. ‘Orderly!’ I cried, as loudly as I could, turning toward the old cemetery. A soldier, who had been hidden behind a grave not far away, crept toward me like a serpent. He was black with earth and leaves, and streams of dirty sweat ran down his face.

‘Go tell the men at the machine-guns that I cannot come to give the order to fire.’

The soldier crept away.

Presently the machine-guns began firing. The sound was like that of a hundred *kleplas* being struck at the same moment. The bullets began to fly

toward us. They came in millions, literally covering every foot of earth. The earth in front of the trench looked like a corn-popper. They flew all around our heads, close to our ears, like hissing, stinging serpents, striking with deadly venom.

Our fire and that of the machine-guns quickly forced the first line back, and held the second one stationary. A swarm of shells flew over our trench. It was like a whirlwind of fire; it was as if the air had become a fluid in which stones, earth, trees, leaves, clothes, guns, parts of bodies, human flesh and blood boiled and mingled, splashing from all sides those who were yet alive. We were as in a great kettle of surging horror. Our ears felt as if hot oil had been poured into them; our mouths were dry, open, and full of dirt. Our minds were stunned. Everywhere sounded a tumult of breaking bones, crashing, crackling, splitting — indescribable disorder and dreadful horror. Then, above the roar of bombs, rang out heartrending screams, shrieks of agony, calls for help, and the groans of the dying.

I ran through the trench encouraging the soldiers. Oh, the unspeakable scenes that I faced!

One of my men lay in the bottom of the trench. His head was a crushed and bloody mass mingled with the earth. The big black fellow who dug up the soldier's grave had stepped upon this dead body without knowing it in his excited shooting; with every movement of his great boots the dark red blood flowed afresh from the crushed body.

A little farther, a soldier raised his left hand from his gun. It was fearfully burned by the red-hot barrel. He looked at his black and swollen hand, smiled indifferently, grasped his gun again, and began to fire.

Still farther, a soldier was leaning

against the wall of the trench, apparently sitting quietly there. When I looked closely, my hair rose, my breath stopped. His eyes were glazed, his mouth open and filled with earth; his breast did not move. Both legs had been entirely shot away and his body remained leaning against the wall like a doll.

Another man was lying on his arm against the trench. He looked as if he were asleep.

'Shoot!' I said and shook him.

He fell. He was dead.

The wounded were the most heart-rending. There were so many, and they were everywhere! Some were sitting in the trench, whimpering and trying to bind their wounds, from which the blood ran and fell upon their uniforms. Those who were standing stepped on their bodies, but they were past feeling.

IV

Still the battle raged on and came to its culmination. The pure air of God had become close and dark as in a cave, through which ran a fiery river of melted iron in which terrible explosions boomed and thundered.

Those who lived were still firing. In the smoke and confusion they looked like large, black, bloody phantoms. Their faces were distorted, and streams of sweat ran down their cheeks. Their eyes were wide, glittering, and terrible. They were like stones. Did they breathe? I did not know, but they stood and fired.

Stepping over the dead and wounded, crying I know not what, I returned to the old place and looked for the mother. Why had I left her? The thought flashed through my head and I felt something clutch my throat. She had covered the coffin with her shawl and was leaning over it, her face hidden in her arms.

Bora was at the right wing of the trench. When he saw me coming through the smoke and dust he ran toward me. He was, as always in battle, smiling, singing, but very pale. He waved his hands to me, shouting something I could not hear.

Then, suddenly, between him and me something turned white, flashed like lightning, and exploded frightfully, as if the world had split in two. Something struck me heavily on my breast, threw me down, and flew above me. A dazzling light shone before my eyes for an instant, and then darkness —

‘It is nothing, sir! A little bruise! Why, it’s only a joke!’ said the big soldier, lifting me. ‘But Bora —’ he added.

This brought me to my senses, as a dash of icy water.

‘Bora!’ I cried.

I leaped to my feet and ran down the trench. Through the smoke, dust, and ruin I saw him.

There are moments in our lives so horrible, so incomprehensible, so unspeakably terrible, that we have no feelings with which to understand or define them. And yet they are forever before our eyes.

Bora was lying in the arms of the poor mother. A soldier held his head, which was nearly severed from his body. A dreadful wound gaped upon his neck; his whole body seemed so crushed, so shattered, that only his clothing held it together. The mother was dumb, stiff and rigid as a stone. She scarcely breathed. She fixed a constant staring look upon the wound, as if she could stanch the blood with it. Her face was frightfully changed, all twisted and contorted with horror. Poor, poor mother! What did you think at this moment? What had your suffering mother’s heart felt? Oh, if you could tell this to the world, perhaps the world would change, would be

different; perhaps it would be beautiful!

Bora did not die at once. Oh, the unhappy boy! In him was so much life, virile youth, so much strength and force, that death itself stopped before him. His beautiful eyes were still open but forever dead. His hair was wet with blood. A thin stream of blood ran from his nostrils. His mouth opened to make a path for his beautiful soul.

I howled like a wounded tiger; I jumped, raging as if insane and not knowing what I did. I kicked with all my strength at the earth before the trench. There is no need for any shelter now. Something terrible surged within my breast! It is impossible that they were *men* who did this. Why then should I be a man?

‘Shoot! Kill, kill!’ I cried hysterically. Then I seized a gun, but it seemed so little, so small before my rage, pain, desperation, and horror that I threw it away. I wished at that moment that I might have the thunder of Jupiter, with which, in one stroke, I could destroy all the murderers of my friend.

The battle raged on. Truly there was no air! All was changed, destroyed, heated! Those who were alive hardly knew if they were alive. Suddenly, in the midst of this boom and thunder, rose a terrible shouting from the valley, which sounded above everything else for a moment. There are no words or power to describe that sound. One might say that the devils in hell were singing! It was the howl of man when he becomes wild, enraged — when he yearns to drink hot blood.

In the smoky valley, there were no more black lines, but an immense black mass, which ran toward us like a flood —

‘*Oorah, ooraaa-h!*’ the yells rang out everywhere. So cry men who flesh their bayonets.

A strange sound came to me. For a moment I stood like a stone, then turned quickly. In the same moment the mother let go of Bora and fell. I ran and lifted her. From two places on her head ran blood, red blood on the white hair!

'Mother, mother, are you wounded?'

A happy smile passed over her face. Then, in a weak voice, 'I am happy! I knew that I would not be separated from my son for long! Now we will be again together forever. Oh, forever to be with him! Here, I am coming, my little one!' And weakly she embraced the coffin and put her head on it. From her white hair the blood ran on to the coffin.

I leaned my head against the wall of the trench and was silent. I do not know if I breathed. I did not feel.

After a short time the mother lifted herself with great pain. Then slowly she unbuttoned her dress and put her hand in her bosom. Immediately she drew it out. The hand was covered with blood. Only then I saw that she was shot in the breast too. She lifted her hand and looked at the blood on it for a moment.

I felt my teeth chatter. The mother said, in a wonderfully clear voice, —

'I have given to this world my greatest sacrifice, my only one. But it was

not enough. Now I give my blood, my life. Oh! I give them very freely, but only, I beg you, kill each other no more!'

She clasped her bloody hands and the tears fell from her eyes. Suddenly she grew weak. The mother's last task was accomplished! She was no longer useful to this world! With her last effort she raised herself and fell upon the coffin.

Then I did not understand her words. *Now* I understand them very, very well.

Then I saw a terrible picture. Bora was lying at the bottom of the trench, in darkness, in dust, in filth, mingling the blood of his wounds with vile earth, cut, crushed, terrible, and horrible. The mother died beside her dead son, killed by the enemy's bullet. It seemed to me that Serbia had died, too. It seemed to me that I looked on the death of Serbia and her children in the death of his mother and this son!

With one leap I was out of the trench. There is no more trench, no more shelter, no more world, no man, no humanity! Nothing but raging lions waiting, and beasts, who, growling, are ascending the hill.

What had been the new cemetery became very quickly an old one, for a third one, newer and much larger, had been created.

ITALY AND THE ADRIATIC

BY GUGLIELMO FERRERO

I

WHEN, in May, 1915, Italy declared war against Austria, it was generally thought that the intervention of this new power in the conflict must swiftly disturb the equilibrium of forces and hasten the end of the war. Every one now expected important and decisive events. For some weeks the eyes of the whole world were turned toward the Tridentine peaks of the Alps and the rocky slopes of the Carso. Then, suddenly, the fighting here also settled down into trench warfare. The new army, after insignificant engagements, remained inactive behind its defenses.

The attention of the world turned elsewhere. Many there were — and these the most kindly disposed to us Italians — who almost forgot that an Italian army was taking part in the European struggle. Others, more cynical, began to wonder whether Italy was playing the game in earnest. Then, in May, 1916, came the Austrian offensive in the Trentino to remind the nations that Italy was really at war. To many it came as a welcome surprise that the Italian army, concerning which so little had been said in the preceding months, had proved its ability to hurl back the enemy's formidable offensive. Their wonder changed to delight when, in August, 1916, the Italian army, advancing irresistibly, crossed the Isonzo, took possession of Gorizia, and pressed forward on the way to Trieste. At last, then, the world was convinced that Italy's heart was in the war.

How are these fluctuations of world-opinion to be explained? All have their origin in an illusion which has been, and still is, general — an illusion which has prevented the spectators of this awful tragedy from understanding several of its most important aspects: the illusion concerning intervention. Wherein lies this illusion? In the belief that the powers which have entered the terrible conflict several months or several years after its beginning are in a better condition for fighting than those who have been involved from the start. The idea of a combatant who enters the arena with fresh forces against an adversary already spent by previous efforts has led astray the good judgment of most people. The truth of the matter, however, is quite different.

This war calls into action so many elements, and such great ones, that a nation cannot begin to make real preparation before the day hostilities are declared. All the powers involved in the struggle are expending from one to three billion *lire* each month; they have commandeered practically every form of industry and trade bearing in the remotest way on the war. Can one imagine a nation spending these fabulous sums while in a state of neutrality, and subjecting all its industries to military control? Such a thing is inconceivable. It is evident, then, that the powers which went to war at the beginning of August, 1914, necessarily held for a long time a great advantage over those entering later — the advan-

tage of possessing a military organization tirelessly perfected and strengthened during months of war.

This was what happened to Italy. From August, 1914, to May, 1915, the Italian government devoted vast sums to arming its troops; but it did not, and could not spend, in eight months, as much as it now spends every month since it has entered into war. Could any one picture the Premier, Signor Salandra, proposing to Parliament the expenditure of a billion *lire* a month while the country was still neutral? The head of the government would have been commended to the care of an alienist. Even supposing that a parliament had been found sufficiently daring to consent to such an appropriation, Austria would have given no time to carry it out. To devote disproportionate sums to armament during the term of our neutrality, would have amounted to crying from the housetops that we intended to go to war.

But while Italy sought to stock her arsenals as best she could, while remaining neutral, Austria, though locked in a death-struggle with Russia, was arming feverishly, spending more than a billion a month in the manufacture of ordnance and projectiles, calling every available man to the colors, and training soldiers of the oldest and youngest classes alike.

Italy, then, was forced, like Roumania, to enter the war inadequately prepared; no other choice was left open to her. Inevitably, in the case of those nations that come late into the struggle, the first months have been the most dangerous for the new belligerent, in which its action has been least efficacious. If, in the first months after her intervention, Italy did not meet the fate of Roumania, it is because she chose her moment more wisely. Austria's hands were full with Russia; she was powerless to throw great forces

against Italy, who was therefore given some time to get ready. Her real preparation for war, however, began on the day of her ultimatum to Austria, and lasted for several months. In fact, Italy's actual entry into the European conflict came in May, 1916, a year after the declaration, when the government had at last provided itself with sufficient soldiers and munitions to measure its strength with the adversary.

II

If the real intervention of Italy began in the spring of 1916, it also became clear in the spring and summer of that year what were to be the character, the tendencies of the war so far as we Italians were concerned. Austria had tried to crush us by an offensive in the Trentino; we parried the blow by keeping to the defensive, and replied with an attack on the Isonzo. These efforts show the respective trends of the two states. Austria attempted to strike at the backbone of Italy, the Po Valley; Italy aimed at what may be called the heel of Austria — her Adriatic territories. Italy's efforts were directed, not merely at reclaiming Italian territory subject to Austro-Hungarian rule, but also at acquiring a foothold on the Adriatic, by means of which the future of this sea and of the various peoples which surround it would be profoundly modified. It is open to doubt whether the first of these purposes is in itself sufficiently important to justify the terrible sacrifices which Italy is making, for, all told, the Italians subject to Austrian rule do not number a million. The second object, though, is of the utmost weight for the future, as upon it depends a new era for the Balkan Peninsula — for Italy as well, and for the Adriatic Sea, which has been justly called the graveyard of the Mediterranean.

Italy's aspirations on the Adriatic are not over-ambitious: Trieste, with a modest *hinterland*; Istria; the islands; and some part of Dalmatia. Moreover, it is not altogether certain that a victory of the Allies would succeed in excluding Austria-Hungary from the Adriatic. Fiume must always be the seaport of such portions of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as may be left after the war, or of Hungary, if that country becomes an independent state. In any case, it is not impossible that, when peace has come, there may be established on the shores of the Adriatic a Germanic-Magyar or a purely Magyar state. In proportion, however, to Serbia's success in expanding and attaining her long-desired outlet on the Adriatic, the political geography of this sea will surely undergo considerable change. Will this change be great enough to influence directly the future of this part of Europe? In what regions will it take place, to what degree, and under what conditions?

This transformation is contingent on the fulfillment and combination of three provisions, no one of which alone is sufficient to alter the future of the Adriatic: the spread of Italian domination in the Northern Adriatic, the aggrandizement of Serbia and its access to the sea, and the weakening of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a result of the combined effects of the European war. If these three eventualities are combined — and there is reason to hope they will be — the transverse partition of the Adriatic, as we may call it, will succeed what may be termed the longitudinal partition; and this change will radically alter the position and the importance of the peoples and states bordering on this sea.

These are obscure words, needing a political as well as an historical explanation. The Adriatic and the Balkan Peninsula have been, successively, the

two great highroads for commerce, travel, and civilization between East and West, and North and South. The former direction prevailed under the Roman Empire. The Rhine and the Danube were then the northernmost boundaries of trade and civilization; the merchandise, customs, and ideas which passed beyond these two rivers, to be lost in the northern immensity of the European continent, with all its barbarity, were insignificant. The impulse of civilization from North to South stopped short at these barriers. All the greater, then, was the movement from East to West. For this reason Rome built, in the Balkan Peninsula, many highways which, crossing it, led toward the East and put Italy, lying beyond the Adriatic, in communication with Asia. The most famous of these great roads was the *Via Egnatia*, — built by the Romans in 168 B.C. — which led across Macedonia from Dyrrachium (Durazzo) — to Thessalonica (Salonica) and Amphipolis. These roads were the channels through which, under the Empire, the civilization, the laws, the language and the customs of Rome entered the Balkan Peninsula and permeated it. Along them are still to be found the ruins of the most flourishing centres of the ancient civilization. Through their agency Rome maintained these countries, gave life to them, governed and latinized them. The Adriatic, therefore, while serving as a means for the coastal countries to establish communications between North and South, fulfilled its chief function as a highway between Italy, the Balkan Peninsula, and the East.

Venice, in turn, made use of the Adriatic as a means for transporting to the most northerly extremity of this sea, where she had established herself, the rich trade which she gathered in from all the Mediterranean and the Orient.

It would seem that she had no ambition for other possessions in the Adriatic save the coasts and ports of call through which her vessels passed on their journeyings north and south; and that she did not seek to penetrate far into the interior, as Rome had done. It was not her purpose to reach a commanding position by developing vast reaches of *hinterland*, but to concentrate in her own hands and draw to the Northern Adriatic as much of the Mediterranean commerce as she was able.

With the passing of Venice, Austria, upon whom had fallen the mantle of Adriatic domination, adopted the Venetian scheme under a different form and gradually applied it to the Balkan Peninsula. Such, for a century, has been the policy of Austria — a policy which brought the European crisis to a head, which sought to block as far as possible the intercourse between the eastern and western coasts of the Adriatic, to cut off Serbia from the sea, to prevent the construction of railways leading from the Adriatic to the Orient, and to divert northward, toward Vienna and Budapest, as great a portion as possible of the commerce and the political and intellectual life of the Balkan Peninsula, as well as of the nations lying along the coast.

Austria, in a word, has attempted to become the intellectual mistress, the political guide, the industrial purveyor, and the capitalist of the Balkan and Eastern Adriatic peoples. She has attempted at the same time to erect between the eastern and western shores of the Adriatic an insurmountable barrier of customs duties, railway tariffs, national hatred, and political suspicion, and to prevent the Adriatic from ever becoming a crowded waterway between East and West; in other words, to isolate Italy from part of the Adriatic. This sea was to form

for us a sort of frontier, far harder to transcend than the chain of the Alps itself.

This policy, and its consequences, is one of the causes which has brought Europe to the present crisis. The European war, however, will radically change this situation if Austria-Hungary is obliged, as we all hope, to recognize the rights of Italy and Serbia. Once more the policy of Rome will prevail in the Adriatic, transforming this sea into a line of communication between East and West, and *vice versa*. The ports of Dalmatia, of Montenegro, and of Albania will become terminals for railway lines which, like the Via Egnatia, will penetrate to the heart of the Balkan Peninsula and pass across it. The two shores of the Adriatic will be united by many lines of swift steamers. Ancona, Bari, and Brindisi will increase their intercourse with Spalato, Zara, Antivari, and Vallona. Serbia will seek to supply herself, as far as possible with the industrial products which she lacks and which Italy stands ready to supply to her. Italy, in her turn, will draw on the countries lying across the Adriatic for all those agricultural and mineral products of which she is in need — timber in particular. The Slavic population of these regions will look to Italy for those elements of superior culture which their own national traditions cannot furnish. Both shores of the Adriatic, impoverished and depopulated as they are, will flourish once more from these fresh contacts, these new relations. The cities will grow larger and more beautiful; they will wax prosperous. At Bari Italy will be enabled to found schools and institutions of higher learning whose renown will spread across the whole Adriatic. To Bari, to Rome, and to Naples will flock the young Slavs who before the war went to study at Berlin and Vienna.

III

The new era of the Adriatic will begin when Italy and the Slavs have put themselves in a position to grow great and prosperous by substituting for the Austro-Hungarian policy, which sought to divide them, a policy which will draw them together. But it is essential, in order that these legitimate hopes may be fulfilled, that Italians and Slavs proceed in harmony and find a way to adjust such dissensions as may come up between them in the Adriatic with a spirit of justice and political ability. Such dissensions already exist in germ: they arise from the fact that in many localities along the Adriatic coast the Slavic and Italian elements are mingled. As a rule the Italians are in the majority in the cities, the Slavs in country districts; hence disputes, problems, and struggles arise and grow heated, as to which of the two races is entitled to supremacy in this or that region. In no part of the Adriatic coast has the friction been so intense as in Dalmatia. It is plain that the two races cannot join hands across the Adriatic and set in motion those new reciprocal currents of civilization between East and West, if they do not first settle to each other's satisfaction their respective rights in those regions which, when freed from Hapsburg rule, will be contended for by both countries. Such harmony is not only an essential condition of the renewal of the great days of the Adriatic, of the prosperity of both peoples and the states to which they belong, but is also absolutely indispensable for the future peace of Europe.

If such cordial relations are to be established, how are we to plant the fruitful seed of such great and precious fruit? I can see only one way: the Italians must reduce annexation on the eastern coast to the minimum amount

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required by strategic considerations; the Slavs must give such pledges as will leave no openings for trickery or double-dealing, and respect as far as possible the national rights of those Italians living in parts of the Adriatic coast which are not annexed by Italy. On this mutual agreement depend the interests of both races and the peace of Europe in years to come.

It is, of course, evident that Italy has no advantage to gain from an undue expansion of her territorial holdings on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Here the Italian population lives only on the coast, or near it, and for this reason Italy cannot spread her dominion far into the interior without incurring the risk of coming into serious and severe conflict with the subject Slavic population, or with those Slavic states which will be in a position to intervene in their defense. Italian mastery of the eastern coast would therefore be limited to a thin littoral strip of land; and one need not be a great strategist to understand what a disadvantage it would be for Italy to have to defend a long line of frontier a few dozen kilometres from the coast, behind which would lie a vast hinterland occupied by people seething with discontent at being cut off from the sea. If Italy, then, does not wish to become involved in long and arduous wars for the conquest of this hinterland, her purposes will be best served by reducing to a minimum her territorial annexation on the further shore of the Adriatic.

But on this eastern coast Italy has moral, historic, intellectual, and economic interests which cannot be abandoned. Fiume is an Italian city. If destiny should allot it to another state, we cannot endure, after so long and costly a war, that its Italian citizens should continue to be treated as the Hungarians treated them during the

ten years preceding this present conflict. Zara is an Italian city; and if the Italian element in this or any other Dalmatian settlement is to undergo persecution and annoyance at the hands of the Slavs, armed conflict will become inevitable. A question of sentiment, involving grave political interests as well, is at stake; if the Slavs fail to take account of it, it may complicate the whole Adriatic problem to the point of rendering it insoluble. It is evident that each coast line of the Adriatic must naturally become one with its respective hinterland; this is a fact which the acute political sense of the Italians will, I feel sure, recognize without too much difficulty. Only too obvious are the political, economic, and military disadvantages which would arise from cutting off, on the opposite shore of the Adriatic, a narrow strip of land and isolating it by a political frontier and a chain of custom-houses from that great territory of the interior which is its natural support, especially in these days of a civilization whose railway-systems are its chief vital organ.

Economic, political, and military interests, however, do not count for everything, even in times like ours, against which the charge of materialism has been so often brought — and not without reason. The fact is that on the eastern shore of the Adriatic there is a historical element which — whatever may be the strategic, economic, and political exigencies of the modern world — exists and exerts influence on the ideas and feelings of men, forming an important factor in the problem of the Adriatic. Any one disregarding this in favor of purely strategic, political, and economic considerations, would commit the most serious and dangerous of errors. In one way only can this historic element be recognized and dealt with: those states with language dif-

fering from ours which, after the final reorganization of Europe, find themselves in possession of trans-Adriatic cities or colonies populated by Italians, must scrupulously respect all the national rights of these Italians — their language, schools, customs, traditions, and law. They must completely renounce every form of that compulsory and violent denationalization which was so popular during the thirty years preceeding the European conflagration, and which furnished one of its principal causes.

IV

Even while assenting to this necessity, many people will smile incredulously. They will reply that the spirit of young peoples is all-victorious; that the conflict between languages and nationalities is a sort of natural law, which cannot be evaded; that the stronger race and language has always oppressed, dispossessed, and exterminated the weaker; and that things must ever be thus. These are the arguments with which a whole political party is urging Italy to expand to its utmost limits her programme of future annexation across the Adriatic. The supporters of this party declare that the Italian race and speech will disappear, sooner or later, from those Adriatic countries which she does not now make her own; and, in truth, if one is to forecast the future from the experience of the past ten years, one must conclude that they are in a measure right. In nearly all the countries of Europe there has prevailed a policy of savage persecution of those nationalities which happen to be in the minority. Attempts have been made to denationalize whole peoples by violence.

Are we obliged, however, to conclude that such policies of relentless struggle are a biological necessity, a law

of life? The annals of mankind deny this. Denationalization is a constant and beneficent phenomenon of history. Even those countries which, like France, are most closely knit from a nationalistic point of view, are formed of different races, of populations which originally possessed widely divergent customs, speech, and traditions, and which little by little ended by being fused into one integral nation.

Now there are two kinds of denationalization — voluntary and compulsory. The voluntary method was followed by ancient Rome, who, far from attempting to coerce her subjects into changing their language, customs, and religion, left them complete liberty to be guided by what they considered their own best interests. By this policy, at once flexible and intelligent, Rome latinized in the space of a single century all Southern Europe, the Balkan Peninsula, and Northern Africa.

But there is also the compulsory method of denationalization, which, in great measure, is the invention of the Germanic peoples, forming part of that dominant and militaristic conception of the State which they stand for in the world. In Germany, this procedure was applied to the Danes, the Poles, the Alsatians and Lorrainers; in Austria, to the Italians and Slavs. The Germans also passed it on to the Russians (who in their turn applied it with little discrimination to their own vast empire), and to the Hungarians and Bulgarians, who made use of the greatest severity in dealing with the Roumanians and Serbs.

In spite of the fact that this programme of coercion enjoyed during the last thirty years that particular esteem which, up to August 1, 1914, had been the portion of all things Germanic, it is not unlikely that the policy of ancient Rome may once more come into favor. The European War, that terrible or-

deal of the Old World, is bound to have some good results. Was not this conflict, to a large extent, the direct result of the Germanic policy of compulsory denationalization? Was it not this policy which brought about the internal crisis in Austria and forced her to embark on the fatal venture of a war with Serbia? Was it not this policy which kept open on the flanks of France the wound of Alsace-Lorraine? How could France forget 1870, and the violence she then suffered, while her two former provinces were undergoing torment before her very eyes at the hand of Prussia's bandits? What endless difficulties, too, this policy has created for the Allied Powers which are now at war with the Germanic empires! Because of the bitterness stirred up by Russian action in Finland, Sweden has been a partisan of Germany, and it was feared, for one moment, that she would take up arms on the side of the Teutons. The Poles should have been a mighty bulwark in the struggle against Germanism, for they know Germany to be their true enemy; but Russia as well has applied to Poland the coercive method of denationalization, without achieving any result. The Poles, therefore, maltreated by all the three powers which partitioned their country, have at best shown only a vacillating allegiance.

For all these reasons we must hope that a great change will come over the public spirit of Europe, and that her most powerful and liberal states, shaking themselves free from that fatal obsession of imitating the Germans which has led the world to the verge of ruin, will follow once more the lofty example of Roman policy. They must pledge themselves to observe scrupulously the national rights of such weaker races as may be under their dominion, and to renounce every form of forcible denationalization. The Adriatic will become one of the fields wherein this new

policy, inspired by ancient Rome, will find its happiest and most liberal application. On its shores — if the issue of this war should favor our arms — there will be Slavs under Italian rule and Italians under Slavic domination. Italy is a nation which, in spite of the extensive Germanization she has undergone since 1870, has preserved the liberal and democratic tendencies of her policy. The future Slavic state which will rise from the restored and reunited fragments of Serbia cannot fail to have these liberal tendencies as well. This state, which will have come into being through the efforts of a coalition in which France, England, and Italy have played so vital a part, after a fearful struggle against Germanism and its autocratic, oppressive tendencies, will be drawn irresistibly to liberalism. The essential nature of both states, therefore, will lead them to adopt, in questions of nationality, a policy of freedom, tolerance, and respect for the rights of men.

To these political inclinations will be added the consideration of Italian and Slavic interests. The Adriatic is an Italo-Slavic sea. All its coasts are peopled by Italians and Slavs. The Germans, as well as the Magyars, are intruders on its shores; they forced their way in and took possession by violence, profiting by the weakness and discord of the two peoples who, by every right of race, are the lawful lords of the Adri-

atic. A new epoch in the history of this sea can begin only through an alliance of Slavs and Italians which will exclude the Germans and put an end to the 'longitudinal' policy by means of which they have always tried to draw northward the vital forces of the Balkans and the Eastern countries of the Adriatic.

If such an alliance is to endure, however, it is essential that each of the two nations respect scrupulously the rights of the other, leaving its subjects of different race free to preserve their own nationality or to change it. In this way, a double, spontaneous process of denationalization will be in progress on both shores of the Adriatic during the term of several generations, working out a simplification of the present complex ethnological situation. Slavs will become Italianized and Italians will undergo Slavic influence, spontaneously and without resistance, without revulsions of hatred and bitterness, increasing the harmony and power of the two races whose destiny it is to divide the mastery of the Adriatic. If, on the other hand, these two races should become involved in a policy of forcible denationalization, following the *ignis fatuus* of becoming sole ruler of the Adriatic, this sea would be once more the theatre of fresh conflict between Slavs and Italians, from which profit would accrue to one element alone — the Germanic element.

JUNGLE NIGHT

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

WITHIN gun-reach in front of me trudged my little Akawai Indian hunter. He turned his head suddenly, his ears catching some sound which mine had missed, and I saw that his profile was rather like that of Dante. Instantly the thought spread and the simile deepened. Were we two not all alone? and this unearthly hour and light — Then I chuckled softly, but the silence that the chuckle shattered shrank away and made it a loud, coarse sound, so that I involuntarily drew in my breath. But it was really amusing, the thought of Dante setting out on a hunt for kinkajous and giant armadillos. Jeremiah looked at me wonderingly, and we went on in silence. And for the next mile Dante vanished from my thoughts and I mused upon the sturdy little red man. Jeremiah was his civilized name; he would never tell me his real one. It seemed so unsuited to him that I thought up one still less appropriate and called him Nupee — which is the three-toed sloth; and in his quiet way he saw the humor of it, for a more agile human being never lived.

Nupee's face was unclouded, but his position as hunter to our expedition had brought decisions and responsibilities which he had not known before. The simple life, — the unruffled existence in the little open *benab*, with hammock, cassava field, and an occasional hunt, — this was of the past. A wife had come, slipping quietly into his life, Indian-fashion; and now, before

the baby arrived, decisions had to be made. Nupee longed for some store shoes and a suit of black clothes. He had owned a big *benab* which he himself had built; but a godmother, like the cowbird in a warbler's nest, had gradually but firmly ousted him and had filled it with diseased relatives, so that it was unpleasant to visit. He now, to my knowledge, owned a single shirt and a pair of short trousers.

The shoes were achieved. I detected in him qualities which I knew that I should find in some one, as I do on every expedition, and I made him perform some unnecessary labor and gave him the shoes. But the clothes would cost five dollars, a month's wages, and he had promised to get married — white-fashion — in another month, and that would consume several times five dollars. I did not offer to help him decide. His Akawai marriage ceremony seemed not without honor, and as for its sincerity — I had seen the two together. But my lips were sealed. I could not tell him that a recementing of the ritual of his own tribe did not seem quite the equal of a five-dollar suit of clothes. That was a matter for individual decision.

But to-night I think that we both had put all our worries and sorrows far away, and I memory as well; and I felt sympathy in the quiet, pliant gait which carried him so swiftly over the sandy trail. I knew Nupee now for what he was — the one for whom I am always on the lookout, the exceptional one, the super-servant, worthy of

friendship as an equal. I had seen his uncle and his cousins. They were Indians, nothing more. Nupee had slipped into the place left vacant for a time by Aladdin, and by Satán and Shimosaka, by Drojak and Trujillo — all exceptional, all faithful, all servants first and then friends. I say 'for a time,' for all hoped, and I think still hope with me, that we shall meet and travel and camp together again, whether in the Cinghalese thornbush, or Himalayan dâks, in Dyak canoes or among the camphor groves of Sakarajama.

Nupee and I had not been thrown together closely. This had proved a static expedition, settled in one place, with no dangers to speak of, no real roughing it, and we met only after each hunting trip. But the magic of a full moon had lured me from my laboratory table, and here we were, we two, plodding junglewards, becoming better acquainted in silence than I have often achieved with much talk.

It was nearly midnight. We traversed a broad trail of white sand, between lines of saplings of pale-barked rubber trees, flooded, saturated, with milky-gray light. Not a star appeared in the cloudless sky, which, in contrast to the great silver moon-plaque, was blue-black. These open sandy stretches, so recently etched into what had been primitive jungle, were too glowing with light for most of the nocturnal creatures who, in darkness, flew and ran and hunted about in them. And the lovers of twilight were already come and gone. The stage was vacant save for one actor — the nighthawk of the silvery collar, whose eerie *wheweeo!* or more leisurely and articulate *who-are-you?* was queried from stump and log. There was in it the same liquid tang, the virile ringing of skates on ice, which enriches the cry of the whip-poor-will in our country lanes.

Where the open trail skirted a hill-

side we came suddenly upon a great gathering of these goatsuckers, engaged in some strange midnight revel. Usually they roost and hunt and call in solitude, but here at least forty were collected on the white sand within an area of a few yards. We stopped and watched. They were dancing — or, rather, popping, as corn pops in a hopper. One after another, or a half dozen at a time, they bounced up a foot or two from the ground and flopped back, at the instant of leaving and returning uttering a sudden, explosive *wop!* This they kept up unceasingly for the five minutes we gave to them, and our passage interrupted them for only a moment. Later we passed single birds which popped and wopped in solitary state; whether practicing, or snobbishly refusing to perform in public, only they could tell. It was a scene not soon forgotten.

Suddenly before us rose the jungle, raw-edged, with border zone of bleached, ashamed trunks and lofty branches white as chalk, of dead and dying trees. For no jungle tree, however hardy, can withstand the blasting of violent sun after the veiling of emerald foliage is torn away. As the diver plunges beneath the waves, so, after one glance backward over the silvered landscape, I passed at a single stride into what seemed by contrast inky blackness, relieved by the trail ahead, which showed as does a ray of light through closed eyelids. As the chirruping rails climbed among the roots of the tall cat-tails out yonder, so we now crept far beneath the level of the moonlit foliage. The silvery landscape had been shifted one hundred, two hundred feet above the earth. We had become lords of creation in name alone, threading our way humbly among the fungi and toad-stools, able only to look aloft and wonder what it was like. And for a long time no voice answered to tell us

whether any creature lived and moved in the tree-tops.

The tropical jungle by day is the most wonderful place in the world. At night I am sure it is the most weirdly beautiful of all places outside the world. For it is primarily unearthly, unreal; and at last I came to know why. In the light of the full moon it was rejuvenated. The simile of theatrical scenery was always present to the mind, the illusion lying especially in the completeness of transformation from the jungle by daylight. The theatrical effect was heightened by the sense of being in some vast building. This was because of the complete absence of any breath of air. Not a leaf moved; even the pendulous air-roots reaching down their seventy-foot plummets for the touch of soil did not sway a hair's breadth. The throb of the pulse set the rhythm for one's steps. The silence, for a time, was as perfect as the breathlessness. It was a wonderfully ventilated amphitheatre; the air was as free from any feeling of tropical heat, as it lacked all crispness of the north. It was exactly the temperature of one's skin. Heat and cold were for the moment as unthinkable as wind.

One's body seemed wholly negligible. In soft padding moccasins and easy swinging gait close behind my Indian hunter, and in such khaki browns that my body was almost invisible to my own downward glance, I was conscious only of the play of my senses — of two at first, sight and smell; later, of hearing. The others did not exist. We two were unattached, impersonal, moving without effort or exertion. It was magic, and I was glad that I had only my Akawai for companion, for it was magic that a word would have shattered. Yet there was this wonderfully satisfying thing about it, that most magic lacks: it exists at present, to-day, perhaps, at least once a month, and I

know that I shall experience it again. When I go to the window and look out upon the city night, I find all extraneous light emaciated and shattered by the blare of gas and electricity, but from one upreaching tower I can see reflected a sheen which is not generated in any power-house of earth. Then I know that within the twenty-four hours the *terai* jungles of Garhwal, the tree-ferns of Pahang, and the mighty *moras* which now surround us, were standing in silvery silence and in the peace which only the wilderness knows.

I soon took the lead and slackened the pace to a slow walk. Every few minutes we stood motionless, listening with mouth as well as ears. For no one who has not listened in such silence can realize how important the mouth is. Like the gill of old which gave it origin, our ear has still an entrance inward as well as outward, and the sweep of breath and throb of the blood are louder than we ever suspect. When at an opera or concert I see some one sitting rapt, listening with open mouth, I do not think of it as ill-bred. I know it for unconscious and sincere absorption based on an excellent physical reason.

It was early spring in the tropics; insect life was still in the gourmand stage, or that of pupal sleep. The final period of pipe and fiddle had not yet arrived, so that there was no hum from the underworld. The flow of sap and the spread of petals were no less silent than the myriad creatures which, I knew, slumbered or hunted on every side. It was as if I had slipped back one dimension in space and walked in a shadow world. But these shadows were not all colorless. Although the light was strained almost barren by the moon mountains, yet the glow from the distant lava and craters still kept something of color, and the green of the leaves, great and small, showed as a rich dark olive. The afternoon's rain

had left each one filmed with clear water, and this struck back the light as polished silver. There was no tempered illumination. The trail ahead was either black, or a solid sheet of light. Here and there in the jungle on each side, where a tree had fallen, or a flue of clear space led moonwards, the effect was of cold electric light seen through trees in city parks. When such a shaft struck down upon us, it surpassed simile. I have seen old paintings in Belgian cathedrals of celestial light which now seems less imaginary.

At last the silence was broken, and like the first breath of the trade-wind which clouds the Mazaruni surface, the mirror of silence was never quite clear again — or so it seemed. My northern mind, stored with sounds of memory, never instinctively accepted a new voice of the jungle for what it was. Each had to go through a reference clearing-house of sorts. It was like the psychological reaction to words or phrases. Any strange wail or scream striking suddenly upon my ear instantly crystallized some vision of the past — some circumstance or adventure fraught with similar sound. Then, appreciably as a second thought, came the keen concentration of every sense to identify this new sound, to hear it again, to fix it in mind with its character and its meaning. Perhaps at some distant place and time, in utterly incongruous surroundings, it may in turn flash into consciousness — a memory-simile stimulated by some sound of the future.

II

I stood in a patch of moonlight listening to the baying of a hound, or so I thought: that musical ululation which links man's companion wolfwards. Then I thought of the packs of wild hunting dogs, the dreaded 'warracabra tigers,' and I turned to the Indian

at my elbow, full of hopeful expectation. With his quiet smile he whispered, 'Kunama,' and I knew I had heard the giant tree-frog of Guiana — a frog of size and voice well in keeping with these mighty jungles. I knew these were powerful *beenas* with the Indians, tokens of good hunting, and every fortunate *benab* would have its dried mummy frog hung up with the tail of the giant armadillo and other charms. Well might these batrachians arouse profound emotions among the Indians, familiar as they are with the strange beings of the forest. I could imagine the great goggle-eyed fellow sprawled high near the roof of the jungle, clutching the leaves with his vacuum-cupped toes. The moonlight would make him ghostly — a pastel frog; but in the day he flaunted splashes of azure and green on his scarlet body.

At a turn in the trail we squatted and waited for what the jungle might send of sight or sound. And in whispers Nuppee told me of the big frog *kunama*, and its ways. It never came to the ground, or even descended part way down the trees; and by some unknown method of distillation it made little pools of its own in deep hollows and there lived. And this water was thick like honey and white like milk, and when stirred became reddish. Besides which, it was very bitter. If a man drank of it, forever after he hopped each night and clasped all the trees which he encountered, endlessly endeavoring to ascend them and always failing. And yet, if he could once manage to reach a pool of *kunama* water in an uncut tree and drink, his manhood would return and his mind be healed.

When the Indians desired this *beena*, they marked a tree whence a frog called at night, and in the daytime cut it down. Forming a big circle, they searched and found the frog, and forthwith smoked it and rubbed it on arrows

and bow before they went out. I listened gravely and found that it all fitted in with the magic of the night. If an Indian had appeared down the trail, hopping endlessly and gripping the trunks, gazing upward with staring eyes, I should not have thought it more strange than the next thing that really happened.

We had settled on our toes in another squatting-place — a dark aisle with only scattered flecks of light. The silence and breathlessness of the moon-craters could have been no more complete than that which enveloped us. My eye wandered from spot to spot, when suddenly I began to think of that great owl-like goatsucker, the 'poor-me-one.' We had shot one at Kalacoon a month before and no others had called since, and I had not thought of the species again. Quite without reason I began to think of the bird, of its wonderful markings, of the eyes which years ago in Trinidad I had made to glow like iridescent globes in the light of a flash — and then a poor-me-one called behind us, not fifty feet away. Even this did not seem strange among these surroundings. It was an interesting happening, one which I have experienced many times in my life. It may have been just another coincidence. I am quite certain it was not. In any event it was a Dantesque touch, emphasized by the character of the call — the wail of a lost soul being as good a simile as any other. It started as a high, trembling wail, the final cry being lost in the depths of whispered woe: —

Oo—————ooh!

oh!

oh!

oh!

oh!

oh!

Nupée never moved; only his lips formed the name by which he knew it — *halawoe*. Whatever else characterized

the sounds of the jungle at night, none became monotonous or common. Five minutes later the great bird called to us from far, far away, as if from another round of purgatory — an eerie lure to enter still deeper into the jungle depths. We never heard it again.

Nature seems to have apportioned the voices of many of her creatures with sensitive regard for their environment. Sombre voices seem fittingly to be associated with subdued light, and joyous notes with the blaze of sunlit twigs and open meadows. A bobolink's bubbling carol is unthinkable in a jungle, and the strain of a wood pewee on a sunny hillside would be like an organ playing dance-music. This is even more pronounced in the tropics, where, quite aside from any mental association on my part, the voices and calls of the jungle reflect the qualities of that twilight world. The poor-me-one proves too much. He is the very essence of night, his wings edged with velvet silence, his plumage the mingled concentration of moss and lichens and dead wood.

I was about to rise and lead Nupée farther into the gloom when the jungle showed another mood — a silent whimsy, the humor of which I could not share with the little red man. Close to my face, so near that it startled me for a moment, over the curved length of a long, narrow caladium leaf, there came suddenly two brilliant lights. Steadily they moved onward, coming up into view for all the world like two tiny headlights of a motor-car. They passed, and the broadside view of this great elater was still absurdly like the profile of a miniature tonneau with the top down. I laughingly thought to myself how perfect the illusion would be if a red tail-light should be shown, when to my amazement a rosy red light flashed out behind, and my bewildered eyes all but distin-

guished a number! Naught but a tropical forest could present such contrasts in such rapid succession as the poor-me-one and this parody of man's invention.

I captured the big beetle and slid him into a vial, where in his disgust he clicked sharply against the glass. The vial went into my pocket and we picked up our guns and crept on. As we traversed a dark patch, dull gleams like heat lightning flashed over the leaves, and, looking down, I saw that my khaki was aglow from the illuminated insect within. This betrayed every motion, so I wrapped the vial in several sheets of paper and rolled it up in my handkerchief. The glow was duller but almost as penetrating. At one time or another I have had to make use of all my garments, from top-pee to moccasins, in order to confine captives armed with stings, beaks, teeth, or fangs, but now I was at a complete loss. I tried a gun-barrel with a handkerchief stopper, and found I now carried an excellent, long-handled flashlight. Besides, I might have sudden use for the normal function of the gun. I had nothing sufficiently opaque to quench those flaring headlights, and I had to own myself beaten and release him. He spread his wings and flew swiftly away, his red light glowing derisively; and even in the flood of pure moonlight he moved within an aura which carried far through the jungle. I knew that killing him was of no use, for a week after death from chloroform I have seen the entire interior of a large insect box brilliantly lighted by the glow of these wonderful candles, still burning on the dead shoulders of the same kind of insect.

Twice, deeper in the jungle, we squatted and listened, and twice the silence remained unbroken and the air unmoved. Happening to look up through a lofty, narrow canyon of dark

foliage, I was startled as by some sudden sound by seeing a pure white cloud, moon-lit, low down, pass rapidly across. It was first astounding, then unreal: a bit of exceedingly poor work on the part of the property man, who had mixed the hurricane scenery with that of the dog-days. Even the elements seemed to have been laved with magic. The zone of high wind with its swift flying clouds must have been flowing like a river just above the motionless foliage of the tree-tops.

This piece of ultra-unnaturalism seemed to break part of the spell and the magic silence was lifted. Two frogs boomed again, close at hand, and now all the hound similitude was gone, and in its place another, still more strange, when we think of the goggle-eyed author far up in the trees. The sound now was identical with the short cough or growl of a hungry lion, and though I have heard the frogs many times since that night, this resemblance never changed or weakened. It seemed as if the volume, the roaring outburst, could come only from the throat of some large, full-lunged mammal.

A sudden tearing rush from the trail-side, and ripping of vines and shrubs, was mingled with deep, hoarse snorts, and we knew that we had disturbed one of the big red deer — big only in comparison with the common tiny brown brockets. A few yards farther the leaves rustled high overhead, although no breath of wind had as yet touched the jungle. I began a slow, careful search with my flashlight, and, mingled with the splotches and specks of moonlight high overhead, I seemed to see scores of little eyes peering down. But at last my faint electric beam found its mark and evolved the first bit of real color which the jungle had shown — always excepting the ruby tail-light. Two tiny red globes gleamed down at us, and as they gleamed,

moved without a sound, apparently unattached, slowly through the foliage. Then came a voice, as wandering, as impersonal as the eyes — a sharp, incisive *wheweeeat!* with a cat-like timbre; and from the eyes and voice I reconstructed a night monkey — a kinkajou.

Then another notch was slipped and the jungle for a time showed something of the exuberance of its life. A paca leaped from its meal of nuts and bounced away with quick, repeated pats; a beetle with wings tuned to the bass clef droned by; some giant tree-cricket tore the remaining intervals of silence to shreds with unmuted wing-fiddles, *cricks* so shrill and high that they well-nigh passed beyond the upper register of my ear out into silence again. The roar of another frog was comforting to my ear-drum.

Then silence descended again, and hours passed in our search for sound or smell of the animal we wished chiefest to find — the giant armadillo. These rare beings have a distinct odor. Months of work in the open had sharpened my nostrils so that on such a tramp as this they were not much inferior to those of Nupee. This sense gave me as keen pleasure as eye or ear, and furnished quite as much information. The odors of city and civilization seemed very far away: gasolene, paint, smoke, perfumery, leather — all these could hardly be recalled. And how absurd seemed society's unwritten taboo on discussion of this admirable, but pitifully degenerate sense! Why may you look at your friend's books, touch his collection of *netsukés*, listen to his music, yet dare sniff at naught but his blossoms!

In the open spaces of the earth, and more than anywhere in this conservatory of unblown odors, we come more and more to appreciate and to envy a dog's sensitive muzzle. Here we sniff-

ed as naturally as we turned ear, and were able to recognize many of our nasal impressions, and even to follow a particularly strong scent to its source. Few yards of trail but had their distinguishable scent, whether violent, acrid smell or delectable fragrance. Long after a crab-jackal had passed, we noted the stinging, bitter taint in the air, and now and then the pungent wake of some big jungle-bug struck us like a tangible barrier.

The most tantalizing odors were the wonderfully delicate and penetrating ones from some great burst of blossoms, odors heavy with sweetness, which seeped down from vine or tree high overhead, wholly invisible from below even in broad daylight. These odors remained longest in memory, perhaps because they were so completely the product of a single sense. There were others too, which were unforgettable, because, like the voice of the frog, they stirred the memory a fraction before they excited curiosity. Such I found the powerful musk from the bed of leaves which a fawn had just left. For some reason this brought vividly to mind the fearful compound of smells arising from the decks of Chinese junks.

III

Along the moonlit trail there came wavering whiffs of orchids, ranging from attar of roses and carnations to the pungence of carrion, the latter doubtless distilled from as delicate and as beautiful blossoms as the former. There were, besides, the myriad and bewildering smells of sap, crushed leaves, and decaying wood; acrid, sweet, spicy and suffocating, some like musty books, others recalling the paint on the Noah's Ark of one's nursery.

But the scent of the giant armadillo eluded us. When we waded through some new, strange odor I looked back

at Nupee, hoping for some sign that it was the one we sought. But that night the great armored creatures went their way and we ours, and the two did not cross. Nupee showed me a track at the trail-side made long ago, as wide and deep as the spoor of a dinosaur, and I fingered it reverently as I would have touched the imprint of a recently alighted pterodactyl, taking care not to spoil the outlines of the huge claw-marks. All my search for him had been in vain thus far, though I had been so close upon his trail as to have seen fresh blood. I had made up my mind not to give up, but it seemed as if success must wait for another year.

We watched and called the ghostly kinkajous and held them fascinated with our stream of light; we roused unnamable creatures which squawked companionably at us and rustled the tree-top leaves; we listened to the whispered rush of passing vampires skimming our faces and were soothed by the hypnotic droning hum which beetles left in their swift wake. Finally we turned and circled through side trails so narrow and so dark that we walked with outstretched arms, feeling for the trunks and lianas, choosing a sloth's gait and the hope of new adventures rather than the glare of my flash on our path.

When we entered Kalacoon trail, we headed toward home. Within sight of the first turn a great black limb of a tree had recently fallen across the trail in a patch of moonlight. Before we reached it, the branch had done something it should not have done — it had straightened slightly. We strained our eyes to the utmost but could not, in this eerie light, tell head from tail end of this great serpent. It moved very slowly, and with a motion which perfectly confounded our perception. Its progress seemed no faster than the hour hand of a watch, but we

knew that it moved, yet so close to the white sand that the whole trail seemed to move with it. The eye refused to admit any motion except in sudden shifts, like widely separated films of a motion-picture. For minute after minute it seemed quiescent; then we would blink and realize that it was two feet higher up the bank. One thing we could see — a great thickening near the centre of the snake: it had fed recently and to repletion, and slowly it was making its way to some hidden lair, perhaps to lie motionless until another moon should silver the jungle. Was there any stranger life in the world?

Whether it was a giant bushmaster or a constrictor, we could not tell in the diffused light. I allowed it to go unharmed, for the spell of silence and the jungle night was too strongly woven to be shattered again by the crash of gun or rifle. Nupee had been quite willing to remain behind, and now, as so often with my savage friends, he looked at me wonderingly. He did not understand and I could not explain. We were at one in the enjoyment of direct phenomena; we could have passed months of intimate companionship in the wilds as I had done with his predecessors; but at the touch of abstract things, of letting a deadly creature live for any reason except for lack of a gun — then they looked at me always with that puzzled look, that straining to grasp the something which they knew must be there. And at once always followed instant acceptance, unquestioning, without protest. The transition was smooth, direct, complete: the sahib had had opportunity to shoot; he had not done so; what did the sahib wish to do now — to squat longer or to go on?

We waited for many minutes at the edge of a small glade, and the event which seemed most significant to me was in actual spectacle one of the last of the night's happenings. I sat with

chin on knees, coolie-fashion — a position which, when once mastered, and with muscles trained to withstand the unusual flexion for hour after hour, is one of the most valuable assets of the wilderness lover and the watcher of wild things. It enables one to spend long periods of time in the lowest of umbrella tents, or to rest on wet ground or sharp stones where actual sitting down would be impossible. Thus is one insulated from *bêtes rouges* and enthusiastic ants whose sole motto is eternal preparedness. Thus too one slips as it were, under the visual guard of human-shy creatures, whose eyes are on the lookout for their enemy at human height. From such a position, a single upward leap prepares one instantly for advance or retreat, either of which manœuvres is well within instant necessity at times. Then there were always the two positions to which one could change if occasion required — flat-footed, with arm-pits on knees, or on the balls of the feet with elbows on knees. Thus is every muscle shifted and relaxed.

Squatting is one of the many things which a white man may learn from watching his *shikarees* and guides, and which, in the wilderness, he may adopt without losing caste. We are a chair-ridden people, and dare hardly even cross our knees in public. Yet how many of us enjoy sitting Buddha-fashion, or as near to it as we can attain, when the ban of society is lifted! A chairless people, however, does not necessarily mean a more simple, primitive type. The Japanese method of sitting is infinitely more difficult and complex than ours. The characters of our weak-thighed, neolithic forbears are as yet too pronounced in our own bodies for us to keep an upright position for long. Witness the admirable admittance of this anthropological fact by the architects of our subway cars, who know

that only a tithe of their patrons will be fortunate enough to find room on the cane-barked seats which have come to take the place of the stumps and fallen logs of a hundred thousand years ago. So they have thoughtfully strung the upper reaches of the cars with imitation branches and swaying lianas, to which the last-comers cling jealously, and swing with more or less of the grace of their distant forbears. Their fur, to be sure, is rubbed thinner; nuts and fruits have given place to newspapers and novels, and the roar and odors are not those of the wind among the leaves and blossoms. But the simile is amusing enough to end abruptly, and permit individual imagination to complete it.

When I see an overtired waiter or clerk swaying from foot to foot like a rocking elephant, I sometimes place the blame further back than immediate impatience for the striking of the closing hour. It were more true to blame the gentlemen whose habits were formed before caste, whose activities preceded speech.

We may be certain that chairs will never go out of fashion. We are at the end of bodily evolution in that direction. But to see a white-draped, lanky Hindu, or a red-cloaked lama of the hills, quietly fold up, no matter where he may be, is to witness the perfection of chairless rest. One can read or write or doze comfortably, swaying slightly with a bird's unconscious balance, or, as in my case at present, wholly disarm suspicion on the part of the wild creatures by sinking from the height of a man to that of a jungle deer. And still I had lost nothing of the insulation which my moccasins provided from all the inconveniences of the forest floor. Looking at Nupee after this rush of chaotic thoughts which came between jungle happenings, I chuckled as I hugged my knees, for I knew

that Nupee had noticed and silently considered my little accomplishment, and that he approved, and I knew that I had acquired merit in his sight. Thus may we revel in the approval of our super-servants, but they must never know it.

From this eulogy of squatting, my mind returned to the white light of the glade. I watched the motionless leaves about me, many of them drooping and rich maroon by daylight, for they were just unbudded. Reaching far into the dark mystery of the upper jungle stretched the air-roots, held so straight by gravity, so unheeding of the whirling of the planet through space. Only one mighty liana — a monkey-ladder — had revolted against this dominance of the earth's pull and writhed and looped upon itself in fantastic whorls, while along its length rippled ever the undulations which mark this uneasy growth, this crystallized Saint Vitus plant.

A momentary shiver of leaves drew our eyes to the left, and we began to destroy the optical images evolved by the moon-shadows and to seek for the small reality which we knew lived and breathed somewhere on that branch. Then a sharp crack like a rifle lost whatever it was to us forever, and we half leaped to our feet as something swept downward through the air and crashed length after length among the plants and fallen logs. The branches overhead rocked to and fro, and for many minutes, like the aftermath of a volcanic eruption, came a shower, first of twigs and swirling leaves, then of finer particles, and lastly of motes which gleamed like silver dust as they sifted down to the trail. When the air cleared I saw that the monkey-ladder had vanished and I knew that its yards upon yards of length lay coiled and crushed among the ferns and sprouting palms of the jungle floor. It seemed

most fitting that the vegetable kingdom, whose silence and majesty gave to the jungle night its magic qualities, should have contributed this memorable climax.

Long before the first Spaniard sailed up the neighboring river, the monkey ladder had thrown its spirals aloft, and through all the centuries, all the years, it had seen no change wrought beneath it. The animal trail was trod now and then by Indian hunters, and lately we had passed several times. The sound of our guns was less than the crashing fall of an occasional forest tree. Now, with not a leaf moved by the air, with only the two of us squatting in the moonlight for audience, the last cell had given way. The sap could no longer fight the decay which had entered its heart; and at the appointed moment, the moment set by the culmination of a greater nexus of forces than our human mind could ever hope to grasp, the last fibre parted and the massive growth fell.

In the last few minutes, as it hung suspended, gracefully spiraled in the moonlight it had seemed as perfect as the new-sprouted *moras* at my feet. As I slowly walked out of the jungle I saw in this the explanation of the simile of artificial scenery, of all the strange magic which had come to me as I entered. The alchemy of moonlight turned all the jungle to perfect growth, growth at rest. In the silvery light was no trace of gnawing worm, of ravaging ant, or corroding fungus. The jungle was rejuvenated and made a place more wonderful than any fairyland of which I have read or which I have conceived. The jungle by day, as I have said — that, too, is wonderful. We may have two friends, quite unlike in character, whom we love each for his own personality, and yet it would be a hideous, an unthinkable thing to see one transformed into the other.

So, with the mist settling down and tarnishing the great plaque of silver, I left the jungle, glad that I could be far away before the first hint of dawn came to mar the magic. Thus in memory I can keep the dawn away until I return.

And sometime in the future, when the lure of the full moon comes, and I

answer, I shall be certain of finding the same silence, the same wonderful light, and the waiting trees and the magic. But Nupee may not be there. He will perhaps have slipped into memory, with Drojak and Aladdin. And if I find no one as silently friendly as Nupee, I shall have to watch alone through my jungle night.

SHALL THE BREWING OF GRAIN BE PROHIBITED?

BY EUGENE DAVENPORT

SHALL the Federal government now prevent the use of grains in the manufacture of spirituous liquors?

This question is fairly before the country, and two classes of people are actively interested: first, those who would seize upon present conditions as favorable for the advancement of prohibition; second, those who, independently of moral considerations, think of such a measure as a war necessity for conserving the food-supply under circumstances which have produced a shortage and which are none too favorable for increased production. It is wholly from the point of view of the latter that the present article has been prepared.

Because figures are such treacherous factors in all discussion, and because statements so conflicting have been published, it may be well to remark in advance that all estimates of the grain-supply are based upon the latest reports of the International Agricultural Society of Rome, the highest existing authority on world-production. As the yields given are for cleaned wheat or

for flour in terms of wheat, they are five to ten per cent lower for that particular grain than are other figures frequently published.

The figures giving the amount of grain consumed in the manufacture of liquors are taken from an unsigned article on 'Agriculture and the Liquor Industry' appearing in the *Year Book* of the United States Brewers' Association for 1914. Inasmuch as the purpose of the article in question was to show how important to farmers is this form of consumption, the figures may be assumed to be authentic, while the source of information cannot be questioned. It is but fair to say, however, that the article deals with the year 1913, when the production of fermented liquors amounted to 65,250,000 barrels, since which time it has declined to something less than 60,000,000 for each of the last two years. The writer knows of no sources of information that are safer or fairer for all the interests concerned than these two standard publications.

The world's wheat-supply outside

the territory controlled by the Central Powers, which no longer report crop yields, is, by any method of calculation, entirely unsatisfactory, although the exact condition of affairs is extremely difficult to set forth in figures. The year 1915 produced bumper grain crops all over the world. Measured against that year, the wheat crop of last season is some 400,000,000 bushels short, and an actual shortage exists in every country in the world. The falling off of production in Argentina from 172,000,000 bushels to 77,000,000 fully accounts for the embargo which that country has placed on the export of the great bread grain. Canada's wheat crop of last season, as measured against the year before, shows a falling off of nearly one half, and the wheat crop of the United States drops from over 1,000,000,000 bushels to only a little over 600,000,000.

This bad showing is largely the result of comparing extremes, for while the yield of 1915 was decidedly high, that of last year was abnormally low. When last season's crop is compared with the average for the five years before the war, it is found to be fully 200,000,000 bushels short — an illustration of the fact that variations as high as twenty-five per cent may be due to season alone. In France, however, the yield dropped off over twenty-nine per cent for the high year 1915, and over thirty-two per cent for last year.

These declines may well cause alarm, for they cannot easily be recovered in countries engaged actively in war, with a large proportion of the population withdrawn from industry, especially where the usual supply of fertilizers is unobtainable, either because of lack of transportation or because of shortage in materials. The world's wheat-supply, therefore, must be written down as permanently unsatisfactory

during and for a considerable period after the war, except as America may be able notably to increase her production. However, that such increase is extremely doubtful is evident when we remember that Canada, with a population not greater than that of our largest state, has sent nearly 400,000 soldiers across the water, and that the supply of farm-hands in the States was estimated as being 2,000,000 below the normal even before the outbreak of the war.

Over ninety per cent of all the corn of the world is produced in the United States. The normal yield is about 2,750,000,000 bushels; and although last season's crop was something like 200,000,000 bushels short, the shortage was greatly eased off by the exceptional crop of the year before, but not sufficiently to prevent eighty-cent corn early in the season. Beside amounts such as these for the two great cereals, the yield of all other grain crops is insignificant and for the present purpose may be neglected, it being sufficient to point out that the total grain crop of the world, not including oats or rice, is about 8,000,000,000 bushels, of which nearly one half is produced in the United States; and if Canada be included, a full half of the grain of the world is grown in America.

How much, now, of our grain crop is consumed in the manufacture of liquors, and therefore wasted from the standpoint of food, either for man or beast, except for the slight amount of stock-food produced as a by-product of brewing?

The *Year Book* cited gives the consumption in the form of dollars, based upon the average farm-values as determined by the United States Department of Agriculture. Computing backward from these prices for the period in question, the consumption in bushels is as follows: —

	FERMENTED	DISTILLED	TOTAL
Barley	96,803,882	6,057,646	102,861,528
Corn	22,655,260	22,087,756	44,743,016
Rye		7,262,580	7,262,580
Wheat	1,046,557	2,837	1,049,394

Here are nearly 156,000,000 bushels of grain removed from the food-supply. Prodigious as these figures are, and while they cover fifty-eight per cent of all the barley raised in the United States and over seventeen per cent of all the rye produced, they account for less than two per cent of the corn crop and only one eighth of one per cent of the wheat. Does the use of this amount of grain for brewing, therefore, mean a consumption sufficiently serious to attract attention from an economic point of view?

Measured against the tremendous total of the grain crops of the United States, this amount seems insignificant. But in cases of this kind it is not totals but margins that must be considered. In the budget of a big business, for example, any single item seems negligible when compared with the total; but that total is made up of many items, most of which are fixed charges against the business, leaving but little free money for open use. Just so with food-products. The millions of mouths that must be fed and the millions more that are coming on constitute a fixed charge against our food-supply that will leave at any one time only a small free margin that may be devoted to other purposes with any degree of safety. Let us, therefore, consider that margin.

Mr. Lubin, the American representative in the International Institute of Agriculture already mentioned, estimates that the world is short about 130,000,000 bushels of grain, again exclusive of the supply of the Central Powers. Now it is this small shortage

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that raises the price and makes all the trouble, for it is this that constitutes the difference between abundance and scarcity, between comfort and distress, between safety and danger. This margin, therefore, needs attention.

We of the United States have the acres, but it is doubtful if we have the labor, to overcome this shortage and at the same time to provide the excess necessary to meet the toll of the submarines, remembering that when one of our projected 3000-ton ships loaded with grain goes down, it takes with it 100,000 bushels. There would seem to be a better way out of the difficulty.

Reference to the table will show that this world-shortage of 120,000,000 bushels of grain is more than covered by the amounts consumed in the manufacture of liquors in the United States alone. Does not this afford the most ready means of recovering that shortage with both speed and certainty? Is it wise, is it statesmanlike, to continue to consume grain in this way, in the face of a real shortage of food, when even slight margins may constitute all the difference between success and failure in the great struggle that is upon us? The war will turn, not upon the fact that some 39,000,000 men are under arms, but upon some slight advantage that one side may gain over the other; and no advantage is more important than a safe margin of food.

Another reference to the table will serve to show that it is the fermented rather than the distilled liquors that call for the greatest consumption of grain in the liquor business. That is to say, about 120,000,000 bushels — or approximately the world-shortage — are used for fermented liquors, against some 35,000,000 bushels, practically none of which is wheat, used for distillation.

Distilled liquors are needed in the industries, and corn is their cheapest

source. Under the pinch of necessity this need could be supplied by potatoes, but their use would involve new distilleries in new locations, besides raising ugly problems of transportation. Corn is the cheapest of all sources of alcohol so long as corn-lands can meet the demand. When they can no longer do it, we can turn to potatoes. Till then, or till some new emergency arises, the use of grain for distilled liquors probably need not be disturbed, although regulations governing consumption might easily become necessary.

But it is a different matter when we consider fermented liquors. Here are 120,000,000 bushels of grain, partly wheat, all destroyed so far as food-values go, except for minor by-products for the feed lot. This is approximately the amount of the world's shortage, and in that sense it is large and exceedingly significant.

To transport the grain now used for fermented liquor in the United States alone would require the entire fleet of a thousand wooden ships such as are now contemplated for the war-trade. This 120,000,000 bushels of grain is the equivalent of over half the wheat crop of France or of Canada, and it is twice that of England. It represents the entire grain food of over 15,000,000 people, and that is no negligible amount. It represents in the form of meat no less than 750,000,000 pounds, or the carcasses of more than a million of the heaviest beeves. With people starving abroad, with large sections of Europe desolate, and with food-riots beginning in this country as a result of high prices, there can be but one answer to the question whether this wastage shall continue.

There is an incidental phase of the same question. One of our greatest needs, present and prospective, is labor — men to work the land; men to fill the

ranks of the non-productive armies; men to equip the manufacturing industries; men to extend and operate the railroads suddenly called upon to carry unaccustomed burdens; men to keep the mines running as they never ran before; men to do all the thousand and one necessary things involved in war — the successful prosecution of hostilities, the preservation of society while war endures, and the mighty labor of restoration afterward.

Now it so happens that the same number of the *Brewers' Year Book* contains an article on 'The Economic Importance of the Liquor Business,' in which it is shown that this business affords direct employment to some 500,000 men, and indirectly to as many more. To quote the final sentence, 'Thus we may reckon on a total of considerably over a million who are dependent for wages upon the manufacture and sale of liquor. If their dependents are considered, a grand total of about four million persons is involved.'

Here it is frankly stated, as an economic asset, that practically one person out of every twenty-five in the United States is devoted to the liquor business and dependent upon it for support. Can we afford at any time, much less now, so heavy a draft from an unproductive industry, particularly one that subsists by the destruction of necessary food?

Here again the count is chiefly against the fermented liquors, which consume the bulk, not only of the grain, but also of the labor involved both in manufacture and in trade. Clearly it is the fermented liquor that economic necessity will first attack.

A principal point made in the article first cited from the *Brewers' Year Book* is that the liquor business consumes grain equal in value to the total crops grown in the states of Maine, Con-

necticut, Delaware, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico, and Wyoming combined. Rhode Island might have been added, still leaving a balance of some seven or eight millions of dollars to be accounted for. Under present conditions this is surely no sustaining argument. Here is the entire crop output of eight states, great and little, consumed in ways other than for food. More than four fifths of this consumption serves no useful purpose in the arts or sciences, and at the best caters to an appetite that takes bread from children and support from wives and mothers by the thousands.

Wholly aside from all considerations of morals, the weakening effect of liquor upon thousands of its users, or the economic wreckage resulting from its use, the fact is that there is a world-shortage in grain approximately equal to the amount used for brewing. If possible, this shortage must be made good at once as a matter of safety, either by increased production or by the saving of waste. Whether we can do this by production is uncertain. The control of submarines is problematical. The one ready and certain means of practical restoration is the prohibiting of the use of grain for purposes not contributing to the food-supply or necessary in the industries. No other course is wise. To follow any other is to gamble with one of the few margins of safety, and it is an old adage that he who gambles with Death loses.

The United States can undertake no

more statesmanlike policy at this time than deliberately to set about the task of accumulating 1,000,000,000 bushels of grain reserve against a possible succession of bad seasons. In this connection it must be remembered that the harvests of the year before last were exceptional in all the countries of the earth; had it been otherwise, the world would be hungry now, as all western Europe is coming to be. And if, in the providence of God or the shortage of labor, we should have two lean years in succession, we all, even in America, may come very near the hunger point, near enough to lead to dangerous riots on the part of those who first feel the pinch — riots of a kind that have destroyed more governments than one. Let us, therefore, with the least possible delay, convert a shortage into a surplus, and until this is done, let all forms of grain wastage be stopped as soon and as completely as possible.

Vegetables and fruits are perishable, and difficult and costly of transportation. Meats are expensive at best. It is the grains that are cheap, that keep indefinitely, and that are easily transported by land or sea. Under the conditions that now confront the United States, the grain-foods have a peculiar value; they may even turn the tide of war. Their use for fermented liquors is the one great waste that can be prevented without the disturbance of any essential public interest. Not to prevent it is to pursue a course little short of criminal negligence.

IN A CLOVER FIELD

BY AMORY HARE

SCENT of the hillside clover-field
Bestrewn with daisies tossing in the breeze,
Where rosy tops, articulate with bees,
Lift their warm brows to meet the silken yield

Of butterflies, like primroses aflight
In some far land where flowers have earned frail wings, —
Why do you scatter dreams of wondrous things,
And care not where their beauty may alight?

'Mid all the little voices of the ground
I stood, a moment since, in mute content,
Till, woven in the clover's wandering scent,
A thread of wraith-like loneliness I found.

It was as though the youth of many lives,
Long finished, pressed me close and trembled near,
Claiming a sign that some one held it dear
In that bright realm where memory survives.

Scent of the clover's sun-fermented wine,
What is this wistful thing which you possess,
This passing sense of loss, this tenderness?
Is it *your* youth, or June's? Or is it mine?

MARKED 'SHOP'

BY WILLIAM A. STARRETT

I

'It was my fault, and it was n't; it was his fault, and it was n't; it was the fault of the big contractin' company, and it was n't. Everybody's fault, nobody's fault. That's the way things go nowadays. And through it all the workin' men see kind o' blindly that somehow the big fellows is to blame and yet you can't put it on 'em, 'cause they slam it right back on us poor devils that does the dirty work, and, what with their "fellow-servants" acts and their "contributory-negligence" acts, and all the damned tangle o' laws that was ever got up to befuddle a workin' man, the very men that gets the worst of it are the ones that are blamed. Do you wonder the workin' men feel like they was fightin' a devil in the dark? Whenever they try to cover up, they get a blow from some other quarter and —'

Lind broke off and glowered at the astonished Harris.

'Your fault?' Harris shouted. 'Your fault that Fenway is dead from an old wound that he got in the B. & O. smash-up, two years ago? Say, you're bughouse!'

'I'm a lot more sane and sensible than you are, Ben,' retorted the station-agent. 'When are you goin' to settle down and quit tryin' to be the smart young reporter that you ain't, and be content to remain the tol'ably good A. P. telegrapher that you are?'

Ben Harris smiled good-naturedly. 'And be a cross-roads baggage-master and utility man at sixty per for the rest

o' my life, like you, after the opportunity of your life with a big contracting company? Nix; I want to see the big end of the game, and may be there's somethin' in this Fenway business to get me started. Everybody in town knew him and they are n't through talkin' about the buildin' of that terminal yet. If I get the whole story, I'll write it up and the city editor 'll run it in a jiffy. That is, if I can get all the local color and the facts about that accident he was in.'

Lind shivered, and turned up his coat-collar. His moody eyes gazed vacantly at the toes of his boots, cocked up on the desk before him.

'Poor Mr. Fenway,' he mused. 'Who made and spent the few dirty dollars that cost him his life? Well, they can have it that want it. I've had my fling as a little duck in a big game, and I've seen how it's played. Big men, big things, big risks — an' hell all through it, with human life the littlest chip on the table. No; runnin' this here 5.9, with a sure sixty per month is good enough for me — leastwise safest; and here at this little old telegraph-key I'm content to stay. It's goin' on now just as it did when they were buildin' down here, only worse, 'cause there's more of 'em in the game, and men are workin' under bigger strains.' He turned his eyes to the reporter's bewildered face. 'You can write it up or not, Ben; and the city editor can take it or not, just as he likes. But it's been hauntin' my sleep for two years now. I guess I'll get it off my chest.'

'Just as you say,' agreed Harris uneasily; but he settled down to listen.

'The first I ever heard of Mr. Fenway' — Lind always spoke of him in the most respectful terms — 'was when I was one of the bill clerks in the B. & O. freight-office where they had the old terminal yards. Shortly after the contract for the new terminal was let, a letter comes sayin' that a lot of contractors' outfit was billed down, and would we notify the home office when it arrived; would the "B. & O. tell the writer who to deal with in the office, for the contractor would be havin' a lot of freight," and so on. It was signed "Fenway," and somethin' about the letter, for it was turned over to me, made me like the man. I pictured him to be a big husky with a jaw like a gorilla, and somehow I took a shine to the job of lookin' after the whole outfit; so I goes to the boss and asks to be specially assigned to the work, and I gets the assignment. So the outfit comes down, and right on the heel of it, just the right number of trucks and men to handle it off nice and easy in about six hours; no fuss — just business.

"You and I are goin' to get along fine, Mr. Fenway, if that's the way you do things," says I to myself. For every one around a freight office knows the mess it gets us in to have the unloadin' badly handled. And as time went on we never had a word o' complaint about the unloadin' or releasin' of cars for Mr. Fenway's concern.

'A little later on, big derricks commenced to get stood up, and a tippie and sidin' was built in short order. Now and again I see a party of their engineers squintin' around through surveyin' instruments, and everything seemed to be movin' like clockwork over at that hundred acres o' disorder they called the "site," and it used to be a wonder to me where the feller Fenway

kept himself. Freight commenced comin' faster, and every day more and more cars kept comin' bringing this, that, and the other thing, till I was hard put to it to keep up with my billin', and what with the other freight comin' into the yard and the disturbance of traffic, due to the changing of the yard to suit the new terminal, we had a busy season of it. But as far as I knew then, I never saw Mr. Fenway, although nearly every day letters from him came in, and the monthly checks we got for freight, signed by him, would 'a' paid the dividends on our division.

'In the followin' spring, when everything ought to have been runnin' the best, we commenced to have our first trouble with the freight consigned to the contractors, and it was n't long before I had my first look at a *chaser*, which is nothin' more than a young cub sent out by the contractor to look up cars that go astray. He comes in to where I'm workin' my head off over the bills, and looks me over like I was the office-boy.

"Say, Lind," says he, — an' I never laid eyes on him before, — "I want you to get cars so-and-so and so-and-so released at Baltimore quick — we need 'em now," says he.

"Get to hell out of this office," says I; and then I looks down where his hand was on my desk, and there was a couple o' mean-lookin' cigars.

"Take your dirty weed out o' here and tell your boss he'll git his cars when they come — Git!"

"But I'm from Fenway," says he; and with that some o' the boys in the office takes it up and starts yellin', "An' we're from Missouri!"

'The cub was mad and so was I, but he got no satisfaction from me.

'Next day, as I was pausin' over my work, another young chap comes up. He takes off his hat, asks if I'm Mr. Lind, and then says he is from the con-

tractors. His voice was that soft you'd 'a' thought he was askin' for a dance, but his eye looked right through you, and he never wasted a word except to be that polite that you had to give him your attention.

'I was for handin' it to him, 'cause I figured he was another of them cub "chasers" and I'd already had too much of 'em, but I hesitated, and says, "And who are you?"'

"I'm Mr. Fenway," says he; "I know what happened yesterday and I know you're workin' hard keepin' your end up. It's only in the last month we've been havin' trouble with cars and it's taken me a week to locate the trouble. I want you to help us, Mr. Lind, although it's goin' to add to your work. I've written Mr. Murray that you need assistance, but meanwhile, we've got to keep our freight movin'. Work with us and we'll appreciate it."

'You could a floored me with a feather. "So you're the guy that's been squintin' around with the surveyors, are you — an' how do *you* get time to do anything else?" says I. "An'," says I, "how do *you* know just what's the matter with the freight when the whole office here is breakin' their bally necks to locate the trouble? You're not the only one. The whole division is by the ears, and if the yardmasters and dispatchers don't loosen up on the Baltimore and Wilmington yards, we'll be bughouse," says I.

"Part of the trouble goes further than that," says he, "but I know you're busy now. Please come into the office this afternoon," says he, "and I'll show you what I think is the trouble and how we ought to try to get over it."

'An' sure enough, he did. He had every car spotted from Burlington to Pittsburg, and more inside information than I thought there was, but all the time talking like I knew as much as he did.

"Say," I says, "I'm in the wrong place. I ought to be workin' for you. I can't help you 'cause I get the trouble after it's happened. You put me in touch with how you get all this information and I'll follow it through." An' right then and there we made a deal.

"What's the name o' my job goin' to be?" says I.

"Chaser, Mr. Lind," says he.

'Shades o' the devil! I thinks o' that little skunk that tried to bluff me the day before.

"What's to become o' him?" I asks.

"He's resigned," says Mr. Fenway smilin'. "We want people around who can do constructive things."

'And that's about the worst I ever heard him say about anybody.

'So back I goes to tell the boss that I was for travelin' in faster company, and somehow, I felt like I'd made the move of my life. I had n't known the man more 'n about six hours and yet I knew him and me was goin' to hit it up like I'd known him all my life.'

II

Evening was closing in. Lind got up and lit the semaphore light and fell to musing again. Harris sat in silence watching him.

'Well, I took to my new job like a duck to water,' he went on presently. 'Mr. Fenway had figured the thing out right. The whole trouble lay with the car inspectors along the line and not altogether in the Baltimore and Wilmington yards. To begin with, they were over-particular. They had a way of walkin' along a train and markin' "Shop" on every car that did n't just suit their finicky eyes. Now "Shop" means that the car has got to go to the shop for repairs before it can go on to its destination, and if anything plays hell with shipments o' freight it's these

blasted "shopped" cars. No freight-train conductor 'll touch one of 'em if he knows it, for love or money; and when they "shop" 'em it's good-bye. Sometimes they transfer the cargo to other cars, and *they* go astray quick 'cause the original way-bills don't record 'em; and altogether it's about the most troublesome thing in railroadin'.

'Well, sir, those inspectors did have the "shop" habit. I went out and spent about a month livin' round the yards and I come away with the answer. In plain English, it was graft, — plain, simple, dirty graft, — and we buildin' a big terminal for their very bosses that they was graftin' off of.

'By that time I knew every crew on every division of the road from New York to Baltimore; on our end I knew 'em all from old days, when I was bill-clerk; and what with ridin' in the cabooses and ridin' on the engines and passin' out cigars here and there and generally followin' the policy of bein' decent, that Mr. Fenway was such a good one at, I soon got to know the road better 'n the General Superintendent himself. Sometimes I'd be out for a couple of weeks at a time, ridin' cars in and runnin' back, pickin' up lame ducks and tendin' to cars that was shopped. But the graft game o' the inspectors, that was the limit; so I says to myself, "I'll do a little inspectin' o' my own."

'I'd go to the yards and get chummy with these inspectors, and pretty soon I found out that they had a way o' their own in markin' "Shop." If it was done like that, — and here Lind made an imaginary diagonal mark, — 'it was meant the car must be "shopped"; but if it was done so, — and here the angle of the imaginary mark changed, — 'it meant that for a piece of money the car could be released. If some consignee down the line who was in a hurry for the car did n't pay up, the car went to

the shop anyway, 'cause they could always find some little tinkerin' to do; but there was ways o' gettin' 'em released; and, believe me, some of the chasers, with unlimited expense account, shelled out handsomely; for the rule of the big consignee was to "get 'em no matter what it costs; get 'em — no excuses or alibis, and no questions asked." They got so bad with their little game that they did n't take the trouble to keep any record o' what they was shoppin', and every once in a while through their carelessness a car marked "Shop" would n't be cut out o' the train, but would be pulled on out o' the yard, and as soon as some o' the train crew 'd discover it the train-conductor'd go and rub the mark off to save his skin, 'cause it was against the rules to haul a shopped car.

'Well, it did n't take me long to find out that I could rub off the chalk, same as a train-conductor; and what with knowin' a dangerous car when I saw it and knowin' this secret markin', I ran the summer through, bein' my own car inspector, conductor, and everything else, as a matter of fact; so that by fall our freight was movin' as pretty as anything you ever seen. And all the time I was gettin' more and more to do as I pleased.

'A train'd roll into the yard, and while it was bein' broke up and drilled,¹ these bally inspectors'd go through, markin' "Shop" the cars they thought was badly needed, billed for points along the line, till I thought the roads'd suspend business for want o' sound cars to haul. I'd follow right along, and just on my own hook, I'd look 'em over, and if any o' mine were shopped I'd say to myself, "All O.K., old fellow, — guess you're good enough to run another hundred miles"; and I'd just rub my coat-sleeve over them marks, and

¹ Shifted from one train to another. — THE AUTHOR.

right off the car'd be as good as new. I always figured I was savin' the road money, which I surely was, so my conscience was easy.'

The lights twinkled in the distant farmhouses. A freight train rumbled and clanked on its lumbering way. Word came that Lind's supper was ready, but he sent back word that he would not be home.

'I'm telling you all this, Ben,' he said, 'cause you've got to know it to understand the rest I'm goin' to tell you, and to show you the deviltry that lies in an innocent little breakin' of the rules, and the hell that lies in that terrible silent pressure that comes on a man workin' for a big corporation.

'By winter I not only knew all the train-crews, but I knew every yard-master and every dispatcher and every switchman east of Pittsburg. I hobnobbed with 'em and went to their homes of a Sunday, although I don't know how I found time to do it, for it seemed like I was goin' it twenty hours a day, week in an' week out. It was nothin' for me to go into a dispatcher's office and make up my own train-orders, takin' the yellow press-copy with me and handin' it to the conductor myself. Cars I needed in a hurry I'd get hooked on to fast freights, and more'n once I tacked a "perishable" label on a car o' brick just to get her on a fast express freight. Finally I got to carryin' blank orders myself and makin' 'em out as I went, but always givin' strict account o' what I did, so that no trouble ever came of 'em; and without knowin' it, I commenced to think our stuff was the only thing of importance on the line, and I was about the only man runnin' the road.

'I'll never forget the circumstances that led up to the accident. It was mid-winter and I was workin' along the Pennsylvania between Pittsburg and Pencoyd and back to the terminal, hur-

ryin' through the steel, for we were well into the structure by that time and the job was goin' full blast. Occasionally I'd skip across into Vermont or New Hampshire to hustle through a shipment of granite; but no matter what I was doin', the orders was always "hurry, hurry, — rush and hurry everything, so's no money be lost."

'I'd been out on such work for about ten days and was pullin' into town hopin' to have a Sunday home and also to have a few pleasant words with Mr. Fenway, for it was like bein' with your own folks to be around where he was, with his quiet, polite ways that spelled more progress than all the hell-raisin' that was done in the whole terminal. When I went to the office the lights o' early evenin' were lit an' the whole office force of engineers and timekeepers and the like was there, waitin' to have a word with the boss.

"Where's Mr. Fenway?" I asks.

"Gone to the home office to get your promotion," says the assistant superintendent, invitin' me into the private office. "He's on the limited which just ran through the yard now, and he telegraphed for you to meet him here. He says you're promoted, but before taking up your new duties, the home office wants you to undertake to get through a shipment that's badly needed. Here's Mr. Fenway now," says he. And at that the boss comes in, stampin' the snow off and unbuttonin' his coat.

"Hello, Lind," says he, "congratulations to you. You've earned your raise, and what's more, to-day I made them give it to you. But it means a hard job, 'cause some one must undertake bringin' in a western shipment that's badly needed in New York. I know you're tired, but I'd like it if you'd start right out. I've got to go south myself to-night, but I'm goin' on north Monday night, so please do me the favor, for I've told 'em in at

the office that you were the only man we had who could be relied on to do it."

'Nobody would have refused him anything, but least of all myself, and my pride went up. "Thank you, Mr. Fenway," I says. "I know you've taken three trips to get me my raise and I'm half sure the directors would rather have had a recommendation of a cut in my pay than what you asked 'em for."

'He smiled a tired smile as he hung up his coat. If I was doin' fifteen hours a day, it was plain he was doin' twenty, and it was commencin' to tell on him. "Take these papers," he says; "pick up these cars somewhere east o' Harrisburg, and see that they're in the Greenville yard by Tuesday mornin' — thank you, Lind." And with that he sits down to his desk piled a foot high with papers.

'I went out with a light heart and a feelin' that I'd bring those cars through if I had to carry 'em on my back. There was nothin' cheerful in the chill in the air that night, and the fine snow that came siftin' down with the cruel north wind. "You're in for a blizzard," says I to myself, "but it's Harrisburg this night and that's all there is to it."

III

'Three cars was in the shipment, — all fabricated stuff, — and, as I expected, they'd got separated. All day Sunday I worked eastward from Harrisburg on way trains, stoppin' at every little station and lookin' over cars on sidin's, for the storm had disorganized the whole road, and there was n't a freight office could give you a clue of anything that had moved in the past three days. Sunday night I located 'em — that is, two of 'em — on a sidin' in the Philadelphia yard, — but the third had disappeared. All night long I searched along with a lantern through

all the great tangle o' tracks, with the snow and wind ragin' about me like the devil turned loose, but never a clue did I get; and when I turned in at a cheap railroad boardin'-house near the yards at five in the mornin', frozen and chapped, I could 'a cried for the disappointment of it all. I slept till three — three o'clock Monday afternoon — and woke with a jump. One lost car, a blizzard ragin' outside, and Mr. Fenway's promise to have all three cars at Greenville barely fifteen hours to come! Do you wonder I was down-hearted?

'I dressed in a hurry and hustled over to North Philadelphia to see if by any chance my missing car could be there. Night came and I was still at it, lantern in hand, trudgin' along in the snow, beside the freight-trains in the yards, lookin' and despairin'.

'In some ways luck was with me and in some ways it pressed hard against me. I'd hoped to get the cars on No. 6 that went through at eight in the evenin' and when I saw that train pull out without my pets, I could 'a cried. Not ten minutes after, I stumbled on the lost car, way back on a sidin' well out towards the main line to New York; but it was a sad satisfaction, though, for my No. 6 had gone. And not three car-lengths away on another track, I found the other two, drilled up there from the other yard in the daytime while I was sleepin'. I took my lantern close up, to be sure that it was really our lost car, and sure enough it was; but my heart sank again. There she stood all right and by the flickerin' lantern light I could see that across the end of her was written in chalk the word "Shop."

'In that ragin' blizzard at that time o' night, what under heaven could a man do? I set down my lantern. It was dark as pitch and nobody anywhere around. A few semaphore lights twinkled in the howlin' storm at the

yard-limit not twenty yards above me. There was nothin' else to do; I raised my coat-sleeve and rubbed that cursed mark off the car. Then I looked round for help. Through the swirl of the snow I could see the lights of a switch-tower by the track about fifty yards down the track. In I went, and there sat Jim Driscoll and another fella huddled round a stove.

"What's the next freight train to New York?" says I.

"They grinned. "None," says Jim, "and perhaps there won't be any. The Southern Fruit Express is due here about now, but she'll have to go some to get through. Anyhow, she's on passenger schedule and don't stop for no one."

"Oh," says I, "we'll see."

"My hands were numb and wet from the meltin' snow, but the devil was in my heart. After rubbin' "shop" off that car without examinin' it, I could 'a' committed murder. I reaches into my side-pocket and strips off a tissue-paper order-blank an' makes out like I was goin' to show it to 'em.

"I've got somethin' here 'at'll stop any of 'em," says I, "and you better be on the lookout to throw a few switches if you hear of any one wantin' any drillin'." And with that I slips the paper back in my pocket, grabs my lantern, and rushes out into the storm.

"How I made my way down that track I never knew. The snow was comin' down so that you could n't see a semaphore ten yards away, and I knew any engine that was runnin' would be runnin' blind. On I stumbled, pitchin' and fallin' along the ties, for the snow was quite deep. I must 'a' traveled half the length of the yard when right ahead o' me I heard a roar and I knew it was the Southern. She was puffin' along pretty strong, just gettin' ready to make speed as soon as she passed the yard-limit. I swung my

lantern like a racin' windmill, but in that storm no lantern could 'a' been seen — 'specially when it was n't looked for. There I stood whirlin' the lantern till the engine was almost on me, and just as I figured she'd bowl me over, I jumps clear on the engineer's side, and as I did I strikes the slopin' edge of the ballast an' goes sprawlin', an' my lantern goes out. Well, I was frantic seein' my last chance go, but with my last ounce of strength, I righted myself and slung the lantern full into the engine cab just as she was goin' by. In doin' so I fell again, but I had the satisfaction o' hearin' the engine stop puffin' an' the air-brakes go on with a rattle, and I knew I'd won up to them.

"As soon as I could scramble to my feet, I ran along with the train and managed to grab the caboose-rail and swing aboard, and as I slips in the back door I sees Con Grayley, the conductor, startin' through the front door to run over the top o' the train to find out what's up, for the way those brakes went on would 'a' jarred anybody into thinkin' that somethin' bad had happened.

"I knew if I let Con examine in the caboose the paper I intended to show him, it'd be all up with me, so I lays low a few seconds and then follows after him.

"Just as he climbs down over the coal into the cab o' the engine, the train comes to a full stop right along side o' where I knew my three pets was standin' — easy to drill out and easy to hook on.

"What the hell!" he was saying to Dad Sawyer, the engineer.

"Dad and the fireman was examinin' the battered remains o' my lantern.

"Dunno," says Dad. "This thing came flyin' through the cab-window and I figured somethin' must be up."

"You're right," says I, buttin' in just like I belonged there. "Here's

what's up. Them three cars o' steel has got to be taken to the Greenville yards P.D.Q."

'Con could n't contain himself, he was that mad. "Don't you know," he yells, "that this is the Fruit Express, and don't carry anything from way points?"

"Hold on, Con," says I; "people higher up can do anything."

'We were standin' under the gauge-light, which at best gave no light fit to read by; but with the swirlin' of the storm outside and the vibration o' the safety-valve that was roarin' just ahead, it flickered so that the chances was all in my favor.

"Here's orders," says I; and I reaches down and pulls out one o' the yellow tissues.

'If it had been day it might 'a been possible to read it, but with my wet dirty gloves on that yellow tissue paper under that light I knew I was safe. Con gave one look, grumbled something, started to take the fake order out of my hand and turned to Dad.

"All right," he grumbled; "thank God, we're nearly on time! Where's the drill engine?" says he to me.

"Right where we're standin'," says I. "The little chaps is tucked away in bed on a night like this, but just you unhook behind the tender," says I, "an' Dad an' I'll drill those three beauties in line and hook 'em up here in no time."

'By that time the brakeman had come up, and all hands turned to drill-in'. We picked the two up first, pulled out, and shoved in the one I'd rubbed the "Shop" mark off. Then we stuck all three on the front o' the train and were on our way.

'I never knew why we were n't killed by a train from the rear, 'cause with that storm ragin' the block and signal lights were about as good as nothin' at all; but we got through somehow, and

when we puffed out under the semaphore that marked the yard-limit, I felt like hell and heaven were closin' in on me with an even chance either way.

'I stayed in the engine cab 'cause I wanted to dry out; and besides I did n't want to talk with Con and have him question me too much about that forged order.

'We got up pretty good speed, and through Brunswick I commenced to think my troubles was over, and I must 'a' dozed off sittin' on the back of a shovel with the fire-door openin' every five minutes not two feet from my face. I remember wakin' with a start to notice that Dad was actin' mighty uneasy at the throttle. He kept lookin' back and lookin' back, and every few minutes leanin' way out o' the window, peerin' out into the storm over the roar o' the swayin' tender.

"Somethin' the matter back there," he yells to me over the roarin' noise o' the train; "this thing ain't pullin' right."

'My heart sank. "I'll go back an' look 'em over," I yells back.

My tongue stuck to the roof of my mouth and my knees knocked together. Here we were plungin' along at a terrible pace through that storm with somethin' wrong with the train, and I knew down in my heart that that somethin' was the third car back.

"I'll go," I says again weakly; but Dad did n't hear me.

'I crawled up over the coal to the first car and groped my way over the two gondolas loaded with steel, but I could n't get on the third. Somethin' terrible had happened. I could barely see through the swirlin' snow that the front end of it was way off to one side so that the draw-bar must 'a' been runnin' under the corner of the car, and the whole front end seemed to be off the trucks. And there she careened and pitched as that train tore through

the night. Every second I expected to hear the crash of the cars tumblin' over and the roar of the wreck. We ahead might be saved, but there was poor Con and the brakeman behind. They'd be killed, I was sure. I knew the weight of the heavy speedin' cars behind the disabled one, and all I could think of was the booming and crashing they would make as they piled up in the confusion the second that teeter-in' car o' steel stuck her nose in the ground.

'Sick, and with scarcely enough strength to hold on, I crawled back toward the engine. My only idea was to get back and get Dad to stop the train. I'd hardly started when I realized that our greatest danger was from other trains. The damaged car hung out over the north-bound track in the same direction we were goin', and hardly had my thoughts turned to this, when the accident happened. The Limited, runnin' past us in the same direction, came thunderin' up through the storm, and before I jumped I see her crash into the projectin' car, and then everything faded from my sight.

'The next thing I remember was that I was groping round in the wreckage of the Limited. Every one that was able seemed to be runnin' about, and a dozen lanterns twinkled up and down the track. Some one had given me a lantern, and as I worked and tugged, helpin' to get the passengers free, I came upon a face that I recognized even in the lantern light in that terrible blizzard. It was Mr. Fenway. He was pinched down like a rat in a trap, with something heavy crushing into his side. God! had n't I had enough? Here he was on his way to meet me, to be there when the shipment got there, to say that I had done it.

'I worked and worked, and at last I managed to free him and drag him from the wreck. As I helped stretch him out

I saw that somehow the thing that had pinned him down had left a great cut in his side. My overcoat came off in a jiffy, and I cried like a baby as I spread it over him, propped up in the lee of an overturned car.

'And what do you think he said?

"Oh, is that you, Lind?" says he, smilin' that wistful smile. "Did you get 'em?" says he; and before I could say a word, he says, "I knew you would. The directors 'll now be satisfied with your promotion. Where are they?" says he.

"Right here, piled up all around you and scattered along the track, curse 'em!" says I.

"Where are we?" His voice was gettin' kind o' husky.

"We're about five miles out," says I.

"That's good." He smiled again, as he turned his head under the cover of the fur collar of my coat. "Only a few miles from the Greenville yard. The wrecking crane can easily handle 'em in, thank you, Mr. Lind."

Ben Harris had caught the nine o'clock back to the city. He sat clutching a handful of notes hastily scribbled on telegraph-blanks. Now and again he would unroll them slowly, reading one sheet after another.

'How would the city editor like me to handle this?' he thought to himself. 'I wonder if it would n't be better to play it up as Sunday space on a story about handlin' freight. May be the one-inch stick about Fenway 'd better not be mentioned.'

Again he wavered. 'May be, if I write it up like that, Lind'll get into trouble. No, — can't do that even if he wants me to. He's had trouble enough, poor devil. May be —'

He fell into a long silence.

'May be I'd better stick to my key. Train wrecks are not the only kind.'

THE ASSAULT ON HUMANISM. II

BY PAUL SHOREY

I

SOME humanistic readers may be disappointed by the space given to these dialectics of controversy. But it is no longer worth while to play this game according to the conventional rules. What is expected in a plea for classical studies is gentle deprecation of the utilitarian and commercial spirit of the age, and wistful emotional appeals to an idealism that soars beyond all practical reference to actual educational conditions and all narrow scrutiny of the adversary's logic. There is thus no meeting of minds. The rhetoric of idealism makes no impression on advocates who have prejudged the case which they refuse to study. And the general reader, even if pleasantly and irresponsibly titillated for the moment, turns away in the mood of Tennyson's Northern Farmer after the sermon, —

'An' I thowt a said whot a owt to a said, an I
coom'd awaay.'

I do not know whether Mr. Leacock intended seriously his skit on 'Homer and Humbug,' and the stone which he wished to hurl into the academic garden wrapped in the rune, 'Homer and the Classics are just primitive literature.' But to the Spencers and the Le Bons who take it seriously, we could only reply, —

Deafer . . . blinder unto holy things,
Hope not to make thyself by idle vows,
Being too blind to have desire to see.

If we are to count opinions, Profes-

sor Leacock's opinion that the art of Homer belongs 'in the same class as primitive music and . . . primitive medicine' will count as one. And so will the opinion of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch that 'Homer stands first, if not unmatched, among poets in the technical triumph over the capital disability of annihilating flat passages.' And Professor Leacock's emotion of conviction is more than matched by that of this successful writer of twentieth-century novels and Professor of English Literature at Cambridge, who declares that if the university should limit him to three texts on which to preach English Literature, he would choose the Bible, Shakespeare, and Homer — and Homer first. There is ample choice in opinions.

The fact that, after twenty years or so of high-school teaching, a gentleman who has presented no public evidence of specialized and scientific competency beyond administrative ability and the mastery of a ready journalistic pen, experiences a distaste for Milton and Burke and opines that Latin and algebra are not significant studies, is in itself of no more significance than the fact that an elderly teacher of Greek is of the contrary opinion. What makes it a timely topic of discussion is the consideration that the reformer is widely believed to speak as an expert or for experts in a supposed science of education.

'Abraham Flexner is another new name that appeals to us,' writes the *San Francisco Chronicle* of August 19, 1916.

He . . . says "mental discipline is not a genuine or valid purpose — it's a make-believe." Our plain speech is a part of the price that Mr. Flexner must pay for this continental fame.

There can be no question of personality so long as the appeal is solely to the unmisrepresented printed word. And no skepticism that we may express about the validity of his science can offend his sense of propriety more than the language of his disciples about the Classics of England, Greece, and Rome shocks those to whom the Classics are a personal religion.

One of the tests for vocational fitness approved by the experts to whose scientific evaluations we are asked to submit the destiny of humanistic studies is to cross out a given word or letter in an assigned text. Testing myself by this method on the text of Mr. Flexner's article, I drew my pencil through 81 occurrences of 'discipline' and 'disciplinary.' Doubtless, if my perceptions had not been blunted by thirty years' teaching of Greek and Latin, I might have observed more. But even from these inadequate statistics my unscientific mind inferred an obsession. And, in truth, through twenty columns of the *Atlantic* Mr. Flexner tilts at windmills of his own hallucination and belabors men of straw. Whatever some foolish advocates of the Classics may have sometimes said, the systematic exaggeration of the value of merely disciplinary or gymnastic study is no essential element in our unwillingness to have American education regulated out of hand by experts who hate *Lycidas* and think *Comus* a bore.

The systematic antithesis between a supposed disciplinary theory of education and a content system is fallacious in logic and has no basis in fact. There is no such sharply antithetic absolute 'entweder-oder' as the argument postulates. The alleged incompatibility be-

tween the culture argument and the disciplinary theory rests upon the unwarranted assumption that each is to be taken exclusively. But it is apparent to common sense that the reasons for the place in the curriculum assigned to any given study may be and usually are cumulative — the sum of our estimates of its disciplinary, cultural, utilitarian, vocational, æsthetic, social, or other values. The matter cannot be disposed of by this high *a priori* road. It is not true that the schools of to-day are dominated by the ideal of formal discipline. It is not true, unless the modernists belong to the class from which Emerson prayed to be delivered — of those who think themselves persecuted when they are contradicted. It is not true, unless Mr. Flexner, like a recent anonymous satirist of faculty meetings, regards any survival of an idea that he desires to extirpate as equivalent to its superstitious worship.

As an expert in secondary education, Mr. Flexner must be aware that the actual curricula of the schools and the statistics of election are grossly at variance with his exaggerations. It is perhaps an uneasy suspicion of this that constrains him to buttress his main thesis with two subsidiary arguments. The infection of the hateful disciplines, Latin and algebra, communicates itself to all other studies and causes them to be taught in a dull, mechanical, lifeless, formal fashion. The sole support of this generalization is that comprehensive indictment of human fallibility and inefficiency which has always gained the reformer his hearing. Independently of all preconceived purposes and systems, languid, mechanical, and in that sense 'formal' teaching is easier for the teacher than the exhausting outpour of inspiration, life, and originality. Half-vitalized teaching will remain with us until the modernist Utopia provides and pays for a quarter

of a million of the 'original or heroic school-teachers' missed by Mr. H. G. Wells — teachers exempt from frailty and love of ease, and intensely vital, alert, and intelligent throughout the long and weary day. Every new and 'practical' or 'inspirational' reform has lapsed into mechanism, formalism, and verbalism in the goose-step-drilled masses of its teachers. Even the agricultural colleges out West, I am told, find it easier and pleasanter to lecture on agricultural pedagogy than to teach real farming in the sweat of the brow.

The other indirect argument is that the influence of the preparatory school technically so-called, and the presence of college requirements, impose the disciplinary ideal upon all secondary schools. There is nothing to confirm this assertion except its *Zwecknotwendigkeit* for the purposes of Mr. Flexner's argument. It suggests, however, a problem which Mr. Flexner does not here discuss and at which I can only glance. It is not true that in large American high schools the organization of college preparatory classes is prohibitive in cost, or presents difficulties of administration that a little goodwill could not easily overcome. But the goodwill is often lacking, and principals who hate the Classics or are irrationally jealous of the colleges avail themselves of these pretexts to suppress Greek altogether, while waiting for the day of reckoning with Latin. Some time it will be needful to argue this question to a conclusion, and to appeal to thoughtful secondary teachers to repudiate the demagogues who do not blush to tell them that the very term college requirements is an offense, because 'it is the student who has requirements, not the college.'

Equally brief must be my examination of Mr. Flexner's main contention that psychological and educational

science does not recognize any such thing as mental discipline. The general tendency to the spread of power and facility to connected functions and processes, and the technical testimony of science in respect of this irradiation of acquired faculty in the more elementary processes of the mind, are still under debate, with a strong presumption that there exists such a tendency. To the practical purpose of estimating the disciplinary value of high-school and collegiate studies, this kind of science has nothing to contribute. The essential consideration is obviously the number of elements which the compared processes have in common — the elements, that is to say, which the entire educational process involved in the linguistic analyses of Latin grammar, the mastery of Latin vocabulary, the critical translation and appreciation of Latin writers has in common with other desirable kinds of knowledge or forms of mental activity and faculty.

In other words, science leaves this question where it was — to the adjudication of common sense, observation, and relevant argument on the specific facts by those who know the facts well enough to discuss them intelligently. This is familiar ground. It is perfectly well known to competent psychologists. And the abuse of the appeal to 'science' in this connection has been discreditable to the professors of pedagogy and an imposition on the public as well.

I have said this before, and heard in reply that, as an amateur, I had misunderstood the statements of the pedagogical psychologists. They were aware that science had not pronounced a definitive verdict. But the question is, not what individual controversialists may know, but what the majority of them seek to make the public believe. Pedagogical psychology cannot

escape this collective responsibility by hedging in this manner. Mr. Flexner himself may never have so hedged or evaded. I dare say he has always charged headlong whenever he fancied that he saw the red rag of mental discipline. But if he is acquainted with the literature of the question, he ought not to tell the public that science recognizes no such thing.

The dead set against 'mental discipline' is polemics, not science. It is forgotten as soon as it has served to discredit Latin and algebra. There are authentic anecdotes of the allegation of mental discipline in justification of high-school courses in typewriting. Professor O'Shea argues that 'hewing to the line in manual training will make the student realize the necessity of hewing to the moral line in all his conduct,' and that 'the experience thus gained with natural things insensibly affects all one's relationships.'

Similarly, Mr. Flexner's digression and diatribe on the so-called faculty psychology is merely a red herring across the trail. For the purposes of secondary and collegiate education it does not matter two straws whether the so-called faculties of the mind do or do not 'exist in separate form.' The reduction of all questions to their ultimate metaphysical terms is a favorite fallacy of the sciolist. The protest against the 'faculty psychology' has become one of the most intolerable of twentieth-century commonplaces. Everybody suspects everybody else of overlooking the ultimate unity and interdependence of the so-called parts or functions of the mind. From Matthew Arnold's sonnet on Butler's sermons back to Plato's *Republic*, a long series of poets and metaphysicians illustrates this antinomy. We are no nearer a final metaphysical solution than in Plato's day. And common sense will continue to discuss education

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in terms of mental faculties as the eminent psychologist Lloyd-Morgan does, without commitment to any absolute metaphysical hypothesis about the one and the many in mind and their relation to matter.

II

It is comparatively easy to parry these or any other particular thrusts of the experts in the new pedagogical science. But how shall we meet the vague predisposition in the twentieth-century mind to admit that there is, there must be, there is soon destined to be, a true science of education taking its principles from a scientific and definitive psychology. For it is to this popular faith that the chief and final fallacy of the militant modernists, the insinuation of pseudo-science under cover of real science, makes its appeal.

This indeterminate claim can be met only by an equally broad challenge to produce the evidence, to exhibit some tangible results fairly proportionate to the expenditure of money, time, labor, and investigation on these subjects in the past fifty years. Pseudo-science is not an invidious question-begging epithet. It is merely a convenient watchword for that policy of carrying the war into Africa to which the humanist is driven, and in which he is justified by the present conduct of the debate.

The conflict of science and Classics is a dead issue. Science has won an overwhelming victory. And its real competitor in education to-day is, not classical humanism, but pseudo-science. There is ample time for both science and Latin in a rationally constructed curriculum. There is not time for both and for the *dementia præcox* of premature preoccupation with pseudo-science.

But real science is hard work — almost as hard as Latin; while the science

of the talking delegates of science is a soft snap. And the representatives of real science will some time awaken to this fact and cease to waste their energies in blockading the last starveling remnants of the Greeks, and hindering high-school students from getting enough linguistic analysis to teach them to think and talk straight, and enough Latin vocabulary to render first aid to their spelling and qualify them to consult an English dictionary with some glimmer of intelligence.

The seemingly invidious term 'pseudo-science,' then, is intended only as a fair characterization of the monstrous disproportion between the pretensions of pedagogical psychology, or the science of education, and its verifiable achievements. It would be ungenerous and illiberal to press this point, if the adepts of this science frankly admitted that they are pioneers on the frontiers of physiology and psychology, tentatively working in graduate laboratories and seminars toward a possible science of the future. But they fall back to that bombproof only when hard pressed in the open. They make very different claims when they appear before legislatures, parents' meetings, and teachers' associations, or in the compilation of the textbooks which they compel all teachers to study.

An Ohio colleague, Professor Lord, writes that 'any graduate of an Ohio college who wishes to teach Latin can present as a professional qualification for such a position courses in the Hegelian logic, abnormal psychology, and the birthrate of immigrants. He cannot present as part of his professional equipment courses in Latin literature or Roman history.'

The exploiters of such tests as these will themselves be tried by tests which they cannot endure — not of course in this inadequate paper, but in the debates of the coming decade. As experts

they would perhaps deny the competency of the amateur critic. But our contention is precisely that, in range of classroom experience, observation, reflection, and pertinent reading, they are no more experts than we are. As the Autocrat says, the layman has sometimes actually heard more sermons than the professional preacher and theologian. I can see no evidence that they have ever studied or understood, either the literature that we wish to teach, or the literature that we ourselves produce for purposes of 'promotion,' in either sense of the word. But I for one have read, not a dozen, or a score, but many more of their authorities and their productions. I read many of these treatises with a pencil and a purpose to note anything worth noting. I found less that was new, true, significant, and relevant to the purpose than in any other literature of like extent that I ever sampled. A clever man and ready writer can doubtless compile readable jumble-books full of unrelated facts and anecdotes, drawn from heterogeneous fields of knowledge, placed in incongruous juxtaposition, and unified only by the schematism of artificial and arbitrary system. But the definite contributions of this literature to the understanding of the present human mind and to the rational conduct of education are in ludicrous disproportion to its extent and its pretensions. My present object is not to prove this, but to induce a few readers to test it for themselves. It is not so hard as it looks. It is a little harder for most people than for a teacher of Greek, because he does not have to look up the etymologies of the mostly superfluous technical terms which are the chief stock in trade.

This literature is like Hesiod's hill of virtue — it may be a little rough and steep at the beginning, but grows easier as we mount; or, rather, *facilis descen-*

sus is the apter classical allusion here. The first book you read may seem hard or may impose upon you by its variety of irrelevant information. But read on, and you will find that they all say about the same kind of thing and that they all say amazingly little — practically nothing to edify a reader who is able in any reasonable measure to draw upon the world's inherited stores of experience and common sense. There is plenty of truism, paradox, tabulation of statistics, questionnaires, that lead to nothing, and descriptions of the technic of experiments that prove nothing to the purpose. But the challenge to produce definite results evokes only assertion and prophecy.

The programme that postulates the application of rigid scientific methods to the mind and history of man was not first formulated by Spencer, Comte, Vico, Spinoza, or Descartes. But recent progress in physical science has immensely strengthened the plausibility of prophecy that the extension and refinement of its methods must soon subdue and annex the adjacent domains of 'superorganic' evolution.

No one would desire to dash these generous aspirations. But living in the future is, as Mr. Chesterton says, a soft job. And one of the most imperative tasks of present-day criticism is to keep the highways of common sense and rational thought clear of the rubbish shot down upon them from pseudo-scientific towers of Babel. The naïveté which admits without verification the authentic mission of any writer who comes prophesying in the name of science, is natural and pardonable in eminent professors of physical science, intoxicated by the progress which, as they sometimes put it, has recently transpired in their own domain. But in the more sophisticated representatives of the inchoate sciences, the resort to prophecy is a part of the recognized tactics of de-

bate. It is with this that they meet the challenge to exhibit *their* results, which grows more and more embarrassing as the decades lengthen out since the foundation of their laboratories and the establishment of their predominance in education.

Anybody can verify this provisionally by reading the papers in the fifth volume of the St. Louis Congress of Arts and Sciences, and then going on to the study of Professor Titchener's *Experimental Psychology of the Thought Processes*, and a select half-dozen of recent textbooks on educational psychology. I am not speaking of possible contributions to physiology, brain-anatomy, pathology, school-administration, the elaboration of laboratory technic, and the like. These I neither affirm nor deny. I am speaking of results fairly describable as new and significant, and applicable to the understanding of the normal human mind and the rational guidance of high-school and college education. What for these purposes have all the Ebbinghauses to tell us of memory, association, judgment, and the relation of language to thought, that was not known to Mill, Taine, Schopenhauer, and Emerson, or for that matter to Quintilian, Cicero, and Plato? The attentive reader will find that at the critical moment they evade this test with denunciations of the insufficiency of Mill's association psychology, appeals to the blessed equivocation 'apperception,' and prophecies of greater things to come.

Space fails for exhaustive citation, and it is difficult to single out individual names, not because fair quotation is offensive personality, but because there is no agreement about the scientific standing of many of these writers. When I say that Professor Münsterberg's page about the contribution of experimental psychology to the philosophy of the epic, or his account of the

experiments on the æsthetic appreciation of the vowel-music of Keats and Byron, is pure, definite, and highly finished nonsense, I am sometimes told that Professor Münsterberg was not authorized to speak for psychological science. And there are doubtless iconoclasts who would oppose the same demurrer to a citation of typical utterances of President Stanley Hall or Mr. Flexner himself.

Let us turn then to the widely commended and compulsorily studied huge volume of Professor Thorndike on educational psychology. He begins by laying down in such a solemn way a long list of propositions such as these: 'When any conductive unit is in readiness to conduct, for it to do so is satisfying; when any conductive unit is not in readiness to conduct, for it to conduct is annoying.' — 'A man's intellect and will is the sum of his tendencies to respond to situations and elements of situations.'

The secondarily automatic reiteration of this sort of thing appeals to the eternal instinct for scholasticism in the human mind. In the words of James Russell Lowell, it 'cheaply gratifies that universal desire of the human mind to have everything accounted for.' It was this remark of Lowell's, perhaps, that led an adept of the new science of criticism to animadvert more in sorrow than in anger on Lowell's unaccountable weakness for 'stopping short of the ultimate.' When Professor Thorndike has posited his absolute and ultimate principles of education and descends to particulars, what has he to tell us? Well, he tells us among other things that educational theorists 'violate these principles when they explain learning in terms of general faculties such as attention, interest, memory, or judgment, instead of,' and so forth.

It would require a chapter to expose

the fallacies of that sentence. We have already seen that the eternal metaphysical antinomy of the one and the many, as transferred from ontology to psychology, is totally irrelevant to any profitable or practicable present-day discussion of the process of learning. One of the best modern psychologies for teachers, the little volume of the eminent English psychologist Lloyd-Morgan, dismisses in a brief paragraph the central nervous system, 'the multitude of connections' and all their afferents and efferents, and goes on to speak of the faculties of attention, memory, and so forth, as unaffectedly as you or I would do. Like Lowell, he has enough common sense to stop short of purely hypothetical ultimates.

Particularizing still further, Professor Thorndike continues: 'School practice neglects them [these principles] . . . when it gives elaborate drills in *bonus-a-um* and in conjugating *amo*.' As soon as he says anything specific, he betrays himself. The statement is neither scientific nor true. There is no psychological principle that determines unconditionally the proportion of systematic formal memorizing of paradigms that is most helpful in the acquisition of an inflected language. It probably varies with the idiosyncrasy of different minds. Mere memorizing *en bloc* will not avail unless reinforced by exercises in the recognition and the use of the separate forms in phrases and sentences. And there is no salvation in educational psychology for a teacher too stupid to perceive or too lazy to practice this. But the majority of those who have really learned Latin have always memorized the forms. The majority of experienced teachers, from Quintilian down, have always believed that this is in the main the best way. Professor Thorndike's confident assertion, then, is not science: it is like Mr. Flexner's heavy satire on

he procedure of the Latin classroom, and his assumption that nothing said or done there is made intelligible to the student — a mere ebullition of partisan rancor against the study of Latin.

But I cannot summarize the entire literature of this new scholasticism. It contains much else, of course: some sensible unsystematic observations of experienced teachers; some contributions, it may be, to physiological psychology; incongruous odds and ends of what I know to be *misinformation* drawn from the history of philosophy, and of what in my ignorance I will charitably assume to be information taken from textbooks of biology and anatomy; tabulations of answers to questionnaires; the curves of progress in learning to telegraph or typewrite; the statistics of epilepsy, measurements of the force of the knee-jerk, and exercises in self-control — of the muscles that move the ears.

An adult who has reference standards of real knowledge in his specialty, and is ballasted by the accumulated common sense of years of reading and experience, may dabble in this literature with no greater injury than loss of his time. Its disintegrating and deliquating effect on the logical functions of young minds compelled to attack it without the protection of a gas-mask is a thing imagination boggles at. It will surely strain 'apperception' to the limit to assimilate the statements within a few pages that 'Socrates discovered concepts,' that 'the formula of cholestrin is $C_{26}H_{44}OH_2O_4$,' and that 'Key declares that intense mental activity among the upper classes of Sweden has resulted in a marked increase in the tendency to nose-bleed.'

III

The latest response to these challenges is a disclaimer of all pretensions

to finality. What the pedagogical psychologists profess for themselves and commend to us is the scientific and experimental attitude toward education as toward all large social and human interests. They are merely collecting statistics and trying experiments, to prove which of two competing methods of teaching is preferable. This position is in the abstract unassailable. But the inferences which the public is expected to draw from its application in practice are matters of grave concern.

'There is danger,' says the Platonic Socrates, 'that you may be trying an experiment, not on the *vile corpus* of a Carian slave, but on your own sons or the sons of your friends, and, as the proverb says, breaking the large vessel in learning to make pots.'

America is very large. It is that mart or world's fair of institutions and types which Plato says a great democracy must be. We could cordially welcome the human experience which Mr. Flexner proposes to contribute to the exhibits, were it not for the misapprehensions to which his designation of it as an experiment will give rise. This is not a verbal cavil. The modernist school will not be an experiment but an experience, standing in the same relation to all possible future sciences of character and education as that occupied by what Mill calls 'the general remarks afforded by common experience respecting human nature in our own age and by history respecting times gone by.' It will be one more increment of fact or group of facts. To call it an experiment in any scientific sense of the word is to mislead public opinion and prejudge the entire question.

This popular exploitation of the false analogy between experiments in the laboratory and experiments on man and society is not a new thing. There is a clarifying literature of the

subject which the modernists characteristically disregard. One source of this literature is the discussion by Brunetière, Faguet, Doumic, and other thoughtful French critics, of Zola's naïve notion of the experimental novel. The more technical examination of the idea derives from John Stuart Mill's chapters on the logic of the moral sciences. In the physical sciences the experimental method isolates and discovers the true cause by systematic elimination. The plurality of causes and the intermixture of effects preclude this procedure in the infinitely complex social sciences of ethnology and education. 'The instances requisite for the prosecution of a directly experimental inquiry into the formation of character would be a number of human beings to bring up and educate from infancy to mature age. . . . It is not only impossible to do this completely, but even to do so much of it as should constitute a tolerable approximation. An apparently trivial circumstance which eluded our vigilance might let in a train of impressions and associations sufficient to vitiate the experiment. . . . No one who has sufficiently reflected on education is ignorant of this truth.'

Mr. Flexner's disciples owed it to themselves and to the public to point out what they deemed the errors and limitations of Mill's doctrines here. Instead, they are content to applaud in general terms the advent of the experimental ideal in education.

Professor Dewey welcomes the 'endeavor to incarnate an experimental attitude in the conduct of a school, because it will substitute specific inquiries for temperamental conviction and small facts for opinions.' Here, as in the introductory essay of *Creative Intelligence*, his deprecation of vagueness is couched in language singularly abstract and vague. There is no ref-

erence to any specific argument or fact, experiment, or formulation of the experimental method on which issue might be joined. The *New Republic* itself is equally confident that 'no one who knows the temper of men like Mr. Flexner will for an instant question the utter disinterestedness, the exact and catholic spirit with which they will make the experiment.'

Mr. Flexner, in advance of his experiment, holds conviction about the psychology of mental discipline and the teachers who 'treat with convincing gravity . . . things called voices, moods, and gerunds,' which are nothing if not temperamental. And the intellectual disinterestedness of an experimenter who proposes to test Latin by suppressing it altogether, inspires as little confidence as his logic. The fallacy of one cause dominates his thinking. He conceives experiment as the direct transfer of the method of Pasteur to society and education. Latin is a microbe by whose presence or absence in a crucial instance the cause of disease or health may be ascertained.

Life and education are infinitely complex. Those of us who most deplore Mr. Flexner's theories may also cordially welcome the new school as a concrete entity. Any school that secures wholesome physical and moral conditions for the early years of a select group of children may accomplish for *them* a good that outweighs the probable consequences of the intellectual errors of its founders. We wish the new school all success, and we believe in the entire sincerity of Mr. Flexner's enthusiasm for the betterment of American education. But it would be the height of naïveté to join in the congratulations on the presumable scientific disinterestedness with which he will conduct the experiment. To do that is to overlook elementary human motive and the very nature of

the problem. A school founded in large part to verify the assumption that Latin is neither a necessary nor a significant ingredient in a well-mixed course of study is not likely to disappoint expectation. And in the plurality of causes there is no scientific method by which the advocates of Latin will be able to disprove this foregone conclusion. This we foresee because, in spite of their perfunctory protests and caveats, the writings of the modernists plainly manifest an unreasoning and violent antipathy, not merely to the study of Latin, but to the Classics and all that the Classics represent.

IV

I have left myself only a few words to sum up and define the main issue raised by the so-called modernist reform of education. It is not the place of physical science in our civilization and in our universities: that is secure. It is not the opportunity of industrial or vocational training for the masses: we all welcome that. It is not the conversion of the American high school into the old Latin-verse-writing English public school: nobody ever proposed that. It is not the prescription of a universal requirement of Greek or the maintenance of a disproportionate predominance of Latin in our high schools and colleges: there is not the slightest danger of that. It is the survival or the total suppression, in the comparatively small class of educated leaders who graduate from high schools and colleges, of the very conception of linguistic, literary, and critical discipline; of culture, taste, and standards; of the historic sense itself; of some trained faculty of appreciation and enjoyment of our rich heritage from the civilized past; of some counterbalancing familiarity with the actual evolution of the human man, to soften the

rigidities of physical science, and to check and control by the touchstones of humor and common sense the *a priori* deductions of pseudo-science from conjectural reconstructions of the evolution of the physical and animal man.

It is in vain that they rejoin that they too care for these things, and merely repudiate our exclusive definitions of them. That is, in the main, only oratorical precaution and the tactics of debate, as, if space permitted, I could show by hundreds of citations from their books. The things which, for lack of better names, we try to suggest by culture, discipline, taste, standards, criticism, and the historic sense, they hate. Or, if you prefer, they are completely insensitive to them and wish to impose their own insensibility upon the coming generation. They are genuinely skeptical of intellectual discriminations which they do not perceive, and æsthetic values which they do not feel. They are fiercely resentful of what they deem the supercilious arrogance of those who possess or strive for some far-off touch or faint tincture of the culture and discipline which they denounce as shibboleths, taboos, and the arbitrary conventions of pedants.

From their own point of view it is natural that they should deprecate with sullen jealousy the inoculation of the adolescent mind with standards and tastes that would render it immune to what one of them has commended in print as the 'science' of Elsie Clews Parsons. The purpose, or, at any rate, the tendency of their policies is to stamp out and eradicate these things and inculcate exclusively their own tastes and ideals by controlling American education with the political efficiency of Prussian autocracy and in the fanatical intolerance of the French anticlericalists. Greek and Latin have become mere symbols

and pretexts. They are as contemptuous of Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Racine, Burke, John Stuart Mill, Tennyson, Alexander Hamilton, or Lowell, as of Homer, Sophocles, Virgil, or Horace. They will wipe the slate clean of everything that antedates Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Mr. Wells's *Research Magnificent*, and the familiar pathos of James Whitcomb Riley's vernacular verse.

These are the policies that mask as compassion for the child bored by literature which, they say, it cannot be expected to appreciate and understand, or behind the postulate that we should develop æsthetic and literary sensibilities only by means of the literature that expresses the spirit of modern science, not that which preserves in amber the husks of the dead past.

'Purpose' is, after 'situation,' the favorite catchword of this propaganda. Truly — they will 'answer to the purpose easy things to understand.' Easy things to understand, — the things of immediate appeal to the relaxed self and the natural taste for bathos, — these only would they stamp upon the plastic memory of childhood. They do not wish the child's mind, even in the strenuous morning hours of school, to be tuned to the pitch, to be keyed up to the appreciation of the things that are more excellent — the things that even in imperfect apprehension may abide in the memory as possessions, touchstones, standards, ideals for life.

Much lost I; something stayed behind.
A snatch maybe of classic song,
Some breathing of a deathless mind,
Some love of truth, some hate of wrong.

'The literature that embodies the scientific and progressive thought of the present age.' On this only would they form the collegian's taste and judgment, and his sense of historical, social, and human values. They do not wish the undergraduate's automatic

response to the stimulus and the all-absorbing fashion of the contemporary environment to be confused by comparisons with fashions of thought that have passed away. They instinctively distrust that spirit of critical humanism which, from Plato to Pater and Arnold and Lowell and Anatole France, has always refused to take quite seriously the systems and the system-builders of the hour. These half-conscious motives are clothed with the glow of conscious sincerity by their genuine incapacity to conceive that writers who never heard of submarines and Zeppelins can contribute anything to the spiritual and intellectual life of a civilization that culminates in the War of 1914.

Homer was a primitive tribal bard. Æschylus represents the obsolete sociology of the city state. The cosmic philosophy of Herbert Spencer has only contempt for the petty personal theme of the imperialistic and militaristic Virgil — 'Arms and the man.' What message can he, the singer of imperial Rome, have for the modern spirit?—

Now his Forum roars no longer, fallen every
purple Cæsar's dome.

The theology of Dante and Milton lacks the breadth of the Lincoln social settlement and the congress of religions — and their cosmogony is incompatible with the planetesimal theory.

Shakespeare is feudal; Pope, Queen-Anneish; Burke, eighteenth-century; Tennyson and Mill, Victorian. Neither irony, nor rhetoric, nor argument will make any dent in the carapace of minds case-hardened in the formulas of an *a priori* evolutionary philosophy of progress against all direct, immediate, and peremptory perception of absolute beauties and finer shades of truth. The certainties of their fixed and fanatical assurance are unclouded by any such self-questioning as that

which gives pause to the great liberal, radical, and modernist poet Carducci, in his wonderful sonnet to Dante.

Dante, how is it that *my* vows I bear,¹
Submitted at thy shrine to bend and pray,
To Night alone relinquishing thy lay,
And with returning sun returning there?
Never for me hath Lucy breathed a prayer,
Matilde with lustral fount washed sin away,
Or Beatrice on celestial way
Led up her mortal love by starry stair.
Thy Holy Empire I abhor, the head
Of thy great Frederick, in Olona's vale
Most joyfully had cloven, crown and brains.
Empire and Church in crumbling ruin fail:

¹ Translation by Richard Garnett.

Above, thy ringing song from heaven is sped:
The Gods depart, the poet's hymn remains.

'Our little systems have their day,' said another obsolete nineteenth-century poet and thinker. Our little systems have their day; but the human spirit that creates and dissolves all systems, abides. And the study of the human spirit is not planetary or biological evolution, or the anthropology of the pre-human man. It is neither the psychology of the laboratory nor the metaphysics of the schools: it is neither science nor pseudo-science — it is humanism.

THE EIDOLON

BY LISA YSAYE TARLEAU

*Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle,
Assise auprès du feu, devidant et filant,
Direz, chantant mes vers, en vous esmerveillant:
'Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle.'*
PIERRE RONSARD.

DUSK quietly entered the room and spread her gray and filmy shadows ever deeper and deeper over all the old, dear, and familiar things; even the figure of the Gentleman in Gray melted slowly into the darkness that hovered around him, and he soon seemed little more than a shadow himself, only somewhat deeper and darker than those in the other corners, ere the Lady in Blue returned from her visit and at once flooded the room with the light of electric lamps. She had been gone quite a long time, — longer than she expected when she asked her friend to wait for her return, — and now her face wore an expression in which

amusement and disappointment were strangely mingled. The Gentleman in Gray, as he helped her out of her furs, said with a quizzical smile, 'Did you enjoy your visit? Have you seen her?'

'Yes, I have seen her; but enjoy — well, I shall tell you all about it. Let us sit here, please, at the fire, and do turn those glaring lights off. Just leave the lamps on the wall burning, — yes, that's right, — and now come here and listen.'

The Gentleman in Gray did as he was bidden, and soon was seated beside the Lady in Blue, who gave him a quick and questioning look before she began her tale.

'You know,' she said, 'I was eager to see her — who would n't have been? The mistress of a poet, and such a poet! His verses possessed, not only my heart and my soul, but my very blood;

there are certain lines of his which I have always felt like a physical caress, and others that made me blush and tremble, they are of a shamelessness so royal, so proud, so insolent, and yet of so surpassing a loveliness that even Swinburne is pale and tame compared with this wild and fiery genius. Swinburne sins more with his intellect, but in *his* poems there is the dark red light of a supremely sensuous emotion, an emotion that makes you recoil and yet magically charms and draws you as a snake charms the shy, fluttering bird.

'And she is the woman who has inspired all this passionate splendor! All these verses, thrown to the crowd, were in reality intimate confessions whispered into her ear in hours when other mortals have only the gift of silence. Could I expect her to be less of a wonder than the poems that spoke but of her? What a life she must have lived, this woman! How she must have loved! How he must have loved her! What strange delights must have been hers! Yes, I was eager to see her, doubly eager because she is so very old now. Soon she will be gone, and then nobody can tell me more than his books. And yet I somehow felt that there was something more, that some "wandering air of the unsaid" sang through all his verses, that there was a last revelation he had not made. I wanted to see her, and I dreamed of an hour, as Ronsard pictures in his most beautiful lines, — you know them, "*Quand vous serez bien vieille*," — and I expected to hear from her, with the accents of a defiant bliss that neither time, nor sorrow, nor the judgment of the world could dim, "*Ronsard me célébroit du temps que j'étois belle*." And at last I obtained an introduction to her.'

'I brought about this introduction,' said the Gentleman in Gray.

'Yes, and small thanks are due you,' the Lady in Blue gave back.

'But why? Was she not amiable? I was told that she is the most companionable old lady in existence. What has disappointed you so very keenly?'

'Everything. The house first of all — but then one cannot always choose one's house according to one's fate, so I did not let this influence me; but her room! Would you believe it? There was not a single book in that room! Nothing to remind one of him, only a few unfeeling tables and chairs. And at one of these tables she was sitting, and tea was laid, and she welcomed me very graciously, and I had tea with her. First she spoke of the weather, and then she asked me about the marketing-prices in my neighborhood and compared them with the sums her housekeeper spends; and at last, after I had given up every hope, she spoke of him. And that was the worst. She told me how much she paid for a pint of her really excellent cream, because "dear Artie" was most particular so far as cream was concerned, and she had frightful trouble with him when she tried to serve him an inferior sort.

'It was not quite the opening I had anticipated, and "dear Artie" was not just the way I should have wished her to talk of him; nevertheless, I took my cue and stammered, "You must have been greatly happy with such a man." And she nodded her head and said complacently, "Well, dear child, I can't complain. He wasn't a bad man. Of course I had my hands full with him, and it took time till I got him out of his irregular habits; but altogether I have been quite satisfied. Dear Artie was given to colds in the head, and I always had to make him wear his flannels until May. If I had not taken such good care of him he would not have lived half as long as he did; but his family never appreciated it. I had enough trouble with them, and Artie himself was sometimes as headstrong

as a mule; but he was n't the worst, by any means, and I won't blame him. I did my duty by him and he knew it, — I told him so every day of my life, — but I had my cross, my dear." And then she sighed again, and asked where I thought black satin could be got cheapest and best.'

'Well, I call that quite confidential and companionable,' said the Gentleman in Gray.

'Don't joke, please,' commanded the Lady in Blue. 'Explain to me rather this enigma. I am quite bewildered. Is *that* the woman he wrote about in words of fire and lines of flame? Was it possible that he did not see how commonplace, how uninteresting, how utterly impossible she is? Why, she has not even the charm of age or the wistful wisdom of experience. There is nothing in her, absolutely nothing. How can you account for such blindness? Was "dear Artie" as silly as all this? Oh, I could cry! I think I can never read his songs again; they are utterly spoiled for me. I shall always have to think of his flannels and the cold in his head. Or,' she added with sudden inspiration, 'is it all a mistake? Was this not his real love? Did he give his heart to quite another woman? Was she whom I saw not the real bride, but only one of the step-sisters who wanted to take the place of the beloved one? Tell me!'

The Gentleman in Gray smiled sadly and indulgently.

'The lady whom you saw and who gave you all the information of which she was capable was verily the famous mistress of our famous poet, but I do not think that she was the woman he loved.'

'Is that a riddle?'

'Worse, it is the truth. A truth sad and eternal as the vain longings of our lonely hearts; and, with your leave, I will expound this truth to you. You

remember, of course, Helen of Troy, her of the fair hands, "white-bosomed, azure-eyed, to whom men forgave all things for her beauty's sake." She was not less famous than the lady you have just seen, and her loveliness lives in our memory as fresh and fragrant as on the day when Paris gave her the first forbidden kiss. Forever and a day this sweet wraith haunts our imagination, and all the perfume of femininity is crystallized into the one name, Helen of Troy. Now there was an early lyric poet, Stesichorus, who contended that she who went to Troy and wrought all the havoc in the house of Priam was not Helen at all, but an *eidolon*, a woman fashioned in her likeness by Zeus, out of mist and light. The real Helen remained safely and with honor in Egypt, and Menelaus had really never the slightest cause for conjugal complaint.

'Here you have the story of all human love. It is not the real woman we adore, but an *eidolon*, a phantasm that the god in us fashions out of the mist of our desires and the light of our fancy, and the woman who is, is but a symbol for the cloud-bride, for the woman who is not and never will be. It was an *eidolon*, a phantasm in the likeness of the woman you have seen, that inspired your poet, and it was of the *eidolon* he spoke in his often too daring, too violent verses. The *eidolon* he took with him on his perilous journey to all the heights and depths of passion, whereas the real woman lived safely and unsuspectingly in quite another spiritual latitude, in Philistia, and flannels were the matter of her concern. And wherever you find *une grande passion*, a love and a passion that seem more than human, be sure that they were given merely to a dream, a dream seen as in a mirror in the form of the loved one. She who lived in his house and whom you think unworthy of your poet, she

was to him as much a stranger as she is to you. The one he pressed to his heart, the one into whose ear he whispered his songs, the one who gave him all that love could give to love, that was the eidolon, and the eidolon died with him. In vain you will go and search for it.'

'And does one never, never,' said the Lady in Blue, 'does one really never love the real woman? Is the real woman never cherished for just what she is? Is there always an eidolon to whom the best gifts of the heart are given? Tell

me the truth — are there no exceptions to your rule?'

Her voice was soft and full of temptations, and masculine instinct and dogmatic pride fought in the heart of the Gentleman in Gray, so that he was slow to answer, but dogmatic pride conquered at last.

'No,' he said, 'there are no exceptions. "Shadows we are and shadows we pursue."'

And then he held his hands quickly over the glow of the fire, as if a sudden chill had struck him to the heart.

ON AN OLD ARMY POST

BY JAMES MERRIAM MOORE

FOR some time I had not had a 'striker' who suited me. I am silent enough, and they had liked to talk, so that, in their anxiety for me to open a conversation, they seemed to make a little more noise while cleaning my quarters and setting out my simple meals — carried over from the company kitchen — than the business at all warranted.

When Dhoonif came to me in the Philippines I hired him with considerable satisfaction. In the company he had the name of a surly fellow, perhaps, but one who did his work. He was a Turk, new to the service, but had had a brother in the battalion, who became a devout, almost fanatical Christian. While we were in Mexico he turned melancholy, and, one night, shot himself in his bunk, after all the lights were out. Although he was little known, his mode of death was somehow a deep shock to every one in the command.

Returning to this country, the regiment spent two years on the Border; years of such monotony that, as one became reminiscent, the time between the few events was blank, and they seemed to be crowded into one feverish month. Then my company was ordered to Fort Ledger, away from the Army, away from the world.

This fort had many odd legends. It was something very old in a very new country. In the days when one rode from Texas to Kansas without seeing another habitation, the trail led within a few miles of the Post, whose low, yellow-stone buildings, loopholed for musketry, stood on the bluffs of a creek, which wound across the bleak; rolling prairie. The thick, one-story quarters, built by Indian-fighting soldiers, are massive with vines and rank grasses; and, although for miles about there are only a few wind-worn trees along the

bottoms, the officers' line of the fort is a gloomy green with shade; for the creek is like some selfish spinster who has lavished her exuberance in but one spot; and, though the course of her life is changed thereby, proceeds again, as meagre as ever.

I have said that Dhoonif brought over my meals. There was no mess in the Post, for the two or three other officers lived at the opposite end of the line, and we took little interest in each other at best. The first sergeant of the company was an old soldier, so that my duties were few and my intercourse was small. Altogether I lived a life of such contented loneliness as only one other army post — and no other place — in this country would allow.

One very hot evening I was late to my supper. There had been a great deal of business to finish at the Post Exchange, of which I was detailed in charge — a sort of coöperative, general store for the soldiers, the profits of which go to augment their mess funds. I had begun eating, with the ledger propped up in front of my plate, when I was aware of Dhoonif behind me: he was so lightfooted that I seldom heard him. He usually went to the other end of the house and sat on the step during meals.

'What is it, Dhoonif?' I said.

'Sir, who is the other captain who comes sometimes and sits at the captain's desk while he is out?'

'I have no idea. Probably some other officer of the garrison.'

I went on eating and conning my accounts, and presently became aware that Dhoonif had retired.

The next morning his remark occurred to me. It was the first time he had ever questioned me, I think. With some vague curiosity I asked one or two of the other officers, after drill next morning, if they had dropped in on me and found me away. We did not

call much. They all denied it, and rather rallied me about missing some of my cigars, so I let the matter drop. As we were separating, the major, an elderly officer then commanding the Post, turned to me quietly.

'By the way,' he inquired, 'you live in quarters number thirty-six, don't you?'

'Yes, sir.'

'At home much?'

'Quite a bit, sir.'

'Very trying weather we've been having lately.'

And he mounted his horse.

The weather was indeed oppressive. The sun shriveled the grass on the unkempt parade (we had not enough of a garrison to keep up the place), and the dimness of the houses was most grateful.

Coming in, I lay down and tried to get a nap. But it was too hot to sleep, so I got up and began to prowls about. As I have said, the houses were of only one story, but the stairs in the front hall led up to an attic, dimly lit by a vine-covered window in the dormer end. I had been up there only once before, when I first came into the quarters a week or more ago; and now, looking idly about, I noticed, under the eaves, the doors of what was evidently a low cupboard. The wood was warped and the doors stuck. I was almost balked of opening them until I got out my knife, when they gave outward with a great creaking. A quantity of rust flaked off the hinges and fell on the dusty floor.

The light of a match caused the scurrying of unseen rats, but discovered nothing save a big, calf-bound folio volume in the far right-hand corner. I remember noticing vaguely, as I crawled back with it, that my left hand, which had supported me on the floor of the cupboard, was black with dust, while my right, with which I had

dragged out the book, was barely soiled. The doors closed with a further scaling of rust from the hinges, and I carried the book downstairs to my desk.

Curiously enough, it happened to contain the proceedings of a previous exchange on the Post. The minutes of meetings of the council, or board of officer-directors, had been kept by the exchange officer in a delicate, precise hand, with little weaknesses in the ending of words, which faded into the yellow page. The dates were of the year 1871.

As I intently turned over the leaves, Dhoonif startled me. He had come out of the bedroom with my revolver in one hand and an oil-flask in the other, and stood in front of the desk.

'Sir, captain.'

'Well, Dhoonif?'

'Your blue uniform — it fastens with hooks down the front of the blouse.'

'Yes?'

It was the first time he had ever broken the military rule of addressing an officer in the third person.

'Sir, do any officers wear a blue blouse that buttons with brass buttons instead, like the enlisted men?'

'That was the uniform at one period, I believe,' I answered, rather annoyed at the trivial interruption — his first. 'You had better ask the sergeant; he has been in the service longer than I.'

When he went out, I noticed that he went straight to barracks. I continued reading.

It was a record of very much the usual sort of business, only that the merchandise was brought in quantity by wagon-train from the North, and there were consignments of rum and whiskey, which we no longer may keep.

Suddenly I came to the last entry in the book. It was in a different, more brutal hand. Here it is: —

July 7, 1871.

'The Council met at 8 A.M., this date, pursuant to the call of the president, Colonel Halcomb.

'*Present*: All members.

'It is voted that the affairs of this Exchange be wound up and settled, and that each company belonging to it shall equally bear the loss due to the shortage in the funds of the Exchange Officer, Captain Farloe, now deceased by his own hand.'

I carried the book back to its place in the attic. It was an uncanny thing to come upon after all these years.

I remember that the next week was a singularly busy one. A prisoner, whom I had had tried for a serious breach of morals, both military and social, and who had no cause to like me, had escaped from the guard-house. It was thought that he was still in hiding about the Post, for the trains were few enough, and the poor devil would have had to flag one at the station, which, of course, was closely watched.

Then, too, the accounts that month were especially intricate, and I encountered a lot of small, vexing troubles in getting them ready for the monthly meeting and audit.

The council met after we had all come in tired from a fruitless searching party. The little exchange office was very hot, and I stood over by the window, talking with the major, while the captain, who was the auditor for that month, counted the cash. Presently I heard him say something in a low tone to another officer, and they began to count together.

Then he turned his head toward us and said, —

'Are you sure the figures in your cash-book are satisfactory to you?'

'Why, yes,' I answered. 'Why?'

'And you should have five hundred in indorsed checks?'

'Yes. They were all ready to be mailed to the bank for deposit.'

There was a slight pause.

'Well the indorsed checks are about three hundred dollars short.'

I started forward. The expressions on all their faces looked as set as if the scene were a photograph, and not of living persons.

Finally the major said quietly, —

'Can you think of any one who might have taken the checks?'

'No, sir, unless — unless it could have been the prisoner. But I don't see — how he could have got at them.'

I could not have felt more dread if I had been guilty.

'Yes; that would have been difficult,' remarked the auditing officer coldly. After all, we were not friends.

They gave me until the next morning to 'locate the mistake,' and I carried the books to my quarters with a sick heart. I checked back every item, and added again and again. Really I only did it to keep my mind in a groove, for I remembered each one of the missing checks.

Dhoonif came over with my dinner, carried it back intact, and returned to do little odd jobs of his own making. Somehow he seemed more apprehensive than sympathetic.

The evening wore on. I tried to read. It must have been after eleven o'clock. Suddenly, close behind the house, a rifle cracked twice; the bullets spatted on something and whined off into the night. Then running feet and cries, —

'Corp'ral of the Guard! Corp'ral of the Guard! There he goes! This way! Number two! This way!'

Three more shots.

I ran into the hall, revolver in hand, and met Dhoonif there.

Then, right above us, in the attic, came the smothered roar of a pistol, fired indoors.

I can hardly describe its effect. The

sound of the shots from the rifles outside was natural, like the singing of the locusts in the grass; this, in the house, was as dreadful, as unearthly as the snapping chord of a great violin out of dead of night.

I turned toward the stairs, my revolver grasped limply. Dhoonif reached quickly and took it from me.

'Not that: this!' he said, and put into my hand a little, wooden crucifix.

I felt it press in as my fingers closed on it. I had dreaded some weak evil thing: suddenly that dread was gone, and instead a great, exorcising anger drove burning tears into my eyes, and I rushed up the thunderously creaking stairs in a crusading ecstasy, into the attic, expecting sights no man should see.

There was nothing.

Dhoonif holding a lighted match, we went over every board of the groaning floor. There was only dust on it. We pulled open the doors of the cupboard: still nothing, except the big, worn volume. Suddenly, as the match flared up, the book caught my eye again. Between the leaves protruded some crisp slips of paper. I jerked them out. They were the missing checks.

The major was standing under the hall light at the foot of the stairs.

'Major,' I cried, 'I've found them! I have them!'

'And we have the prisoner. My dear fellow,' — He put his hand on my shoulder, for I must have been shaking, — 'my dear fellow, your explanation was the logical one after all!'

Dhoonif slipped out of the door.

I tried to stop a horrible laugh.

'Sir,' I said, 'there are three *logical* explanations.'

Some time afterwards I was ranked out of those quarters by a married captain. His three children career all over the house, and his wife has a notable recipe for fig-preserve.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY AND PUBLIC CONTROL

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

I

SOCIETY cannot exist without law and order, and cannot advance except through the initiative of vigorous innovators. Yet law and order are always hostile to innovations, and innovators are almost always to some extent anarchists. Those whose minds are dominated by fear of a relapse toward barbarism will emphasize the importance of law and order, while those who are inspired by the hope of an advance toward civilization will usually be more conscious of the need of individual initiative. Both temperaments are necessary, and wisdom lies in allowing each to operate freely where it is beneficent. But those who are on the side of law and order, since they are reinforced by custom and the instinct for upholding the *status quo*, have no need of a reasoned defense. It is the innovators who have difficulty in being allowed to exist and work. Each generation believes that this difficulty is a thing of the past, but each generation is tolerant only of *past* innovations. Those of its own day are met with the same persecution as if the principle of toleration had never been heard of.

'In early society,' says Westermarck, 'customs are not only moral rules, but the only moral rules ever thought of. The savage strictly complies with the Hegelian command that no man must have a private conscience. The following statement, which refers to the Tinnevelly Shanars, may be quoted as a typical example: "Solitary individuals

amongst them rarely adopt any new opinions, or any new course of procedure. They follow the multitude to do evil, and they follow the multitude to do good. They think in herds."' ¹

Those among us who have never thought a thought or done a deed in the slightest degree different from the thoughts and deeds of our neighbors will congratulate themselves on the difference between us and the savage. But those who have ever attempted any real innovation cannot help feeling that the people they know are not so very unlike the Tinnevelly Shanars.

Under the influence of Socialism, even progressive opinion, in recent years, has been hostile to individual liberty. Liberty is associated, in the minds of reformers, with *laissez-faire*, the Manchester School, and the exploitation of women and children which resulted from what was euphemistically called 'free competition.' All these things were evil, and required state interference; in fact, there is need of an immense increase of state action in regard to cognate evils which still exist. In everything that concerns the economic life of the community, as regards both distribution and conditions of production, what is required is more public control, not less; how much more, I do not profess to know.

Another direction in which there is urgent need of the substitution of law and order for anarchy is international relations. At present, each sovereign

¹ *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas*, 2d edition, vol. 1, p. 119.

state has complete individual freedom, subject only to the sanction of war. This individual freedom will have to be curtailed in regard to external relations if wars are ever to cease. But when we pass outside the sphere of material possessions, we find that the arguments in favor of public control almost entirely disappear. Religion, to begin with, is recognized as a matter in which the state ought not to interfere. Whether a man is Christian, Moham-medan, or Jew, is a question of no public concern, so long as he obeys the laws; and the laws ought to be such as men of all religions can obey. Yet even here there are limits. No civilized state would tolerate a religion demanding human sacrifice. The English in India put an end to suttee, in spite of a fixed principle of non-interference with native religious customs. Perhaps they were wrong to prevent suttee, yet almost every European would have done the same. We cannot *effectively* doubt that such practices ought to be stopped, however we may theorize in favor of religious liberty.

In such cases, the interference with liberty is imposed from without by a higher civilization. But the more common case, and the more interesting, is when an independent state interferes on behalf of custom against individuals who are feeling their way toward more civilized beliefs and institutions.

'In New South Wales,' says Westermarck, 'the first-born of every *lubra* used to be eaten by the tribe "as part of a religious ceremony." In the realm of Khai-muk, in China, according to a native account, it was customary to kill and devour the eldest son alive. Among certain tribes in British Columbia the first child is often sacrificed to the sun. The Indians of Florida, according to Le Moyne de Morgues, sacrificed the first-born son to the chief.' There are pages and pages of such instances.

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There is nothing analogous to these practices among ourselves. When the first-born in Florida was told that his king and country needed him, this was a mere mistake, and with us mistakes of this kind do not occur. But it is interesting to inquire how these superstitions died out, in such cases, for example, as that of Khai-muk, where foreign compulsion is improbable. We may surmise that some parents, under the selfish influence of parental affection, were led to doubt whether the Sun would really be angry if the eldest child were allowed to live. Such rationalism would be regarded as very dangerous, since it was calculated to damage the harvest. For generations the opinion would be cherished in secret by a handful of cranks, who would not be able to act upon it. At last, by concealment or flight, a few parents would save their children from the sacrifice. Such parents would be regarded as lacking all public spirit, and as willing to endanger the community for their private pleasure. But gradually it would appear that the state remained intact, and the crops were no worse than in former years. Then, by a fiction, a child would be deemed to have been sacrificed if it was solemnly dedicated to agriculture or some other work of national importance chosen by the chief. It would be many generations before the child would be allowed to choose its own occupation after it had grown old enough to know its own tastes and capacities. And during all those generations children would be reminded that only an act of grace had allowed them to live at all, and would exist under the shadow of a purely imaginary duty to the state.

The position of those parents who first disbelieved in the utility of infant sacrifice illustrates all the difficulties which arise in connection with the adjustment of individual freedom to pub-

lic control. The authorities, believing the sacrifice necessary for the good of the community, were bound to insist upon it; the parents, believing it useless, were equally bound to do everything in their power toward saving the child. How ought both parties to act in such a case?

The duty of the skeptical parent is plain: to save the child by any possible means, to preach the uselessness of the sacrifice in season and out of season, and to endure patiently whatever penalty the law may inflict for evasion. But the duty of the authorities is far less clear. So long as they remain firmly persuaded that the universal sacrifice of the first-born is indispensable, they are bound to persecute those who seek to undermine this belief. But they will, if they are conscientious, very carefully examine the arguments of opponents, and be willing in advance to admit that these arguments *may* be sound. They will carefully search their own hearts, to see whether hatred of children or pleasure in cruelty has anything to do with their belief. They will remember that in the past history of Khai-muk there are innumerable instances of beliefs, now known to be false, on account of which those who disagreed with the prevalent view were put to death. Finally they will reflect that, though errors which are traditional are often widespread, new beliefs seldom win acceptance unless they are nearer to the truth than what they replace; and they will conclude that a new belief is probably either an advance, or so unlikely to become common as to be innocuous. All these considerations will make them hesitate before they resort to punishment.

II

The study of past times and uncivilized races makes it clear beyond

question that the customary beliefs of tribes or nations are almost invariably false. It is difficult to divest ourselves completely of the customary beliefs of our own age and nation, but it is not very difficult to achieve a certain degree of doubt in regard to them. The Inquisitor who burned men at the stake was acting with true humanity if all his beliefs were correct; but if they were in error at any point, he was inflicting a wholly unnecessary cruelty. A good working maxim in such matters is this: Do not trust customary beliefs so far as to perform actions which must be disastrous unless the beliefs in question are wholly true. The world would be utterly bad, in the opinion of the average Englishman, unless he could say, 'Britannia rules the waves'; and in the opinion of the average German, unless he could say, 'Deutschland über Alles.' For the sake of these beliefs, they are willing to destroy European civilization. If the beliefs should happen to be false, their action is regrettable.

One fact which emerges from these considerations is, that no obstacle should be placed in the way of thought and its expression, nor yet in the way of statements of fact. This was formerly common ground among literal thinkers, though it was never quite realized in the practice of civilized countries. But it has recently become, throughout Europe, a dangerous paradox, on account of which men suffer imprisonment or starvation. For this reason, it has again become worth stating. The grounds for it are so evident that I should be ashamed to repeat them if they were not universally ignored. But in the actual world it is very necessary to repeat them. To attain complete truth is not given to mortals, but to advance toward it by successive steps is not impossible. On any matter of general interest, there is usually in any

given community, at any given time, a received opinion, which is accepted as a matter of course by all who give no special thought to the matter. Any questioning of the received opinion arouses hostility, for a number of reasons.

The most important of these is the instinct of conventionality, which exists in all gregarious animals, and often leads them to put to death any markedly peculiar member of the herd. The next most important is the feeling of insecurity aroused by doubt as to the beliefs by which we are in the habit of regulating our lives. Whoever has tried to explain the philosophy of Berkeley to a plain man will have seen in its unadulterated form the anger aroused by this feeling. What the plain man derives from Berkeley's philosophy at a first hearing is an uncomfortable suspicion that nothing is solid, so that it is rash to sit on a chair or to expect the floor to sustain us. Because this suspicion is uncomfortable it is irritating, except to those who regard the whole argument as merely nonsense. And in a more or less analogous way any questioning of what has been taken for granted destroys the feeling of standing on solid ground, and produces a condition of bewildered fear.

A third reason which makes men dislike novel opinions is, that vested interests are bound up with old beliefs. The long fight of the Church against science, from Giordano Bruno to Darwin, is attributable to this motive, among others. The horror of socialism which existed in the remote past was entirely attributable to this cause. But it would be a mistake to assume, as is done by those who seek economic motives everywhere, that vested interests are the principal source of anger against novelties in thought. If this were the case, intellectual progress would be much more rapid than it is.

The instinct of conventionality, horror of uncertainty, and vested interests, all militate against the acceptance of a new idea. And it is even harder to think of a new idea than to get it accepted: most people might spend a lifetime in reflection without ever making a genuinely original discovery.

In view of all these obstacles, it is not likely that any society at any time will suffer from a plethora of heretical opinions. Least of all is this likely in a modern civilized society, where the conditions of life are in constant rapid change, and demand, for successful adaptation, an equally rapid change in intellectual outlook. There should, therefore, be an attempt to encourage rather than discourage the expression of new beliefs and the dissemination of knowledge tending to support them. But the very opposite is in fact the case. From childhood upwards, everything is done to make the minds of men and women conventional and sterile. And if, by misadventure, some spark of imagination remains, its unfortunate possessor is considered unsound and dangerous, worthy only of contempt in time of peace and of prison or a traitor's death in time of war. Yet such men are known to have been in the past the chief benefactors of mankind, and are the very men who receive most honor as soon as they are safely dead.

The whole realm of thought and opinion is utterly unsuited to public control: it ought to be as free, and as spontaneous, as is possible to those who know what others have believed. The state is justified in insisting that children shall be educated, but it is not justified in forcing their education to proceed on a uniform plan and to be directed to the production of a dead level of glib uniformity. Education, and the life of the mind generally, is a matter in which individual initiative is the chief thing needed; the function of

the state should begin and end with insistence on *some* kind of education, and, if possible, a kind which promotes mental individualism, not a kind which happens to conform to the prejudices of government officials.

III

Questions of practical morals raise more difficult problems than questions of mere opinion. The Thugs of India honestly believe it their duty to commit murders, but the government does not acquiesce. Conscientious objectors honestly hold the opposite opinion, and again the government does not acquiesce. Killing is a state prerogative: it is equally criminal to do it unbidden and not to do it when bidden. The same applies to theft, unless it is on a large scale or by one who is already rich. Thugs and thieves are men who use force in their dealings with their neighbors; and we may lay it down broadly that the private use of force should be prohibited except in rare cases, however conscientious may be its motive. But this principle will not justify compelling men to use force at the bidding of the state, when they do not believe it justified by the occasion. The punishment of conscientious objectors seems clearly a violation of individual liberty within its legitimate sphere.

It is generally assumed without question that the state has a right to punish certain kinds of sexual irregularity. No one doubts that the Mormons sincerely believed polygamy to be a desirable practice, yet the United States required them to abandon its legal recognition, and probably any other Christian country would have done likewise. Nevertheless, I do not think this prohibition was wise. Polygamy is legally permitted in many parts of the world, but is not much

practiced except by chiefs and potentates. If, as Europeans generally believe, it is an undesirable custom, it is probable that the Mormons would have soon abandoned it, except perhaps for a few men of exceptional position. If, on the other hand, it had proved a successful experiment, the world would have acquired a piece of knowledge which it is now unable to possess. I think that in all such cases the law should intervene only when there is some injury inflicted without the consent of the injured person.

It is obvious that men and women would not tolerate having their wives or husbands selected by the state, whatever eugenists might have to say in favor of such a plan. In this, it seems clear that ordinary public opinion is in the right, not because people choose wisely, but because any choice of their own is better than a forced marriage. What applies to marriage ought also to apply to the choice of a trade or profession: although some men have no marked preferences, most men greatly prefer some occupations to others, and are far more likely to be useful citizens if they follow their preferences than if they are thwarted by a public authority.

The case of the man who has an intense conviction that he ought to do a certain kind of work is peculiar, and perhaps not very common; but it is important because it includes some very important individuals. Joan of Arc and Florence Nightingale defied convention in obedience to a feeling of this sort; reformers and agitators in unpopular causes, such as Mazzini, have belonged to this class; so have many men of science. In cases of this kind, the individual conviction deserves the greatest respect, even if there seems no obvious justification for it. Obedience to the impulse is very unlikely to do much harm, and may well do great

good. The practical difficulty is to distinguish such impulses from desires which produce similar manifestations. Many young people wish to be authors, without having an impulse to write any particular book, or wish to be painters without having an impulse to create any particular picture. But a little experience will usually show the difference between a genuine and a spurious impulse; and there is less harm in indulging the spurious impulse for a time than in thwarting the impulse which is genuine. Nevertheless, the plain man almost always has a tendency to thwart the genuine impulse, because it seems anarchic and unreasonable, and is seldom able to give a good account of itself in advance.

What is markedly true of some notable personalities is true, in a lesser degree, of almost every individual who has much vigor or force of life: there is an impulse toward activity of some kind—as a rule not very definite in youth, but growing gradually more sharply outlined under the influence of education and opportunity. The direct impulse toward a kind of activity for its own sake must be distinguished from the desire for the expected effects of the activity. A young man may desire the rewards of great achievement, without having any spontaneous impulse toward the activities which lead to achievement. But those who actually achieve much, although they may desire the rewards, have also something in their nature which inclines them to choose a certain kind of work as the road which they must travel if their ambition is to be satisfied.

This artist's impulse, as it may be called, is a thing of infinite value to the individual, and often to the world: to respect it, in one's self and in others, makes up nine tenths of the good life. In most human beings, it is rather frail, rather easily destroyed or disturbed;

parents and teachers are too often hostile to it, and our economic system crushes out its last remnants in young men and young women. The result is that human beings cease to be individual, or to retain the native pride that is their birthright: they become machine-made, tame, convenient for the bureaucrat and the drill-sergeant, capable of being tabulated in statistics without anything being omitted. This is the fundamental evil resulting from lack of liberty; and it is an evil which is being continually intensified as population grows more dense and the machinery of organization grows more efficient.

The things that men desire are many and various: admiration, affection, power, security, ease, outlets for energy, are among the commonest of motives. But such abstractions do not touch what makes the difference between one man and another. Whenever I go to the Zoölogical Gardens, I am impressed by the fact that all the movements of, say, a stork have some common quality, differing from the movements of a parrot or an ostrich. It is impossible to say in words just what the common quality is, and yet we feel that each thing that an animal does is the sort of thing we might expect that animal to do. This indefinable quality constitutes the individuality of the animal, and gives rise to the pleasure we feel in watching the animal's actions. In a human being, provided he has not been crushed by an economic or governmental machine, there is the same kind of individuality, a something distinctive without which no man or woman can achieve much of importance, or retain the full dignity which is native to human beings. It is this distinctive individuality that is loved by the artist, whether painter or writer. The artist himself, and the man who is creative in no matter what direction, has more of

it than the average man. Any society which crushes this quality, whether intentionally or by accident, must soon become utterly lifeless and traditional, without hope of progress and without any purpose in its being. To preserve and strengthen the impulse that makes individuality should be the foremost object of all political institutions.

IV

We may now arrive at certain general principles in regard to individual liberty and public control.

The greater part of human impulses may be divided into two classes, those which are possessive and those which are constructive or creative. Social institutions are the garments or embodiments of impulses, and may be classified roughly according to the impulses which they embody. Property is the direct expression of possessiveness; science and art are among the most direct expressions of creativeness. Possessiveness is either defensive or aggressive: it seeks either to retain something against a robber, or to acquire something from a present holder. In either case, an attitude of hostility to others is of its essence.

It would be a mistake to suppose that defensive possessiveness is always justifiable, while the aggressive kind is always blameworthy: where there is great injustice in the *status quo*, the exact opposite may be the case, and ordinarily neither is justifiable.

State interference with the actions of individuals is necessitated by possessiveness. Some goods can be acquired or retained by force, while others cannot. A wife can be acquired by force, as the Romans acquired the Sabine women; but a wife's affection cannot be acquired in this way. There is no record that the Romans desired the affection of the Sabine women; and

those in whom possessive impulses are strong tend to care chiefly for the goods that force can secure. All material goods belong to this class. Liberty in regard to such goods, if it were unrestricted, would make the strong rich and the weak poor. In a capitalistic society, owing to the partial restraints imposed by law, it makes cunning men rich and honest men poor, because the force of the state is put at men's disposal, not according to any just or rational principle, but according to a set of traditional maxims of which the explanation is purely historical.

In all that concerns possession and the use of force, unrestrained liberty involves anarchy and injustice. Freedom to kill, freedom to rob, freedom to defraud, no longer belong to individuals, though they still belong to great states, and are exercised by them in the name of patriotism. Neither individuals nor states ought to be free to exert force on their own initiative, except in such sudden emergencies as will subsequently be admitted in justification by a court of law. The reason of this is that the exertion of force by one individual against another is always an evil on both sides, and can be tolerated only when it is compensated by some overwhelming resultant good.

In order to minimize the amount of force actually exerted in the world, it is necessary that there should be a public authority, a repository of practically irresistible force, whose function should be primarily to repress the private use of force. A use of force is *private* when it is exerted by one of the interested parties, or by his friends or accomplices, not by a public neutral authority according to some rule which is intended to be in the public interest.

The régime of private property, under which we live, does much too little to restrain the private use of force.

When a man owns a piece of land, for example, he may use force against trespassers, though they must not use force against him. It is clear that some restriction of the liberty of trespass is necessary for the cultivation of the land. But if such powers are to be given to an individual, the state ought to satisfy itself that he occupies no more land than he is warranted in occupying in the public interest, and that the share of the produce of the land that comes to him is no more than a just reward for his labors. Probably the only way in which such ends can be achieved is state ownership of land. The possessors of land and capital are able, at present, by economic pressure, to use force against those who have no possessions. This force is sanctioned by law, while force exercised by the poor against the rich is illegal. Such a state of things is unjust, and does not diminish the use of private force so much as it might be diminished.

The whole realm of the possessive impulses, and of the use of force to which they give rise, stands in need of control by a public neutral authority, in the interests of liberty no less than of justice. Within a nation, this public authority will naturally be the state; in relations between nations, if the present anarchy is to cease, it will have to be some international parliament. But the motive underlying the public control of men's possessive impulses should always be the increase of liberty, both by the prevention of private tyranny, and by the liberation of creative impulses. If public control is not to do more harm than good, it must be so exercised as to leave the utmost freedom of private initiative in all ways that do not involve the private use of force. In this respect, all governments have always failed egregiously, and there is no evidence that they are improving.

The creative impulses, unlike those

that are possessive, are directed to ends in which one man's gain is not another man's loss. The man who makes a scientific discovery or writes a poem is enriching others at the same time as himself. Any increase in knowledge or good-will is a gain to all who are affected by it, not only to the actual possessor. Those who feel the joy of life are a happiness to others as well as to themselves. Force cannot create such things, though it can destroy them; no principle of distributive justice applies to them, since the gain of each is the gain of all. For these reasons, the creative part of a man's activity ought to be as free as possible from all public control, in order that it may remain spontaneous and full of vigor. The only function of the state in regard to this part of the individual life should be to do everything possible toward providing outlets and opportunities.

In every life, a part is governed by the community, and a part by private initiative. The part governed by private initiative is greatest in the most important individuals, such as men of genius and creative thinkers. This part ought to be restricted only when it is predatory; otherwise, everything ought to be done to make it as great and as vigorous as possible. The object of education ought not to be to make all men think alike, but to make each think in the way which is the fullest expression of his own personality. In the choice of a means of livelihood, all young men and young women ought, so far as possible, to be able to choose what is attractive to them; if no money-making occupation is attractive, they ought to be free to do little work for little pay, and spend their leisure as they choose. Any kind of censure on freedom of thought or on the dissemination of knowledge is, of course, to be condemned utterly.

Huge organizations, both political

and economic, are one of the distinguishing characteristics of the modern world. These organizations have immense power, and often use their power to discourage originality in thought and action. They ought, on the contrary, to give the freest scope that is possible without producing anarchy or violent conflict. They ought not to take cognizance of any part of a man's life except what is concerned with the legitimate objects of public control, namely, possessions and the use of force. And they ought, by devolution, to leave as large a share of control as possible in the hands of individuals and small groups. If this is not done, the men at the head of these vast organizations will infallibly become tyrannous through the habit of excessive power, and will in time interfere in ways that crush out individual initiative.

The problem which faces the modern world is the combination of individual initiative with the increase in the scope and size of organizations. Unless it is solved, individuals will grow less and less full of life and vigor, more and more passively submissive to conditions imposed upon them. A society composed of such individuals cannot be progressive, or add much to the world's stock of mental and spiritual possessions.

Only personal liberty and the encouragement of initiative can secure these things. Those who resist authority when it encroaches upon the legitimate sphere of the individual are performing a service to society, however little society may value it. In regard to the past, this is universally acknowledged; but it is no less true in regard to the present and the future.

ON A SUN-DIAL

BY BEATRICE W. RAVENEL

FOLLOW the Sun as I : His favour keep :
Nor fear the night that cometh : Sweet is sleep.

THE WEST'S NEW VISION

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

ONLY the other day, it seems, we heard from the Middle West murmurings that told of storm and stress. Financial sufferings afflicted the settler; political and social upheavals upset established legislation; the atmosphere was charged with criticism of vested rights and of moneyed centres. To the older commonwealths the spectacle was in a degree amusing, yet it had its serious side. It was fashionable to depict the Western legislator as a modern Don Quixote, charging at fancied ills and exhausting himself by his efforts; and to describe the settler as an iconoclast, wasting his precious time in vague attempts to regulate the universe.

Only the other day — yet nearly a quarter century has passed and the West has been making new history. For a decade there was readjustment, the establishment in tangible form of some of the ideas born of the tempest; another decade of abounding prosperity, when the agitator became in a modest way a capitalist and began to think of his own vested rights; then the new era of Established Things, and the acceptance of the responsibilities that come with wealth and power.

Foremost in the influences that have changed the mental attitude of the Westerner has been his recognition of the oneness of the nation. So long as it was necessary to obtain from the savings accounts of the older states the funds with which to develop new lands, it was natural that there should be a feeling of dependence — galling to the

enthusiastic pioneer whose dreams outran his accomplishments. In the reaction he visited upon those whose money he had used, and was using, accusations of self-interest. The result was the creation of an imaginary Capitalist, whose heel ground down the borrower and who sought his own welfare at the expense of the debtor.

But with the advance of prosperity came a new point of view. The Westerner, being released from his exacting toil and becoming familiar with other parts of the country, gained new knowledge. He noticed as he journeyed to New York or Boston that, after he had crossed the Mississippi, he passed through town after town where factories employing thousands of men lined the streets. He did some thinking. Those men and their families must consume the products of the agricultural states; their prosperity meant his own. After all, not fearsome Wall Street, but the workers who were making things for men to use, constituted the principal part of the East. He awoke to a realization that his prosperity, his ability to obtain good prices for his products, depended on something more than the number of bushels per acre he could raise, and that part of his future success depended also on becoming a manufacturer himself. The psychology of this realization expressed itself in mutual interest; it expanded into every line of endeavor. It was no longer popular to oppose instinctively anything the East favored. The broadening view brought a new conception of the

province of financial operations, and obliterated largely the old idea of isolation. Provincialism passed away, and in its place came a fuller understanding of the nation at large.

Another thing: the Westerner has become better acquainted with national thought. Not only has he traveled himself, but frequent visits to the prairie states of men and women prominent in finance, education, journalism, and philanthropy have brought him in touch with the broader life of older commonwealths. The East is no more a land sufficient unto itself, but is regarded as a section that has many of the same interests as the West. The importance of such a changed point of view is evident in the moderation of language in newspapers and in the public utterances of platform orators. It is no longer the custom to rail against 'capital' as a synonym of all that is included in the thrift of generations of dwellers beyond the Mississippi. Here and there is a politician who considers it advantageous, but his public life is short. As the West grows older itself, and sees more plainly the advantages of permanency, it appreciates the settled condition of states that have passed the pioneering period.

Perhaps there is, too, some element of satisfaction that there has come a certain measure of financial and social sufficiency, lessening the dependency characteristic of the days of settlerhood. The equality in ability to do large things and to meet conditions of business is responsible for some of this revised sentiment; it is bringing interrelation where before was an underlying resentment because older states were better equipped. This factor is certain to become more marked as the years go on and the newness passes away from the prairie. With even the smaller towns showing all modern conveniences, — electric lights, paved

streets, telephones, handsome public buildings, and parks, — the difference, always felt more keenly than it should have been, vanishes, and there is more contentment with things that the West possesses instead of mere longing for things that it has not.

The average Western community has three principal divisions. There are the 'first families,' those who took up the claims or laid out the towns back in the sixties and seventies and who have seen the ups and downs of financial development. The men have lines in their faces; on their cheeks is the sunburn of long days afield; they are yet conscious of the teaching of early days of thrift. They have money in the bank, perhaps mortgages on other farms; they are content for the most part with moderate ways of living. This class, generally speaking, has not acquired great wealth through speculation in land — the most profitable endeavor of the past two decades. It was too timid to plunge, remembering the sad experiences of the settler days.

Then there is the younger generation of the settler families. Many of its members early grew weary of farm-life and developed the towns and cities. Usually they did not obtain college educations; if they did, they will be found in the East, out on the Pacific coast, anywhere on earth where there is business or artistic opportunity.

Last are the later immigrants. These arrived during the past two decades, coming to the interior from the older settled states where land was high. Here land seemed to them cheap, and they invested against the judgment of those who, because of what they had experienced, were afraid to venture. They reaped much of the increase in the prices of real estate, which has more than doubled in value in a decade. A survey of one township three years ago

showed that 70 per cent of its residents had come there in the preceding ten years. The early Westerner was restless — he always saw fair fields afar off.

This cosmopolitan population, gathered from many climes and with varying ideas of what is the meaning of life, has been working out its social and economic salvation with nervous energy. Few are poor — in scores of counties there are no almshouses; few are wealthy, but all are eager to accomplish real results in development. Probably it is true that in some directions too much emphasis has been laid on wealth. The newspapers find a better story in swelling bank deposits and in 'a motor-car for every three families,' than in reports of community service. But the needs of the newer neighborhoods are not less than in those of older establishment, and these needs can be better met with a plastic population than with one fixed in its habits.

So the inoculation of the West with new ideas for community betterment prospered amazingly. Forward-looking men and women were willing to join in movements that promised results. As an outgrowth of this longing, the average Western town is organized beyond reason. Churches, their number far in excess of the community demand, give earnest pastors a spare living; lodges keep the halls alight six nights a week; commercial clubs discuss iridescent visions of coming factories and industrial opulence; clubs for everything, from bridge to the improvement of the banking system and the promulgation of the rotation of farm crops, flourish. The Westerner is naturally a 'jiner,' and his coat-lapel is adorned with the insignia of his fealty to chapter, brotherhood, and clan.

The weakness has been in the failure to finish things. Schemes and plans have been put on paper and allowed to

stay there. The newspapers have printed innumerable columns detailing the promises of hopeful promoters and the speeches before the chamber of commerce. Always there was a firm faith that some day prosperity would reign. It was the same spirit that made the settler ever certain that 'times will be better in the spring.'

In the working out of his vision the Westerner experimented with legislation, producing weird effects at times, but on the whole tending toward better things. Boards of varied nature, inspectors of everything from the length of hotel bed-sheets to the specific gravity of kerosene, have been appointed. In one little prairie town there were one day last autumn six inspectors, all drawing state salaries and checking up various industries and business houses.

The methods of obtaining legislation are inadequate to modern needs, and legislatures struggle with their mass of suggestions through feverish weeks, resulting in more or less haphazard effects — but the West is not alone in this. On the one side are those who desire, above all else, to keep down taxes; on the other, those who believe that expansion in development calls for liberality in the equipment of its larger factors.

Particularly striking has been the impetuous rush of legislation enacted by Western states dealing with social problems. Going directly to the needs of the everyday citizen, there has been a sincere effort to make society responsible, so far as is feasible, for the conduct of the individual. To be sure, there has been the criticism of interference with 'personal liberty,' but the results speak for themselves. The dwellers in the Middle West have a standard of conduct not to be likened to that of the large eastern cities or even to that of the seaboard commonwealths. They have demanded laws that attempt to

keep from the public those things which make for evil in thought and deed. The political machinery has been changed to include direct primaries; inquiries into social conditions are being conducted under the control of the state; the supervision of public utilities has gone far; the parole system and indeterminate sentence, with humane treatment of criminals and the abolition of capital punishment, have been factors in an effort to cure wickedness rather than merely to punish. 'Blue-sky' laws seek to protect the investor; mothers' pensions and aid for the unfortunate have received attention. In short, there has been in the legislation of these later years a recognition of the brotherhood of man to a degree undreamed of in the period of formative history. Just what the effect of these statutes is to be in lifting the next generation to a higher plane time alone can tell; but whatever the criticism of the outside world, the West believes that it is proceeding in the right direction and that it will gain through its undertakings.

This spirit has been reflected in the changing ideals of education growing out of the larger fields of the universities, where the study of industrial and social service has become a portion of the curriculum. The Western university is not merely a place for the scholar: it is a workshop for the student. Reaching into the intimate life of the community, it is called on to advise regarding the community's health, to develop natural resources, to be in a large sense a co-laborer in everything that affects complete advancement. Along with the development has gone a readjustment of the high school to meet the demands of the pupil who desires to enter industrial or business life. With the preparation for college go manual training, domestic science, book-keeping, stenography,

normal training, agriculture, and sane athletics. As a result, the high-school attendance in some states has doubled in a half-decade, and the most serious problem of many a town is to furnish facilities for the increasing number of young people who welcome the opportunity offered. The coming of the supervised playground, of school-houses in use twelve months in the year, of night-schools, and of the larger use of the teaching force, has had its effect in making education a more complete equipment for life, and its effect should be manifest in the next generation. What the people of earlier days missed they are trying to make up to their children.

The democratization of education has been a material factor in the broader outlook on life of the rising generation, and has made it easier for the state to engage in legislation tending toward a greater service to the individual. To be sure, not every new idea has proved sound in practice, and it has been necessary to readjust plans to fit modern needs. Enthusiasts have sometimes attempted too much and have forgotten the individual in the desire for accomplishment; the ultimate effect, however, has been to bring a clearer understanding of the relations of society and to open wider the doors of usefulness.

The towns have made the first step toward simplicity of management, and commission government is coming to be the rule rather than the exception. Even that quickly accepted innovation has not proved all that was desired, and now city managers are succeeding the commissions — slowly, but with gaining popularity. The revision of county and state government will be the next step. Just what form will succeed the present is uncertain, as sentiment has not crystallized; but the eager search for betterment is cer-

tain to bring results. That it will be in the direction of centred responsibility, the elimination of useless jobs, and simpler methods in law-making and judicial procedure, is evident. Neither constitutions nor precedent can long restrain action.

This readjustment is indicative of the serious struggle toward a larger democracy, evident in every community, and finding its advocates regardless of partisan politics or social relations. That the West has lost its ideals, is not true. The ideals are not the same as in the pioneer days when problems were broad and their solution depended more on exuberant patriotism than on detailed effort. The problems of today are intimate and enter into the life of the neighborhood. What the West is trying to do is to raise the plane of right living and to develop a healthier and saner generation.

Larger, however, in its importance is the development of community spirit. Where formerly a movement for some measure of helpfulness was supported mostly by the ministers and the school-teachers, with few personal followers, now it includes the men and women of affairs, united in a sincere effort to accomplish things worth while. Community houses are being erected, some pretentious and fulfilling the needs of the day, others moderate, but giving promise of greater things later. Money and time are forthcoming for these, and the problem of the neglected boy and girl is receiving the attention of busy men and earnest women in city, town, and country.

This tendency is marked in the women's clubs, now stronger than ever in their history. Where their programmes once were devoted to poetry, literature, and art, they are to-day made up of discussions of matters relating to health, sanitation, government, and community betterment.

Some of this change is due to the growth of equal suffrage in the Western states; unquestionably the fact that women in many commonwealths are taking part in the election of every officer is having a definite influence on their interest in government and in the work of public officials. It has, for one thing, called for a higher standard of personal character on the part of public officials. It has been productive of legislation for the child and the overburdened mother. The end is by no means reached in either direction, but the beginning has been made in legislation for reformatory and charitable purposes, and the coming years will see notable progress.

Building a state is no easy task. No matter how patriotic or devoted the leaders, errors and compromises will creep in. This is particularly true of states whose population is composed of former dwellers in forty different commonwealths. The interior states are melting-pots into which enter varied elements and varied inheritances. Grown to independence, the population forms a sturdy force with which to work out the ideals to which it is devoted. In politics the West has always been quick to resent dictation, and frequent upheavals indicate how thorough is the sentiment that the people must be consulted. The enactment of primary laws, limited recall provisions in cities, and other legislation that is believed by the average man and woman to give a greater power to the individual, have brought a changed political atmosphere. But with the reaching of maturity there is no disposition to run amuck or to further laws that are merely the vaporings of uninformed enthusiasts. Extravagances are speedily corrected, and on the whole there is sane and intelligent effort toward sound methods.

No indication is seen to-day that

there could be a duplication of that political uprising which swept the West in the nineties. That experience was unique; it was fostered by financial troubles which do not now exist, and, with the outlook for agriculture, are not likely to be repeated. Yet that period was not after all an unmixed evil: it awoke the people to the study of government, and in the end many of the proposals then advocated became matters of course. The evolution of the West has been toward sanity, and with this has gone an acceptance of its real relation to older sections; its more or less volatile public has settled down to the steady progress of existence.

Just how far this reaches into the civic spirit is evidenced in the willingness of town and country to draw on the future for education and public improvement. Millions of dollars in bonds are issued annually, not for the speculative enterprises of early days, but for the establishment of substantial institutions that shall be a heritage for the next generation. The West is in debt, but its debts are incurred for the things that remain. Its farmers — many of them — owe on their farms, but they are using their income for improvements that are changing the landscape from barrenness to a vista of happy homes. The foreclosure of a mortgage is so rare as to attract attention; it is usually for the quieting of title or the settling of an estate. These things, operating for years, have their effect in giving a stronger hold on the individual who is no more a sojourner waiting a chance to 'cash in' on his speculation, but an integral part of the community. Because of this, he is a factor of more importance in developing the commonwealth along helpful lines. There is in his life to-day a new idea of what his state means to him, and he is fitted thereby for a larger citizenship.

The element of permanency is entering into the ideals of the Westerner. When real estate was advancing in value, when fortune beckoned in every new territory, when cheap lands promised quick riches, the temptation to move on was strong. But land-values are now stationary, or practically so; the frontier exists only in fiction; homesteading is a lost art. The family has decided that the future years will probably be spent in the locality where beginnings have been made, and has planned to make the surroundings as comfortable as possible. So we see farms improved, bath-tubs in the houses, furnaces and electric lights scattered through rural districts, thousands of farm homes transformed from waiting places to settled domiciles.

The rural population of the West does not increase. In some sections it is actually decreasing, and in nearly all decreasing in comparison with the urban population. Retired farmers are building modest homes in town. If the children will stay on the farm, they keep up the old home; if not, tenants care for the land. It is a growing danger to the rich agricultural states of the interior that this is so. It argues for a tenant class that lessens the high standard of production, for no tenant has the same interest as the owner in the maintenance of the productivity of the land. The man living on his income is usually a conservative, and only as he is awakened to the needs of the community, will he join in expansive plans for betterment. The saving grace is that the Western capitalist is the easiest of all money-owners to convince. He has seen the development of the prairies and is eager for the coming of all the advantages that seem to him good for mankind.

These new ideals, in a broad way, are an attempt to get at the very foundations of life and to build aright there-

on. They not only include the community idea, but are concerned with world-affairs. The European war has brought this home. It was not the munition-maker alone who reaped a benefit from the foreign demand for supplies produced here. The farmer sold his wheat, corn, and horses and mules at top figures; the entire price level for his productions advanced, and he came suddenly into a season of rich profits. Yet there was not in the West any change of sympathy with the conflict because of this; and amid a people gaining directly from a continuance of the struggle the peace movements secured a following reached nowhere else in the nation. However, it opened the eyes of the West to its place in the world; the effect was to broaden its view and to impress the essential need of what the soil produces as a factor in the progress of nations. Suddenly it was realized that the Interior exists, not as an appurtenance of the Eastern states, but as an integral factor of the world's business. The tradesman in the country town felt it; the professional man and the farmer realized it; the banker looked beyond the list of customers on his books and saw his relation to world-finances. It sobered the somewhat self-conscious, extravagantly boasting West of a few years ago and brought maturer views, a more intelligent understanding of itself.

The West has passed the experimental stage. It knows what crops will grow, what trees will thrive, and can estimate what limit is to be placed on its people's willingness to adopt new ideas. The early settlers gave quick acceptance to every promised panacea, and the promulgator of *isms* and fads was received as a prophet. Prophets are at a discount to-day. Leaders with sense and integrity are demanded — men and women who temper their theories with hard facts and have a

real message. A sort of 'blue-sky' law exists in social and political affairs, as in economics. The leader faces a saner and clearer-headed constituency, one less inclined than of old to lose its self-control over the mere sounding of mellifluous phrases. Results are called for, and earnest effort must be backed by sound argument. The demagogue flourished when states were new; he is not extinct yet, but it is becoming increasingly difficult for him to obtain a hearing from those who make up the substantial portion of the community.

Money never exerted so little influence on legislation and position as it does to-day. This is not because there is a high level of per-capita wealth and a minimum of poverty, but because the people have a changed outlook on life and on business. The West knows that it can succeed in material things; it believes that it can succeed as well in other directions. It is feeling its way — with some mistakes and some wanderings, but all the time reaching a higher plane.

When the country readjusts itself after the end of the European war, — granted that we escape other complications in our diplomatic affairs, — there will come the real test of the West's plans for its own development. It is putting off the vanities of youth and entering on an era of maturity. Its people have enthusiasm, a high standard of courage, and the financial ability to care for their own. They look to a social readjustment that shall lift the entire community to higher levels, to legislative programmes that shall carry with them helpfulness and economic independence. In this are united the everyday men and women of the towns and country districts who are joining hands for the goodness of life.

In two brief decades the West has come to its own. The accomplishment

of a century has been crowded into the nervous years. Conscious of hard-won victories by the fathers and mothers who came before, the generation of to-day takes just pride in a basic wealth that enables it to face the world serene and unafraid. The problems of soil-mastery are being solved; the ability to finance its enterprises in a large measure is recognized — but comparative independence is accepted without over-confidence. It realizes as never before the inter-relation of material progress, yet is sure of its position as an equal, and positive in its belief in its own future.

No more the hysterical West of the nineties, no more the offensively boast-

ful West of the early years of this century, it is self-respecting, serious-minded, hopeful, looking to constructive efforts in legislation, in educational advancement, in community welfare. The West of to-day repudiates the charge that it is a worshiper only of the things of the flesh; its outlook is upon the things of the spirit as well — an outlook rich in the inspiration of bright skies and cheery sunshine. The West has emerged, strong-sinewed, from the struggle of settlerhood and the adjustment to modern conditions; it has come face to face with a marvelous vista of possibilities in social and economic development, a new vision of its people's destiny.

WANTED : A MOTIVE

BY JOSEPH H. ODELL

I

THERE exist men of scientific acumen who can deal with human nature by laboratory methods, reducing emotions, incentives and volitions to the familiar formulæ of the text-books — x, y, z ; $y + 3^2 = x$, and so forth. And there are others, statistically predestined, who can chart and diagram the rise and fall, the expansion and contraction, of human dynamics, making, for instance, the line of volition reach its peak in Bismarck and run down through Napoleon III and Micawber to a very submerged base in Rip Van Winkle. At various times I have fallen under the spell of such experts; but my faith, jolted more than once, has broken down entirely

in the presence of William Demarest Mason, a friend of school and college days, and not by any means the least welcome of the many who honor my hearth with an occasional visit.

Quite recently Billy Mason dropped in, with his old casual, frank, cordial, and debonair manner, as if we had parted only yesterday, asking almost before greetings were exchanged for the source of a quotation I had used as a text in opening a debate at 'The Grill' (our college debating society) ten years ago, beginning, 'Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world.' He said he had often recalled it, and always when he did so he had a keen desire to know the

authorship; but on such occasions he was invariably far away from all authorities, and, curiously enough, he had never remembered the passage when he might have traced its origin. He then went to the piano, played Tchaikovsky's Andante Cantabile in B flat with exquisite spirit, and at its close wheeled suddenly and said emphatically, 'I hate Wagner and I hate epics.'

Thus closed the first quarter of an hour of a visit that lasted for two delightful weeks.

While we watched the sunset in the late afternoon, Billy toyed with a succession of cigarettes, flinging each one into the fireplace after two or three whiffs, and spoke sadly about Paris during the early days of the war. How he came to be there, or why, he did not mention. But he was at the corner of the Avenue du Trocadéro and the Rue de Freycinet when a bomb fell from a German aeroplane in September, and several pedestrians were injured. He was partly responsible, at least by giving advice and encouragement to the writer of an article, for the suspension of *L'Homme Libre*. Earlier, during the battles of the Aisne, he had been in the rear of General Maunoury's lines in the Compiègne district, and had worked with the ambulance corps around Vic, Morsain, and Nouvion. Of the dashing heroism of the French soldiers he spoke with undisguised admiration, but with a kind of reverence for the patience and sustained courage of the women of Paris: 'a kind of religion made up of national confidence and personal pride,' he called it. Evidently he had seen the worst there was to see all the way along the crescent of carnage from Ypres to St. Mihiel, and he knew every mood of Paris, from the early terrors following the breaking of the Belgian border until the lines became rigid in December.

Throughout the commentary — for what he said was little more than that

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— his air was as detached and unconcerned as if he were picking out the salient features of a football game between two colleges in which he had no personal interest. He seemed like one whose only concern it was to annotate life or supply footnotes to the chronicle of events.

In college I came to know Billy Mason quite intimately. His scholarship was of a high order, both in the routine classwork and in the contributions he made beyond the curriculum, in the magazines and in the debates. But no one knew whether his accomplishments were incidental or deliberate; the ease with which he did everything well seemed a half-disguised mockery of learning. Yet there was never even a hint of insincerity, neither was there the slightest tinge of the mental or moral pharisee. He admitted candidly that the life we led was not furnishing him with what he needed most, but he never defined that need. On the whole he bore himself with a cheerful resignation, was never cynical, and accepted whatever guidance the traditions of the place or the interest of the professors might offer. He was thoroughly well liked without being popular, was admired without winning praise, and we all accepted his opinions with deference; but no one ever sought his advice.

One evening during his visit Billy spoke of his life as if he were almost detached from it. If there had not been the subtlest accent of questioning in his tone, I should have concluded that he was engaged in a recital given entirely to interest or amuse me. The manner in which he disclosed himself was unromantic in spite of a background and accessories gathered from the most romantic spots on earth — a record of voyages without adventures and expeditions without exploits. He was as pitifully prosaic as the lecturer in

conventional black and white standing before the screen and monotonously describing the pictures of a gorgeous panorama. Even now I am not sure that Billy did not deliberately and artistically plan the effect; it was certainly too striking to have been entirely unpremeditated; and yet a lingering cadence of contrition throughout the tale made it convincing and touching at the time.

II

He admitted that his life so far had been a miscarriage of purpose; ineffective, he preferred to call it. He inherited a temper of inconclusiveness which he sought to compensate in a series of rapid and conspicuous decisions. He never thought in propositions, but in terms; he never wrote in chapters, but in paragraphs; he never painted, but only sketched. During college he joined every society and club and clique for which he was eligible, but he never rose to the dignity of an office, from matriculation to graduation. He stated the fact; curiously, although I had known him intimately, I had not noticed it. His life did not flow forward as a slowly deepening and widening river, but was more like a chain of little pools connected by shallow rapids or plunging waterfalls; he would rest for a while in a backwater, swing into the current and be hurried to the next, only to repeat the experience with an excitement which itself soon grew to be monotonous.

When he was graduated, he adopted literature as a profession, on the ground that it offered more liberty and fewer compulsions than any other occupation, and because he dreaded the prospect of consistent loafing. It was not necessary that he should work at all, for, although he had never balanced his share of his father's estate, he knew that it was ample, and that if he drew

upon it in moderation, it would last indefinitely.

He referred to several attempts to overcome the disposition. At one time he translated two thirds of the 'Purgatorio,' preserving the original metre in the English; he left the MS. with an artist in Siena until his return to Italy; but when he went back, his trustee had disappeared. He completed the analytical half of a philosophical treatise on 'The Primary Concepts,' but had never resumed the work. After writing eight or ten short stories which had a certain resemblance of mood, he had laid them aside in the hope of finding a dominating *motif*, when he would weave them into an ambitious novel. Two or three other projects had similarly disappointed him.

Fully conscious of his fatal inability to pursue a course to its issue, he determined upon drastic measures. 'Then I made a monumental ass of myself,' he said with a smile.

I was just wondering whether Billy had been spoiled by inherited wealth, when he read my thoughts and assured me that it was not so; he had absolutely no fear of poverty. Never in any year had he used more than one half of his income, not because he wanted to accumulate, but because he had no desire to spend. He attributed his failure to the lack of sufficient stimuli in modern civilization. 'Conditions to-day,' he said, 'absorb motives, but do not create them.' Society had been refined into sterility and had become incapable of giving either the inspiration or momentum for protracted or consistent effort. Thinking only in terms again, he decided to seek some phenomenal experience where the elemental forces play unhampered and with naked naturalness, and where he might find incentives so fresh that they would not be spent before a decent bit of work could be accomplished. He would un-

derstand and describe what he saw and felt. The experience that he gave dated back several years, but he told his story as though the last chapter were just closing.

So, girding himself with a handsome air of resolution, Billy scanned the most distant horizons. At that moment Russia promised enough sensation to generate a frenzy of zeal for an indefinite period. The barricades, the charging Cossacks, the bursting bombs, the reek of blood, and through it all frenzied voices inarticulately shouting for Freedom! The French Revolution would be a bagatelle beside it; the throne must fall; the Duma must rise; the peasantry would be enfranchised; the aristocracy perish in the fumes of lyddite and amid the hurrahs of liberty; each day would shriek with the birth-pains of a new era. Billy started for St. Petersburg, *via* Bremen. But on the ship he met a member of the Hungarian Reichstag, who told him marvelous things about the twin Empire — how the sky was ominously black and the spirit of Kossuth was again stirring in the breasts of the Magyars. The Emperor must give heed at once to the petition of his fierce subjects, the intolerable anomaly of language must be immediately corrected, or again white plumed bands would take the field, and this time it would be Armageddon! The legislator had little hope of peace. Could any member of the House of Hapsburg ever understand the Magyar? The clash was inevitable; it might occur immediately; perhaps it had already begun.

Billy listened, and before the liner buried herself in the North Sea fog, he had changed the labels on his baggage and looked up hotels in Vienna and Budapest. Correspondents of marked ability were swarming in St. Petersburg and Moscow; so far as he knew, Hungary was an open field.

In Paris Billy found the American Embassy quite unconcerned about the state of Europe, but alarmed for Northern Africa. Morocco was seriously disturbed and the Sudan in a ferment. A brand-new Mahdi had lifted his green turban as a standard, and the tribesmen were massing with unusual fanaticism. The Sirdar had intercepted an inbound British transport and dropped a seasoned regiment at Suakim; Khartum was alive with troops.

Billy felt the glamour of a desert war steal over his imagination — camel corps, fuzzy-wuzzies, the moonlight dash for the oasis, the hollow square against which the waves of black madmen would break only to throw up a spray of blood and roll back decimated and spent. He could not resist the spell, but rushed to Brindisi, caught the P. and O. mail, and found himself in squat and squalid Port Said within a week. Cairo was uncommunicative; the most that he could discover from an official close to Lord Cromer was to the effect that an effort was being made to detach certain tribes from the revolt, and five or six months might elapse before the results of such diplomacy could be known. In the meantime hostilities were to be avoided; Lord Cromer believed that peace alone could redeem the Sudan.

His ardor somewhat dashed, Billy was on the point of returning to Europe to take up one of his dropped cues, when he met a shipping agent who told him a bizarre story of the pearl-fishery on the northwest coast of Ceylon. The industry is controlled by the British authorities, who watch the precious beds scientifically and announce the hour at which the submarine harvest may be gathered. Such a proclamation, in half a dozen languages, had just been issued, and the lure of the pearl was fast filling the Gulf of Manar with the floating adventurers of the

East. Eighty-three million bivalves were ready to be gathered, perhaps to yield ten million pearls. The rendezvous was Marichchikkaddi, a matter of one hundred and twenty miles from Colombo. There is really no permanent place of that unpronounceable name; it is a fleeting city which springs like a rash upon the white skin of the shore, remains at fever heat for a few weeks, and disappears when the last oyster has been opened, leaving only an itching reminiscence of itself, until the agent of the Colonial Secretary shall proclaim another fishery. No-where else in the East, and at no other time, can one see such a sight: a hundred languages and dialects assault the ear; the finest samples of Oriental manhood gather for the adventure—Arabs, Cingalese, Tamils, Bengali, Malays, and nameless others; the divers and their sturdy boatmen are most in evidence, but there are also men in British uniform, money-lenders, gamblers, speculators, gem-collectors, agents of mighty pearl-loving rajahs, buyers from London and Paris and New York jewelers, all the bunco-steerers and sharpers from the lands without police, and God only knows what other varieties of uncatalogued humanity.

Billy must go, of course, and he booked at once for Colombo. The voyage down was tedious, the passengers conventional, and the vessel slow, too slow — the fishery had just closed. He sat down in the Galle Face Hotel and flagellated himself for nearly an hour, took a plunge in the swimming tank, called twice for whiskey and soda, and meditated.

What should he do next? Billy vacillated and gyrated, but finally took the hint of a fellow guest and decided upon Tibet. It seems that a company of Japanese Buddhists were visiting the sacred places of their faith. 'Make for Kashmir,' advised the officer, who

professed to have shot in every inaccessible place throughout the Himalayas. 'Peshawar, near the Afghan frontier, will be your starting-point. The party intends to follow the route of Hiuen Tsang, the Chinese priest who visited and described the Buddhist shrines of Central Asia in the seventh century. You are likely to meet them anywhere — at Shabatzgari, or at Dahl Lake, or on the Jhelum River, or at Srinagar; but probably at Srinagar, where the Emperor Asoka built more than five hundred monasteries. Of course, there is the chance that you may have to go to Bablit, or the Hunza Valley.'

Why Billy went to Tuticorin and thence by rail through the whole length of India, instead of going to Karachi by sea, he never knew; neither did he know much about the next two or three weeks, in Lahore, which he spent in bed, in a dark inner room with preposterous windows close to an incredibly high ceiling in the 'Charing Cross Hotel,' — a name which considerably aggravated his ailment. When able to crawl around again, he took a *gharry* to the New Museum and learned to his chagrin that the Japanese pilgrimage was already a matter of history. But the great Mala was soon to be held at Allahabad! Probably a million fanatics would gather at the confluence of the Ganges and the Jumna — a sight worth crossing continents to see. There would be an unbelievable number of holy men exhibiting such grotesque and gross forms of holiness that one would pray to be sinful.

Billy proceeded by slow stages and found at Delhi that he might go to Calcutta, replenish his kit, call upon a friend, and return to Allahabad in time for the Mala. In the meanwhile he studied a wretched translation of the *Mahabharata* until he had the hundred sons of Dhritarashtra and the five Pandara princes so hopelessly mixed

that he would never know who won the famous eighteen battles on the plain of Kurushetra, or whether men sacrificed to gods or gods to men; but he had a faint suspicion that they sacrificed each other.

Billy never went back to Allahabad. The Calcutta papers reported trouble in British North Borneo. It was the fault of the Company of course, but a fault for which England might pay dearly. The blunders of the South African Chartered Company were diplomacy itself compared with those of the B. N. B. Co., which issued its own currency, commanded a miniature army, and allowed its sub-clerks, mere boys fresh from the sixth form of an English public school, to act as magistrates. For years it had all been the butt of the East, but now it was intolerable, and at any moment there might be a repetition of the ghastliest phases of the great Mutiny. Still, Englishmen are always game and hold life as lightly as a Dyak.

All of which Billy learned in Singapore, where he landed from a B. I. coaster with as incoherent a mind as a man might carry on his shoulders. For two days he reconstructed geography, for two more he investigated a local currency reform; and, challenged by Chinese mansions and Chinese equipages on the Bund, he devoted several other days to ruminating upon the folly of our exclusion laws. He admitted that they mixed drinks incomparably in the Straits, and he believed they mixed everything else.

I forget why he never reached Borneo, but when he left Singapore it was for Hong Kong. There had been a massacre of American missionaries at Lien Chou, about three hundred miles up the river from Canton. It was promising — perhaps the premonition of another Boxer uprising. But at Hong Kong the way was barred; the Amer-

ican consul could not arrange with the commander of the gunboat for Billy to accompany the investigating commission; and the trouble was over and the Viceroy would meet the bill, whatever it might be.

Billy was furious: he swore; he grew cynical toward people who could not possibly understand his epigrams; he felt homesick and self-sick. He went up to the Peak and looked down on the crowded harbor: it was night, and the myriad lights twinkling from junks and tramps and liners and battleships, and craft of every kind, seemed like sunken stars, as if the world had toppled upside down and the heavens were beneath his feet. He laughed at the conceit. The next day he booked for home.

III

Such are the outstanding features of Billy Mason's story. He told it with just a touch of chagrin, particularly toward the close, but without bitterness. The period between his grand tour in search of a motive and the visit to my home was filled with a continuation of the quest but with gradually diminishing hope and ardor. Apparently he ransacked the universe to find some incentive or impulse or inspiration that would put a compulsion upon his will that he could not disallow. For years, indeed for his entire conscious life, he has lived with all the doors and windows of his being wide open, inviting the entrance of any force that might coördinate and direct his energies and faculties, always willing, and in a way anxious, that they should become less variant and vagrant and more determinative and effective.

His reading has been surprisingly systematic, particularly in philosophy, history, sociology, and psychology; twice or thrice he has returned to music and studied under some of the great

masters; he has written for the magazines, and both in essays and short fiction has met with an appreciation that many a practiced author would have felt to be gratifying.

Bent upon discovering whether he had exhausted the various resources that suggested themselves to my mind, I deliberately but delicately stimulated conversation such as might lead to further self-disclosures. I spoke of journalism — practical, everyday newspaper work, in which the world and all its ways must be surveyed and evaluated each morning; of the pleasure to be derived from the consciousness that one is not only chronicling the life of one's age but is actually helping to turn the current of contemporaneous thought and action into safer or happier channels.

But I found that Billy knew more about it than I did. In 1912 he had taken hold of a daily paper — a part of his father's estate — in a city of Pennsylvania, and had run it for more than a year in the interest of the Progressive party. There was something so positive and masterful in the Roosevelt revolt that it gave vivid promise of becoming a permanently cohesive force in his own life and in the development of the nation. He threw himself into the movement with unsimulated ardor, wrenched the party machinery out of the old Republican hands, elected a complete ticket, and drove a stream of new, clean, and vital thought into the local mind. Then there came the ebb of enthusiasm; one by one the converts harked back to their former allegiance; the idealism either faded away or hardened into habits that were indistinguishable from those recently abandoned; and, within nine months, the newly elected officials practically harnessed their power and mortgaged their freedom to the very party they had so recently rebuked and defeated. As

Billy persisted editorially in following the gleam that had promised so much, subscribers fell away, advertisers withdrew, and 'the gang' started a rival paper. He was left without readers and with a monthly balance-sheet that mocked and humiliated him.

We were standing together looking across the estuary while a tug was straining to pull a barge off the mud-flats. Our talk had been of mutual friends, their homes and happiness, and their easy satisfactions with life as expressed through conventionalities. He thought that the ethics of domesticity were largely a surrender, a case of the line of least resistance. There was just the slightest stringency in his tone. He said that a man should love so utterly that he would feel like an irredeemable cad if he offered the woman only his body in exchange for all she had to give; that honor compelled him to contribute some distinctive moral achievement to balance the partnership; that marriage must be more than a physical union or a social pooling of immediate interests: it must be an act of spiritual dedication, the bringing of the first-fruits to the altar. I confess that I hardly gathered the full implication of the doctrine, but I had the distinct impression that Billy must have loved and that he had practiced a renunciation on excessively lofty grounds. The manner in which he spoke of Browning's *Andrea Del Sarto* later in the day tended to confirm my inference.

The last day of Billy's visit fell on a Sunday, and we went together to church. During our homeward walk Billy spoke quite freely of religion, as if it had a pronounced place in his scheme of things and as if it were a fixed and valued element in his life. In setting down what he said I will leave the personal pronouns exactly as he used them: —

'Many a time I have come out of church carrying a weight I did not take in. The restrained or passionate music of the organ put me in a mood to worship, the "Venite" exalted and purified my faith, the confession subdued me to humility, the lesson made me reverently expectant, the hymns gave a more or less adequate expression to my emotions; then, if the choir had chanted the "Nunc dimittis" and the clergyman had pronounced a gentle benediction, I could have gone home with a restful or a resolute spirit. But too often the sermon has nullified or even degraded the service; it has been so trivial as to seem an impertinence, so narrow and captious that it savored of impudence.

'But two years ago I saw a beautiful sermon in St. John Lateran. I say I saw it, because the crowd was too great for a late comer to get within hearing of the preacher's words. He was a monk, not a day older than thirty-five years; his face was bathed in light that streamed through an ancient and richly colored window, and his voice, as it reached the edge of the standing congregation, was mellow and joyous. I knew it was truly a message of God, full of tender emotion and chiding love and invigorating hope, because it awoke a visible response in that typical Roman audience. Once a smile of gratification rippled over all the faces as if a door had been flung wide open unexpectedly and they were bidden to enter a long-closed palace. And once, when his finger pointed to the streaming window, all eyes followed as if they saw a revelation written in the light. Occasionally neighbor would turn to neigh-

bor and nod, as if a cherished but unuttered hope had been confirmed. A woman with a gorgeous silk scarf about her head held a child upon her shoulder, and when the man standing by her side relieved her of the burden, she looked surprised and grateful and turned eagerly again to the preacher. When he finished there seemed to be scarcely a shadow on any face, and the people trooped out with a buoyancy that was unmistakable. I spent the remainder of the day rereading *Le Recit d'une Sœur*, and it was the happiest Christmas I have spent since childhood.'

When Billy left me I thought about him anxiously. Here was a man wooed by all the gods, terrestrial and celestial, but whom none had won. Can it be possible that in a universe packed with powers there is not one sufficiently strong to grip and direct this errant man? He is far too good to be allowed to go to waste; too fine in sensibility, too vigorous and versatile in mentality, too spontaneously true in instinct and impulse. Thus far ambition, war, love, religion, and the call of the common weal have been in vain; to each in turn he has responded languidly, but not one has gripped him with any degree of lasting passion. He wanders to and fro upon the face of the earth, always graceful and gracious, always welcomed by his friends and respected by his acquaintances; but always recognized as a man of unrealized possibilities, unused capacities. Is there no one, no cause, no faith, no enterprise, in these days and in this land of dynamics, that can lay an imperious claim upon him? He, not less than I, wishes it might be so.

DISLOYALTY OF THE GERMAN-AMERICAN PRESS

BY FRANK PERRY OLDS

NEWSPAPERS printed in this country in the German language have said that they are loyal to the United States. Other editors have read their statements and believed them. Americans in general have been led to suppose that our pro-German press, once so emphatic in defense of Germany, is now supporting the United States in the prosecution of its war against the German Empire. But nothing could be further from the truth. The pro-German press of the country has merely revised its propaganda to fit its present needs.

Carefully avoiding anything which would lay them open to the charge of treason according to the letter of the law, German-American newspapers are daily violating its spirit by spreading a fabric of anti-government lies, anti-Ally calumnies, and anti-war agitations. It is their aim to bring defeat to the cause we have espoused by discrediting our motives, by preventing assistance to the Allies, and by causing discontent and opposition in our own country. Confidently expecting a German victory, they wish to hasten that desirable event by withholding our weight from the Allied offense.

In so brief a paper, it is impossible to do more than touch the main points of this new propaganda. That it exists is beyond question. The pro-German press has discovered a way to help Germany while keeping within the law. It is a new propaganda, apparently safe in showy cloak of lip-patriotism. The American people will do well, I believe, to give it their serious attention.

Since the beginning of the world-war, the German press of the United States has consistently praised and defended every move of the Imperial German government. Every step of the American government in maintenance of its neutrality which did not redound to the credit and advantage of Germany, every step in resistance to German aggression, has been condemned. German-American newspapers went into paroxysms of joy over the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and their sharpest criticism of the Zimmermann note to Mexico was that it was 'unwise.' They deemed our neutrality 'scurvy' and 'one-sided.' The German Emperor has been praised by them as mild, God-fearing, and faithful to the interests of his people; the President of the United States has been characterized as hypocritical, selfish, and unworthy of his high office. Count Zeppelin's services have been exaggerated; Admiral Dewey's services, in view of his defiance of Germany,¹ have been minimized. Von Bernstorff has been called a true diplomat; Ambassador Gerard has been referred to as a 'thing calling itself a diplomat.' Before we entered the war, the German-American press existed, apparently, for the glorification of Germany and abuse of the United States. Then our war came.

When the President's message sounded through the halls of Congress, there were some men among us sanguine enough to hope for a complete change

¹ The Diederichs episode in Manila Bay during the Spanish War. — THE AUTHOR.

of heart in the German-American editorial bosom. Though we knew that German-Americans had steadfastly opposed a war between Germany and America, we thought that the actuality might convert them to a semblance of Americanism. It did not, but it made them more circumspect. They began to realize that opinions would no longer be viewed as 'pro-German' or 'un-American,' but would be labeled 'patriotic' or 'treasonable.' For obvious reasons, their first 'patriotic' effusions were of undivided loyalty to the United States. Under cloak of that loyalty, they launched their new propaganda.

Long before the sixth day of April, 1917, the German-American press had characterized our national leaders as dishonest and unfair. The foundations were all laid when war came, and it was necessary only to continue along the old lines — to undermine, so far as possible, the faith of German-American readers in the justice of the American cause, to discount our declared principles, and to represent as tawdry and ignoble our real motives. But, first of all, Germany must be freed from all blame. 'Germany did everything in her power to adjust herself to our one-sided neutrality,' said the Cincinnati *Volksblatt*; and concluded by throwing the whole blame for the war on the President.

With never a word to show that we might be right, the hyphenated press devoted all its energies to showing that we must be wrong. 'World-history is a world-court,' said the Baltimore *Deutsche Correspondent*. 'Its iron stylus will engrave the facts and make it difficult for America's present generation to stand with honor before coming generations.'

It was our duty, in the opinion of these papers, to declare war on both sides or on neither. We have allowed England to delay our boats and open

our mails, and we 'owed it to our sense of justice to exercise forbearance to the other side after having accorded it to the one.'

Feeling in advance that war was inevitable, German editors had considered what to say as to its causes. On April 2, the Cleveland *Waechter und Anzeiger* thus presented its case: —

'Since Germany with her allies is rather sure of victory and of indemnification by the Allies, the only way in which the millions lent the Allies can be secured is by their modification into American bonds. To do that, of course, the American people must be brought to a state of war.'

German-American editors agree that our war is really a last effort to save the money lent the Allies. We have financed the Allies and now we realize that Germany will win. We must convert Allied bonds into American bonds and prolong the war 'in order to put off the day of peace, so that American business can adjust itself to the peace-conditions as they will be after this most awful war is ended.'

The real causes being thus disposed of, the 'alleged' principles were discussed. The President had said that we were determined to overthrow Prussian imperialism to the end that democracy might be safe. Overlooking the main point, the Illinois *Staats-Zeitung* says, 'We have just as much reason to continue the war for the dethronement of the Hohenzollerns as for that of the houses of Saxe-Coburg on the British and Belgian thrones, or against the Roumanian branch of the Hohenzollern family.'

In fact, German editors as a whole believe we have much less reason. The German people, they say, do not want to be free, and, even if they did, our allies and ourselves are hardly the ones to free them. When Germans speak of a 'democratic German Empire,' they

mean 'true democracy and not pseudo-democracy as in England, France, and the United States,' says the *Baltimore Correspondent*; and adds, 'The German Empire of to-day is indeed already nearer a true democracy than England, where money power rules, *as it does with us.*'

It is 'a falsehood that Great Britain is a democracy,' and the United States, which would presume to 'elevate' Germany, is inferior by several 'nose-lengths' to Germany in democratic institutions. In fact, now that the Czar is out, 'it would not be surprising if we ourselves should yet become Russian,' for 'many Russian methods already enjoy great favor in our country.'

Thus the German press dilates on our war principles, real and fancied. Our war is unjust and is recognized as such by the people, as is shown by the small number of recruits. Our principles are mercenary and mean. If we fight against Germany, we shall in all likelihood be defeated, but it will be best for us to stay at home.

'America first!'

That is to-day one of the German editor's pet slogans. Under that banner he has concealed the second and most important unit of his revised propaganda — the creation of distrust in our Allies. He is afraid that the Allies will impose upon us. He points to their selfishness, their greed; and he advises us to have nothing to do with them. His aim is clear. If he can prevent all aid from this country to the Allies, the Allies will be defeated and Germany, 'our true friend,' will be triumphant. No opportunity is lost to point out the perfidy of Albion, who 'has already seen to the foundation of the United States of Great Britain and America, and appointed a colonial governor to step into the White House at the opportune moment. We must have nothing

to do with such schemers.' The *Chicago Abendpost* expresses the prevalent idea thus: —

'It would be a grievous wrong, a crime against the people and the country, if the United States should now put at the disposal of the Entente Powers its money and what it has of war supplies and soldiers. For they would probably be only fruitless victims for a foreign cause and one fundamentally hostile to America. If the improbable should happen and the Entente, thanks to American aid, should gain victory over Germany and her allies, we would only ourselves put the British yoke about our neck and make ourselves dependent for all time on the British Empire.'

To avoid conquest by the British, we must adhere to a policy of 'America first.'

Just what do German-American editors mean by 'America first'?

In the first place, we must not let the Allies, 'that band of robbers,' have any of our money. The Allies have given money to Imperial Russia, they reason. Through the revolution, they have lost that money, and they will be unable to pay back what the United States has already lent them. Any money we give the Allies, especially Russia and England, will be thrown away.

In the second place, we must not send the Allies any food; we need it all ourselves. I imagine no one will dispute the fact that our food situation is a difficult one, but it is not true that we have need for everything which we produce. England certainly needs every bit we can send, but the German press realizes that a hungry England will not fight a winning war. Editorials and inciting news-items calculated to arouse the laboring classes are being printed daily in pro-German sheets. Their obvious purpose is so to inflame public opinion that food-riots will break out

in all parts of the country. Often these editorials are only three or four lines long, but frequently several are printed the same day. It is asserted that the poor man may consider himself lucky to-day, since he will soon be unable to buy any provisions at all. A picture of Americans starving, while the English gorge themselves with American food, is certainly neither true nor patriotic, and must, when repeated daily, have behind it a sinister purpose.

In the third place, we must not send the Allies any men. It has been emphasized that all German-language newspapers favor conscription. It is true that they favor it as a principle, but they are not enthusiastic about it for the present war. The *Chicago Abendpost*, which does not believe that active participation is at all necessary, suggests that we let volunteers go to Europe and keep the drafted army at home. The German press is sure that 'at least six months are necessary to train a soldier.' It is equally sure that Germany will have won the war by then. Conscription is an excellent thing, 'but the new army will not have to fight,' since it 'will not be sufficiently trained to be sent into battle.'

After having made these three suggestions, the German-language editor makes a fourth: We must not make any entangling alliances. Admitting that we are unaccountably coöperating with the Allies, he insists, in the words of the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung*, that 'There can be no coalition of the United States with the Entente group, since the latter bow to the same gods of Autocracy and of suppression of the will of the people which America is seeking to destroy. The United States is seeking to dethrone the autocracies of Central Europe; but, as soon as it aligns itself with the Allies, it permits the autocracies of Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, and Roumania to revive.'

'America first' and the Allies not at all! There is only one thing that can be made of such a programme. If all American aid — money, food, supplies, men — were denied the Allies, the Allies would be defeated. It is not 'America first' that is meant. The real words, unprinted, gradually take shape in the reader's mind: 'Germany first!'

Since the sixth day of April, the German-language press of the United States has been pursuing the new propaganda. It has done its best to help Germany by throwing stumbling-blocks in the way of an effective prosecution of the war by the United States. It has gloated in six-column heads over German victories and allied defeats.¹ It has consistently refused to believe Allied and American reports when such conflicted with those emanating from Berlin. Since the sixth day of April it has done all these things, and many of them it has been doing since the beginning of the war. The cumulative effect of such propaganda can hardly be overestimated. If it is also remembered that the dozen largest papers are read by more than a million people, it will be seen that we have here a force worthy of notice — a force that congratulates La Follette and his like for their 'courage,' and denounces anti-governmental agitations in Germany as conspiracies.

Not one of these papers has expressed an iota of sympathy with the purposes announced by the President

¹ A few examples of such heads may not be amiss. I take these submarine delights from the *New Yorker Herald*: 'A FEW MORE SUNK; 35 SHIPS SUNK IN ONE WEEK; 1,100,000 TONS SUNK IN APRIL,' 'SUBMARINE WAR THREATENS ENGLAND'S EXISTENCE.' The following head from the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung* brings tidings of American governmental deceit: 'WASHINGTON FALSELY INTERPRETS CAPELLE'S WORDS.' Capelle is the German Secretary of Marine. — THE AUTHOR.

as those for which we are fighting. Before the declaration of war they supported every aim of the most extreme chauvinists in Germany, and by no word has any German-American paper indicated a change of belief. As the *Milwaukee Germania* says, —

‘Our friends know what we think and feel. This paper has courageously and consistently expressed its conviction in this matter. The fact that war has now been declared through the expediency of recognizing the existence of a state of war does not at all change our opinion and our convictions. But it forces us to keep silent from now on.’

They do not dare to-day to attack directly the declared purpose of the United States, but they still can and do attack every statement of the purposes of our allies, which are now in their main outline those of the United States.

Their campaign of racial division has continued unabated. In every line is apparent the attempt to make the American citizen of German birth or descent feel that he is a man apart from the common herd of Americans: that he is of better stuff; that his ideals are different; that he is a much higher creation than the ordinary dollar-chaser of Dollarika. Almost daily admonitions are printed: ‘Be careful to whom you talk.’ ‘Don’t express your views about the war’ — the implication being that the German-American is not loyal, does not believe in the justice of the country’s cause, and that, if he should speak his mind, he would be exposed to the charge of treason.

At least one million men, women, and children living in the United States are being misinformed and misguided. Many of them are, no doubt, being converted to the propagandist’s ways of thinking. The Constitution allows free speech. The Constitution does not

allow comfort to the enemy. The case of the German-American press is between the two. What are we going to do about it? What *can* we do about it?

[There are several things we can do about it, and it seems well to consider them.

By temper and tradition, the people of the United States are easy-going and tolerant. We believe in that temper and we respect that tradition. And, likewise, we believe in and respect the great body of American citizens of German inheritance. But, in the matter before us, we confront a situation where tolerance is defeating its own ends. Here in America we bear with the publication of newspapers in the enemy language, though in Europe such forbearance is unknown and almost inconceivable. But now, these papers, unmindful of their privilege, trade upon our patience. As Mr. Olds shows, the bulk of the German-American press in this country consists frankly of enemy papers. Enemy papers, printed in the enemy language, protected by our laws and admitted to the privileges of the mails! That is coddling sedition with a vengeance.

The remedy is a sane war-time censorship upon enemy propaganda, and a substantial war-time tax on the printed use of the enemy language. Statements which would not be tolerated in American newspapers must not find immunity in the thin disguise of German type, and the publication of newspapers in the German language is a privilege which should be paid for. We have singled out the German press as the subject for Mr. Olds’s article and for these remarks, because here, as in Europe, it is German thinking which is the chief offender, and fortunately because it is with Germany alone that we are at war. — THE EDITORS.]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

ASKING FOR A RAISE

HAVE you ever asked for a raise in salary? If you have not, there is something coming to you in the way of a brand-new feeling: I mean the sensation you experience while approaching the boss on this quest. It is not just like sea-sickness; it is not exactly the same as dropping ten stories in an elevator; yet there are points of similarity to it in each of these. Walking into the dentist's office with a tooth aching to be pulled approximates it as nearly as anything else, although in this case the pain is reversed: the boss is the one who has the pain, and you are the one to do the pulling.

As much depends on your approach to the boss as does on your approach to the green, to use an expression of golf. You must not shoot too far; neither should you fizzle and have to make an extra attempt. But go right in as if you belonged there. Never mind speaking about the weather as a self-starting device; say what is on your mind. He can find out about the atmospheric conditions by looking out of the window.

When you go in on the green carpet the boss is very busy. He is frowning and looks decidedly squally. The thought comes over you that you will not say what you meant to; that this is not the time anyway, and besides, he probably won't give it to you and you will feel chagrined and that you are an ass for coming in there at all. These are not separate thoughts but one sickening, panic-stricken lurch of your brain. It is lucky that the boss does not look up and see the expression on

your face, because he would think that you had either lost your reason or had been taken violently ill. As it turns out, he leads.

'Well, Percival?'

He manages to put a fatherly tone into these two words. He also contrives to inject into them a something which tells you that he is about to refuse your request, if you have courage enough left to make it, and that he is going to feel hurt about the whole thing. You could feel sorry for him if you were not so busy feeling sorry for yourself. How he manages to do this is a mystery and a subject on which only a boss could write.

The panic-stricken feeling abates just enough for you to see a mental picture of General Putnam going down the long flight of stone steps after something very fierce (you cannot remember just what), Nathan Hale making his famous wish, Horatius at the bridge, or Washington crossing the Delaware. With these examples of heroic endeavor prodding you on, you say the words. They are not the words that you have rehearsed; no, indeed. They are very extemporaneous. They are simple Anglo-Saxon words, not grammatically put together and totally different from any that you had planned to say. However they are out and you do not feel like Atlas any longer.

A fleeting pain seems to pass through the boss, as if he had been secretly and suddenly stabbed. This wears away, to be succeeded by a long, thoughtful look, suggesting that he has been not only hurt, but surprised. (The old rascal knew what you wanted when you came in.)

'Well, you know, Percival, times are not what they should be. We're under a big expense and the way things are — I don't know. Let's see, how long have you been with us?'

You tell him, and he swings in the swivel-chair the employees gave him last Christmas and looks out of the window. He seems to be pondering over the terrific expense the firm is laboring under. You had entertained an idea that the concern was highly prosperous. But all your brains have been left outside and you gravely accept the thought that the business is tottering on the brink of failure. There is something the matter with your heart, you find. Too much smoking probably. If you have sense enough to keep quiet, he will make the next move.

'Well, I guess it's all right. You can tell Barker on the way out that I said you could have four dollars more after this.'

You beam. Words of thanks come in a jumble, and perhaps a mist steals over your eyes.

The boss deprecatingly raises his hand, growling, 'Not at all, not at all.' Then he turns to the burden he bears, which he somehow makes you feel has become four dollars more of a burden. You steal softly out, leaving him to the figures on the pad in front of him. They are the comparison of his golf-score with that of Colonel Bogey, though you do not know that.

The door closes and you take a couple of steps which no Russian dancer could ever equal. You tell Barker, trying to keep your voice down where it belongs. Barker smiles. You do not know what that smile means, but you will know some day, when you are a Barker.

That evening you tell her. A thing like this must be told at just the right moment. The telling must not be delayed; neither should it be an abrupt

overture to a pleasant evening. One thing is certain: you will tell it casually. Should you be smoking, you will flick the ash from your cigarette as a period to the sentence. If you are not smoking, you will brush an imaginary speck from your knee. These are the only two gestures possible. She will say, 'No, *really?*' And you answer, 'Uh-huh.' And what does it matter then whether you are going to be a Barker or a Boss?

THE LADY I SHALL NEVER KNOW

I WONDER so often what she is really like — this lady I shall never know. How would she appear if I could achieve an unexpected detached view of her? Suppose, for instance, I met her to-day for the first time. Suppose friends brought her to call, and, glancing up even now, I should see her coming across the veranda, entering the front door. Should I like her? Should I recognize her, I wonder? There would, of course, be something familiar about her, so that while friends were introducing us, I should be wondering where I had known her before; but I think on the whole I should find so much that was unexpected, so many little unguessed tricks of manner and peculiarities of speech, that I should be completely puzzled, unless indeed I recognized her by her dress.

But this is all, of course, an impossibility. I shall never meet the lady thus. I shall never see her as a detached whole, as I see other people. It is only fragmentary glimpses that I get of her, only bits of her that I see at a time. For me — though others seem to know her so well — she seems like a scattered picture-puzzle, which I try in vain to put together. Even with her physical appearance as a whole I am unfamiliar. Here, also, I usually see only bits of her at a time. I see her hands at

work, or the color of her frock, or her hair when it is being brushed; but how she looks coming through a door, sitting, talking, or reading, or at work in her garden, I do not know. Sometimes, indeed, I see her unexpectedly when she is shopping, or in some public place, and fail to recognize her.

Last spring I caught an unexpected glimpse of her buying Easter cards. With a shock I recognized her by the ribbon in her hat. 'Goodness!' I whispered to myself, 'is *that* the way she looks?' It was her expression which was so unexpected. From that I gathered that her attitude toward life was wholly different from what I had supposed it to be. And how does she speak? I hear her talking more often than any one else in the world; and yet if her voice were to come suddenly out of a gramophone, in all probability I should not know that it was hers. Her dreams also — I can *never* know what the lady is going to dream about. When she shuts her eyes to the commonplace of every day and gives herself up to the magic of sleep, what wholly unexpected adventures come sailing up out of the dark to bear her away!

Patience, dear reader; my difficulty with this strange lady is yours also — a universal perplexity!

It is not the lady's physical appearance that interests me. It is the real lady that I would know — her heart, her mind, her spirit. But here again I see her only in fragments. I know what she wishes to be, but what she really is, I have no idea. Other people tell me that they know her well. They tell me that such and such characteristics are special attributes of hers, and I am always surprised. Sometimes I try to understand the lady by listening to what other people tell me about her. But here I am perpetually bewildered because she seems to appear so differ-

ently to different people. There are times when I fear she is an indefinite, fluid kind of creature, pouring herself into the mould of any strong personality that offers. I fear that she is cursed with the curse of Reuben and is as unstable as water. She dresses herself in so many parts that it is well-nigh impossible to say which is the real lady.

Over and over again I catch her imitating the heroine of the latest novel she has read — or the hero, for that matter. She seems, like Ulysses, to have 'become a part of all that she has met.' Indeed, such a patch-work quilt of other human beings does she seem to be, that, if she were to die to-night, I should not know which of her personalities she would pack up to take with her into the next world, and which she would have to leave behind because she had only borrowed it from other people.

O strange lady, do not baffle me forever! Let me hold you off at arm's length and really look at you, really know you as I know other people! No, you will not do it, you *cannot* do it. Strange lady, myself, I shall never know you! Any more than you, poor patient reader, will ever know yourself. You may know me and I know you, but ourselves we shall never know, unless, indeed, when we pass into the next world we find awaiting us — perhaps the greatest surprise in store for us — ourselves as we really are.

SPRING TERM, 1917

MOSTLY, yesterday was rotten. I progressed from gloom to gloom. My hours of work have been reduced to four a week, the least possible number, unless indeed all the undergraduates go. For still they go. On my way to lunch I was stopped near the railway station by a breathless boy. It was one

Scotty, a senior, who had been cherubic as a freshman such a short time ago.

'Will you give me a recommendation? Please, sir! Mr. So-and-so said he would, but I can't find him, and I'm going on this train in ten minutes!'

The train was puffing mildly, preliminary to departure.

'Ambulance?' I asked, 'or mosquito-fleet, or —'

'Training-camp,' he broke in. 'Here's pen and paper.'

So I went over to the news-stand and wrote, the manager of it contributing a blotter.

'It gives me pleasure to recommend,' I wrote to some unknown captain or colonel or knight-at-arms —

'Scotty, are you a man of good moral character?'

'Well, — I guess you might say so.'

'But,' I objected, 'what about that little game I caught you up in — that little game of bridge not altogether for fun? Does a man of good character gamble?'

'It was such a little game,' he said, 'and only once in a long while!'

'And what about the time I met you in Holder Court, when —?'

'Oh, that — that was pure accident! You see —'

But I was writing. 'Of high moral character,' I wrote.

'Scotty,' I asked, 'what kind of an academic record have you?'

'Well,' he said, with more confidence, 'I never flunked out!'

So I wrote, 'faithful in the performance of his duties, and of more than average ability.'

'What do you know of the profession of arms?'

'Well,' — and here the newsdealer grinned, — 'I can do the close formations, as a rear-ranker; and I can get that damn old Krag around pretty well, with the Manual.'

'Has already had some military training,' I wrote.

Then I said, 'Scotty, look me in the eye!'

He looked me in the eye.

'And I am sure,' I wrote on, 'that for courage, for the power of inspiring the men under him, you will find him equal to the best.'

'Now, Scotty, who am I?'

He was puzzled. 'Why — why — you're a professor.' There was a note of question in the declaration.

'No,' I had to assure him, 'only an assistant professor. I shall have to tag my name with the title so that the colonel will know by what authority I write.'

I wrote my name and betrayed my insignificance.

'Will that do?'

In a minute he looked up at me, eyes wet. He saluted. 'I'll try to live up to it, sir,' he said.

I lingered a few minutes in the crowd. He stood a little distance away from me, forgetting me, looking wistfully back at youth — the gray walls and green walks he was leaving. Then he whistled, — of all things! — 'Aloha oe,' — a bar or two, — and picking up his bag walked down the platform to the train.

I went on through the rain to my lunch. Mostly, yesterday was rotten.